DO OUR YOUNG PEOPLE NEED RELIGION? *by Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt*

JUNE 17, 1939

Liberty

5¢

JOHN HYDE PHILLIPS

CAN WE TRUST HAWAII?

by Rear Admiral Yates Stirling

AN OLD-TIMER ADVISES HOLLYWOOD

by David Wark Griffith

ARGARET WIDDEMER · EMIL LUDWIG · RUPERT HUGHES · HARRY HERSHFIELD · CORNELIUS VANDERBILT, JR.

ABLE SUPPLY
SUPPLY
ERIES
VEGETABLES
GRA AKERY

THIS MONDAY NIGHT... Tune in **"Tune-Up Time"** featuring Walter O'Keefe . . . Andre Kostelanetz' Orchestra . . . Kay Thompson Rhythm Singers . . . Columbia Broadcasting System, 7 P.M., E.S.T.; 6 P M., C.S.T.; 9 P.M., M.S T.; 8 P.M., P.S.T.

"I'll bet my badge, Colonel, she knows more about cars than you ever knew about horses..."

"You've got to hand it to the women these days, Colonel. They know as much about cars as the men do.

"Why, only yesterday my wife told me to buy a different kind of gasoline. Seems she had read somewhere that every car has three grades of performance, depending on the gas you use."

WHAT the Sheriff's wife read were the *facts* that the men who sell and service automobiles want you to know. Here they are:

Under the hood of the modern automobile is a device... the spark adjustment . . . that *controls* performance. The closer your motor service man can advance your spark to the point of top performance, the more power and mileage you get.

But if he advances it any farther than the anti-knock quality of the gasoline in the tank permits, the engine will "knock" or "ping"—which means *loss* of power and economy.

Since there are different grades of gasoline sold today, your car has different grades of performance as shown on the chart at the right.

* * *

Do you know what oil companies are doing to make cars run better?

Oil companies the world over are now using tetraethyl lead to improve the anti-knock quality of their gasolines. This enables car-owners to take advantage of the higher compression engines built by the automobile industry in recent years.

Tetraethyl lead is a liquid that completely mixes with and improves gasoline. It raises the anti-knock quality of any motor fuel. It is the active ingredient of the anti-knock fluids made by the Ethyl Gasoline Corporation, New York.

Buy "leaded" gasoline.

YOU HAVE THESE 3 CHOICES OF CAR PERFORMANCE

BEST PERFORMANCE—with gasoline marked "Ethyl" on the pump or globe. It is highest in anti-knock and all-round quality. Contains enough tetraethyl lead so that your engine's spark can be *advanced* closest to the point of maximum power and economy without "knock" or "ping."

GOOD PERFORMANCE—with "regular" gasoline, which permits the spark to be considerably advanced without "knock" or "ping." Most "regular" gasolines now contain tetraethyl lead, as shown by the "Lead" signs on the pumps.

POOR PERFORMANCE—with low-grade gasoline, poor in anti-knock quality. With low-grade gasoline in a modern car, the engine's spark must be *retarded*—which means *loss* of power and economy.

COPYRIGHT 1939, ETHYL GASOLINE CORPORATION

ETHYL GASOLINE CORPORATION, *manufacturer of anti-knock fluids used by oil companies to improve gasoline*

[illegible] in the practice of Gum Massage she's starting at 8 to safeguard her smile!

Modern children often know more than their elders about the benefits derived from Ipana and Massage

THIS YOUNG LADY'S only eight—but wise beyond her years in the care of her teeth and gums!

For she's already learned in school what her dad and mother haven't learned—the importance of gum massage to sound teeth and an attractive smile. And she knows, too, what a threat that warning tinge of "pink" can be to a lovely smile.

For one of the lessons thousands of lucky children are being taught is that gum troubles can come from our soft and well-cooked foods. Robbed of vigorous chewing, gums naturally tend to grow weak and flabby, and all too often they flash a warning—a tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush.

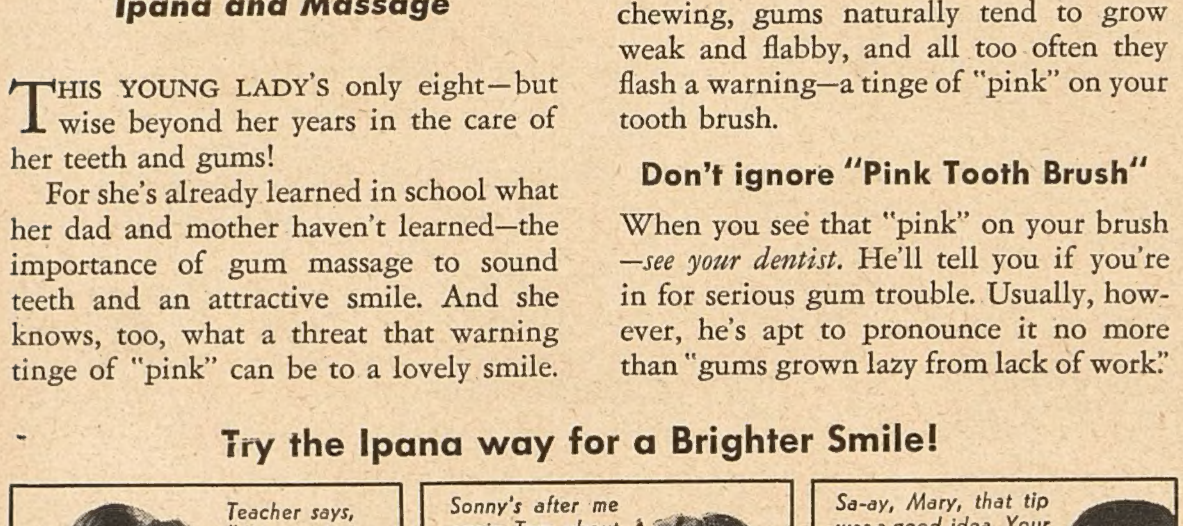
Don't ignore "Pink Tooth Brush"

When you see that "pink" on your brush —*see your dentist.* He'll tell you if you're in for serious gum trouble. Usually, however, he's apt to pronounce it no more than "gums grown lazy from lack of work." And his advice may be that of so many other modern dentists, "the helpful stimulation of Ipana Tooth Paste and massage."

For Ipana, with massage, is especially designed to help the health of your gums as well as to clean teeth thoroughly. Whenever you brush your teeth, massage a little extra Ipana into the gums. Circulation increases in the gum tissues. Lazy gums awaken—tend to become firmer, stronger.

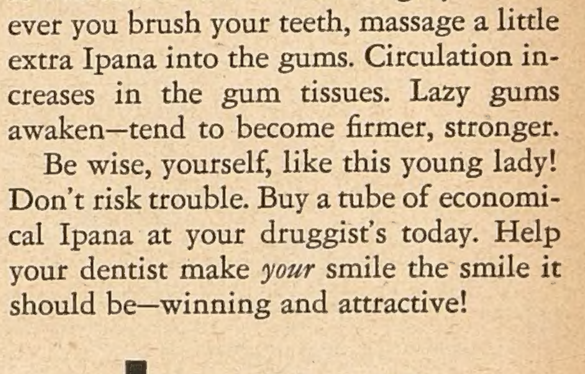
Be wise, yourself, like this young lady! Don't risk trouble. Buy a tube of economical Ipana at your druggist's today. Help your dentist make *your* smile the smile it should be—winning and attractive!

Try the Ipana way for a Brighter Smile!


Teacher says, "Massage helps wake up lazy gums," Mother!
Sonny's after me again, Tom, about gum massage. I'm going to try it.
Sa-ay, Mary, that tip was a good idea. Your smile is much brighter now!

Ipana

TOOTH PASTE


GOOD FOR TENDER GUMS
IPANA
TOOTH PASTE

Get the new D.D. DOUBLE DUTY Tooth Brush *—The brush with the* TWISTED HANDLE *(see above). Designed with the aid of 1000 dentists to clean teeth clean and make gum massage easy.*

JUNE 17, 1939 **Liberty** 16, NO. 24

BERNARR MACFADDEN
PUBLISHER

FULTON OURSLER
EDITOR IN CHIEF

HEYWORTH CAMPBELL
ART EDITOR

"TO MAKE THE WORLD SAFE FOR DEMOCRACY"

BERNARR MACFADDEN

The above slogan fired the enthusiasm of our people to a white heat in 1917. They went forth like an armed band of crusaders. We landed nearly two million soldiers on foreign shores, ready and willing to sacrifice their lives to make the world safe for democracy.

And when victory finally came, the frenzied celebration that followed will never be forgotten. A wild feeling of frantic happiness spread through the land with lightning rapidity. People wept and cried with joyous acclaim. Strangers hugged and kissed each other on the public streets. Never was there such an exultantly joyous occasion in all the history of our country.

What a colossal achievement!

We had saved the world for democracy . . . so we thought.

But what a change has come over the world since that maniacal celebration! Democracies in Europe are on the wane and they are being replaced by dictatorships.

And our own country? Are we just as much interested in democracy as we were at that time? Are there many of us who would offer our lives or make any special sacrifice to maintain the democracy in this country which we valued so dearly at that time?

And could we in our wildest moments in 1917 have imagined we would have, right in our own administration, officials who deride the principles upon which our democracy is founded?

Could we have imagined that the Constitution and the Bill of Rights, so dear to the hearts of our people, would be infringed, outrageously so, by many of our present enactments?

The Wagner Act is now in the limelight. When that one-sided bill was passed, I predicted caustic dissatisfaction from both labor and employer. There can be no democracy, no Americanism, with such a law on our statute books.

President Green is caustic in his criticism of the Wagner Labor Board. They have been favoring the C. I. O., so he says. He wants the law changed, and another board; but does he know what group will be favored by the new board?

Labor took care of itself without bureaucratic regulation in such a big way, previous to the Wagner Act, that the workers acquired the highest standard of living and the highest wages ever paid throughout the history of the world.

And what will happen through Wagner's regimentation of employers and employees . . . time only will tell.

We cannot attack the source of the comforts of life and expect to profit by such conduct.

The New Deal has continuously tried to make the public believe that business was the cause of all the ills associated with the depression.

The first blow aimed at business was the NRA. It was ruled out by a unanimous decision of the United States Supreme Court.

The AAA, to ensnare the farmers, met the same fate.

But these defeats had no effect. The New Deal has gone straight ahead with its socialistic plans. The Wage and Hour Bill and numerous other enactments are leading directly, without any deviation whatever, toward a dictatorship.

If Thomas Jefferson were to listen to the hypocritical support of democracy that is prated by some of our officials, even his skeleton might acquire some fighting spirit.

"To make the world safe for democracy" was an exalted ideal, a great and a noble cause, but we can hardly avoid asking, Are we the same people that made up this country in 1917? We were then willing to give everything . . . even our lives . . . to make the world safe for democracy; and now many of us are sitting nonchalantly on the side lines and watching the tragedy that is being enacted right before our eyes . . . the death of the principles of government that made this country the richest, the most desirable place in which to live, for the common people, of which we have any historical record.

Bernarr Macfadden

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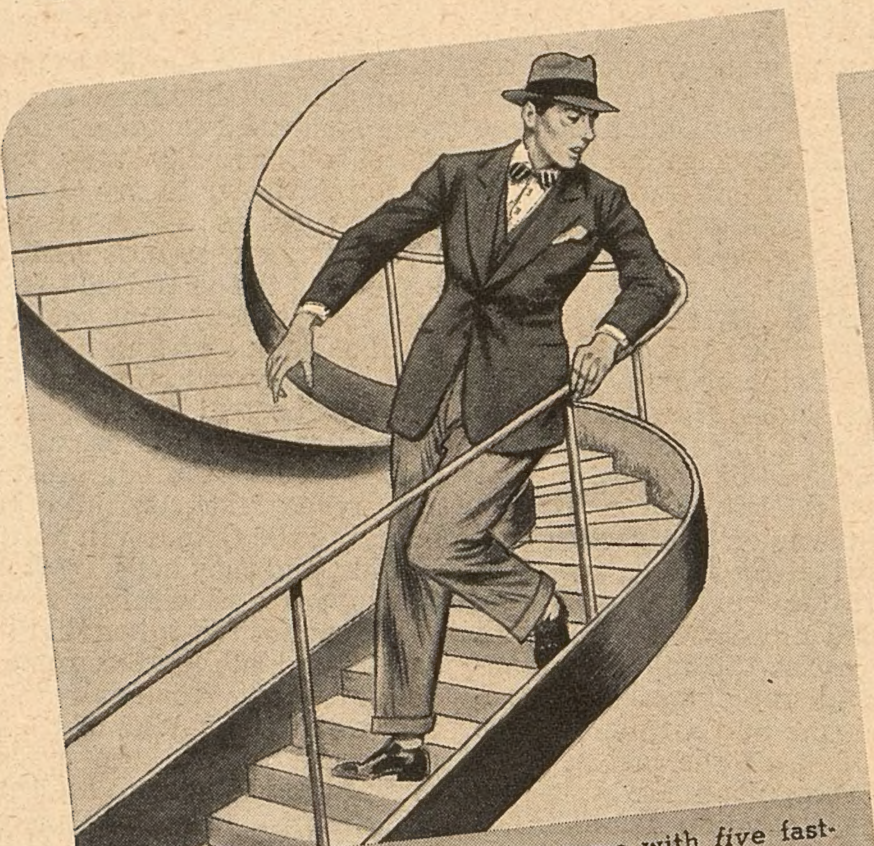
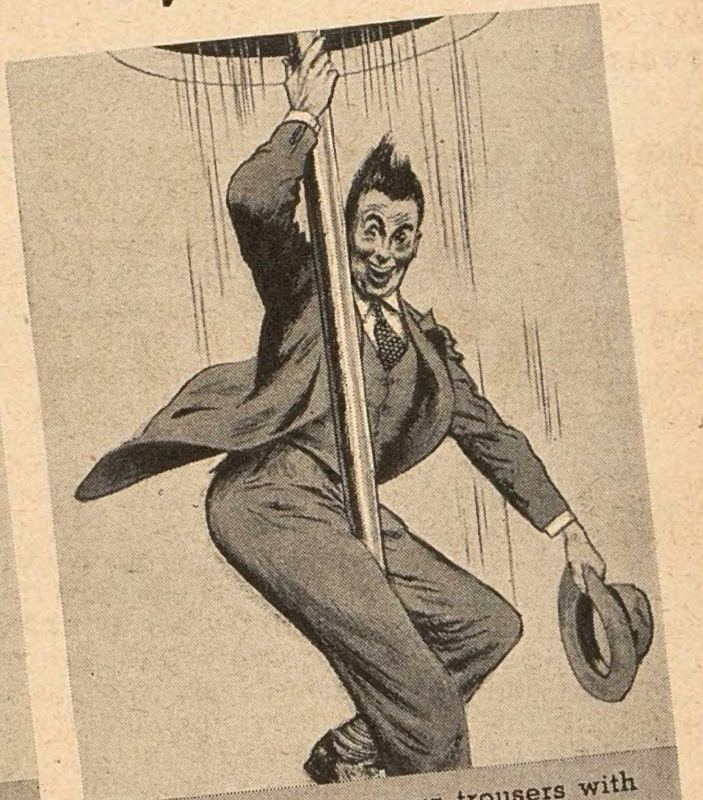
"NO THANKS"—"Now you're talking"



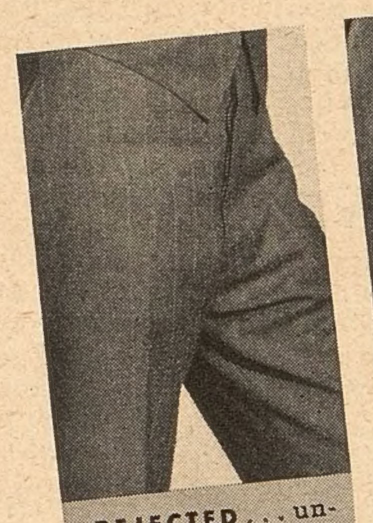
ONCE UPON A TIME your pants came with *five* fastenings. You were annoyed by the many separate steps required to open or close them.



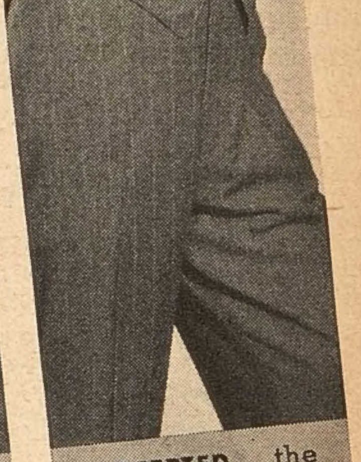
TODAY you close your trousers with one easy slide of the TALON fastener . . . faster, simpler, more sensible!

GONE FOR GOOD . . . old-fashioned fastenings that frequently came open by accident.

HERE TO STAY . . . TALON fastener. Now you *know* your trousers are properly closed.



REJECTED . . . unsightly gaps often caused by the old-style fastenings.



ACCEPTED . . . the TALON fastener—keeps you well-groomed.

GOOD NEWS FOR MILLIONS! This spring you get the TALON slide fastener in most of the better-made suits!

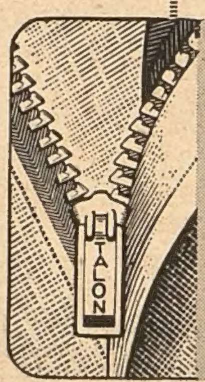
Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

NEVER AGAIN need you fumble with five fastenings on your trousers. Never again need you put up with fastenings that come open by accident.

For now most of the better-made new suits have the modern TALON slide fastener in the trousers.

Why not make sure your next new suit is *really new?* No matter how much or how little you pay, see that it has a TALON slide fastener in the trousers.

TALON TROUSER FASTENER • MADE BY TALON, INC. • MEADVILLE, PA.
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



"TAKE A SECOND LOOK" FOR THE NAME
"TALON"
Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.
ON SLIDE FASTENERS

GIVE IT THE THIRD DEGREE

We urge you to question the dependability of the slide fastener when you buy a suit. For today there are fasteners that you *can't* be sure of. Actually, these unreliable slide fasteners are easy to avoid. Just "take a second look" for the name 'TALON.' Then you know you have the slide fastener that has been proved *practical* by millions of men.

CAN WE TRUST HAWAII?

READING TIME ● 9 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

THE most vivid experience of my midshipman days was my visit on board a United States warship to those eight enchanting and romantic islands of the Hawaiian group, just within the tropics in the Pacific Ocean. A Hawaiian queen was on the throne then, and the pomp of a royal court was being maintained. Since that time, through frequent visits to the islands ranging over about forty years, I have seen their form of government change twice: first to a republic, then by annexation by the United States to a territorial government. From the former collection of pleasure-loving Hawaiian communities has slowly developed a mechanical mixture of Oriental and white business and political intrigue and chicanery.

Because of the islands' geographical position and strategical importance and the complexity of races forming the population, the Hawaiian group have now acquired a controversial status paralleled by no other parcel of territory under our flag. The islands today are overrun with a mixed population of about 370,000, mostly Oriental, many of them from the dregs of Asia. Only about 30,000 of the lithe, athletic Hawaiian people are left. When I returned eight years ago as a rear admiral in command of our naval forces there, I was alarmed to see the evident dangers confronting us in case of war.

This polyglot population has never for a moment relinquished its efforts to make Hawaii a state of the Union. And if only the usual qualifications for statehood—population, relative wealth, and political importance—needed to be considered, this garden spot would long since have given our flag its forty-ninth star.

But other vital factors have shaped the pattern to which the cloth of the government of the islands must be cut. Fate has set the Hawaiian group in the far Pacific, has made them the nation's spearhead of defense in that ocean. The safety of the United States depends upon the security of the navy and army bases, fortifications, and forces maintained there. Two thousand miles west of Hawaii are the nearest of the Japanese mandated islands, many of which are prepared submarine and airplane bases.

In the middle of the last century naval men recognized the strategic value of the Hawaiian Islands, not only as a base for war fleets but also as a coming focus of trade routes, a commercial crossroads, which they have become today. Great Britain, the United States, and Japan each vied for possession.

We annexed the islands, and time has proved how brilliant a stroke of diplomatic genius the annexation was. We cannot now afford to jeopardize our ability to hold them by force against all comers. Nearly $100,000,000 has been expended on the naval base at Pearl Harbor alone, which gives our fleet the mobility to guard our long Pacific coast line and flanks any hostile moves toward the Panama Canal, 4,500 miles distant. This base has been pronounced of even greater importance to the defense of the United States than is Singapore to the security of the British Empire.

To preserve this defensive outpost, Hawaii has been kept a territory, administered by a governor chosen by the President of the United States and by a local legislature elected by the citizens of the islands. The restraining hand of Washington has been retained. In spite of the island citizens' desire for statehood, concern for the greater good of the greater number of our 130,000,000 citizens has prevailed.

Not all of the prominent citizens of Hawaii are in favor of the islands becoming a state. When I was there from 1930 to 1933, I was told frequently by influential residents that although for business reasons they were compelled to appear to stand for statehood, actually they believed a more restrictive form of local government, such as a commission form, would bring greater benefit to themselves and to the United States.

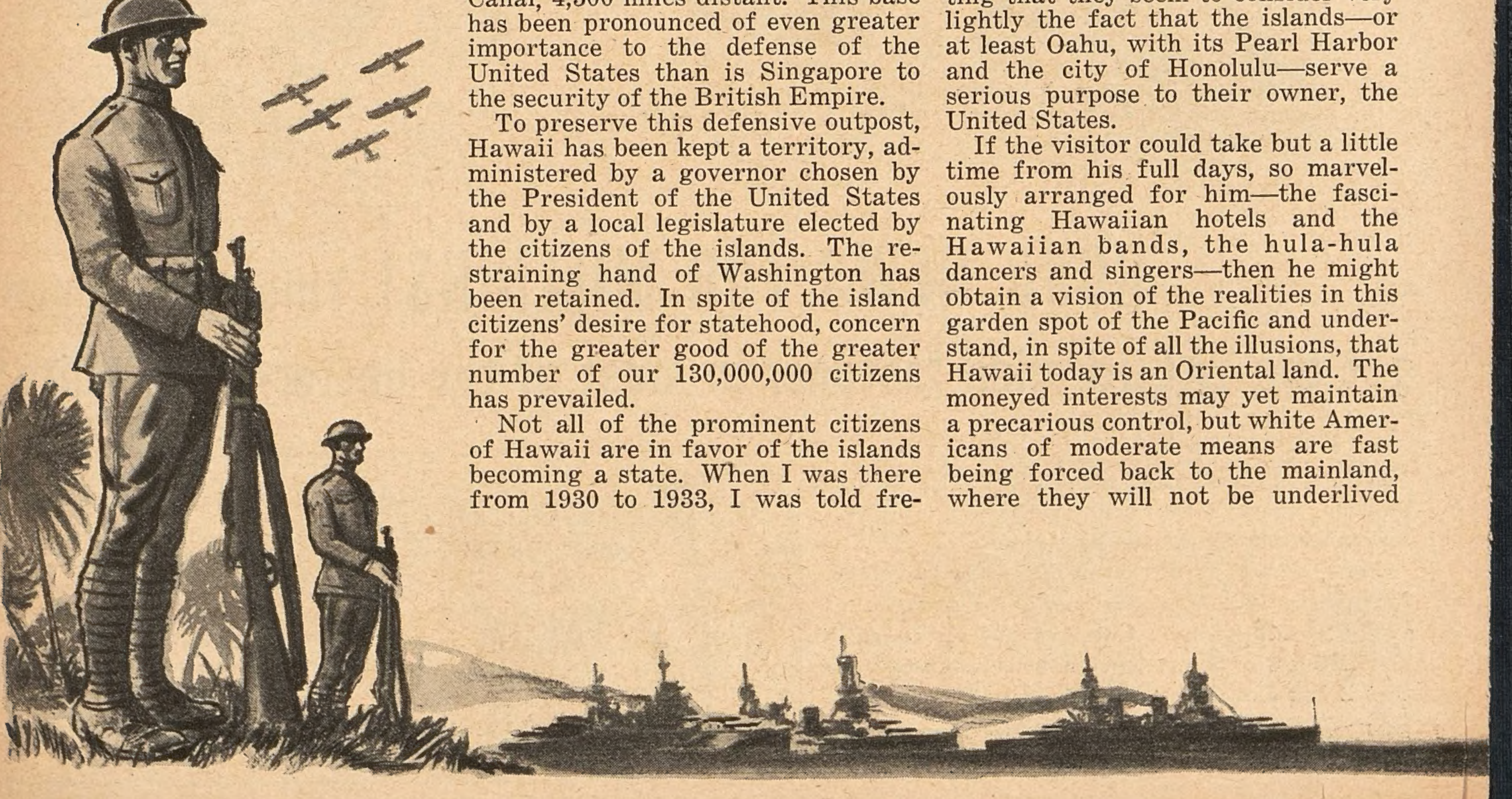
I do not deny that many citizens and politicians of American blood are stanch believers in the "melting-pot" experiment and profess no fear of consequences to our security should statehood be granted. Most of these are responsible, with others, for bringing the Oriental in hordes to the islands, and they hope, by their stand, to exonerate themselves from blame.

We cannot fail to see that insidious, subtle, and sublimated propaganda is being spread abroad daily by the worshipers at the shrine of the melting-pot creed to win the sympathy of visitors to the islands for this apparently excusable wish to gain greater autonomy in local government.

The chambers of commerce and other organizations strive to keep up the illusion that the Hawaiian race is the moving spirit in this land of sunshine and beauty, while the truth is that the true Hawaiians have so mixed their blood with others, mostly Orientals, that now much less than one tenth of the population is of pure stock. The remainder are Japanese, Chinese, Portuguese, and Filipino, with a sprinkling of Nordic bloods.

The bewitched argonauts from the United States and elsewhere are so enthralled and befuddled bv carefully devised illusions in this gemlike setting that they seem to consider very lightly the fact that the islands—or at least Oahu, with its Pearl Harbor and the city of Honolulu—serve a serious purpose to their owner, the United States.

If the visitor could take but a little time from his full days, so marvelously arranged for him—the fascinating Hawaiian hotels and the Hawaiian bands, the hula-hula dancers and singers—then he might obtain a vision of the realities in this garden spot of the Pacific and understand, in spite of all the illusions, that Hawaii today is an Oriental land. The moneyed interests may yet maintain a precarious control, but white Americans of moderate means are fast being forced back to the mainland, where they will not be underlived



An arresting close-up of problems and perils behind the mask of peace in the Pacific

BY REAR ADMIRAL YATES STIRLING, U. S. N.

Former Commandant of the 14th (Hawaii) Naval District

and underbid by the frugal Oriental.

Of the 370,000 inhabitants, 40 per cent are Japanese. Ninety thousand of these are, by accident of birth in the islands, United States citizens. This race keep to themselves. Their children attend the Hawaiian government schools and also the Japanese-language schools maintained by their race. They have their own newspapers, places of amusement and worship. The Hawaiian fishing industry is in their keeping, their sampans' crews including reserves from the Japanese navy. Every part of the islands can be studied by them.

AT one time the Japanese government did not recognize the accident of birth and refused to honor United States citizenship for her race. Thus grew up the custom of dual citizenship. Then Japan's attitude changed, for some cogent reason we may be sure, and the United States citizens of Japanese ancestry were permitted to renounce their Japanese allegiance before Japanese consuls.

Mr. Iwate, Japanese consul general at Honolulu when I was there, told me he had issued an order for all Japanese to come before him and renounce one of the allegiances. He was a man of high culture, born of almost noble rank, and considered it dishonorable to hold two allegiances. Mr. Iwate forced two legislators to renounce their Japanese allegiance. The island Japanese press attacked him for his honorable stand, declaring that loyalty was a "feeling in the heart" and would become no more conclusive and binding by the mere renunciation of an allegiance before a Japanese consul general.

This opened my eyes to our situation in the islands, with 40 per cent of the inhabitants still loyal to their native country.

AT the time of the famous battle waged by the local government in Hawaii to acquit five mixed-blood Orientals and Hawaiians who had raped a white woman, I was commandant of the Naval District there. It may be recalled that the local government, the politicians, and even the courts were so obsessed with fear over the reaction of the Orientals and mixed bloods in the islands that they feared to press the hoodlums' trial.

The result was almost open enmity against those of the defense forces in the islands who were most insistent that the guilty be punished. The Oriental races and the mixed bloods seemed to be combined with all the politicians of Hawaii against the attempt by naval authorities to convict five Hawaiian citizens, most of them with criminal records, who were involved in a serious crime.

The trial ended in a hung jury, divided exactly in proportion to the white men and Orientals on the jury.

WHEN the family of the woman involved seized and killed the leader of her attackers, all promises of a speedy second trial of the rapists were promptly forgotten. The trial of the "murderers" was considered more important to clear the good name of the islands.

The family and the two navy enlisted men who were implicated in the killing of the rapist Kahahawai were sentenced to ten years in the Hawaiian prison. But the local government, when it learned of the reaction throughout the United States against its methods in both these trials, lost its nerve, and the convicted persons were discharged by order of the governor.

This experience went a long way to convince me further that in a serious emergency, such as war with an Oriental nation, America would be leaning upon a very slender reed if it counted upon the loyalty of the Oriental citizens.

It is the Japanese in Hawaii who give most serious concern to the security of our defenses, both because of their great numbers, and because of the progress they have made in both business and politics. They now own enormous tracts of land in the islands, and most of it is in strategical localities, abutting in many cases land that will be needed for defense purposes. They vote in a solid block and have elected a number of their race to the Hawaiian legislature. They are stanch supporters of statehood and are sure that if it is granted the American citizens of Japanese ancestry will be able to dominate the government and elect a governor of the Japanese race.

THE old residents of Hawaii, some being descendants of the missionary families and of the royal chiefs, feel they have a proprietary right in the islands. I suppose it is but normal and natural that these men and the defense forces hold opposite views. They do not like to believe ill of their land or its population, and would like to be left alone to work out the difficulties.

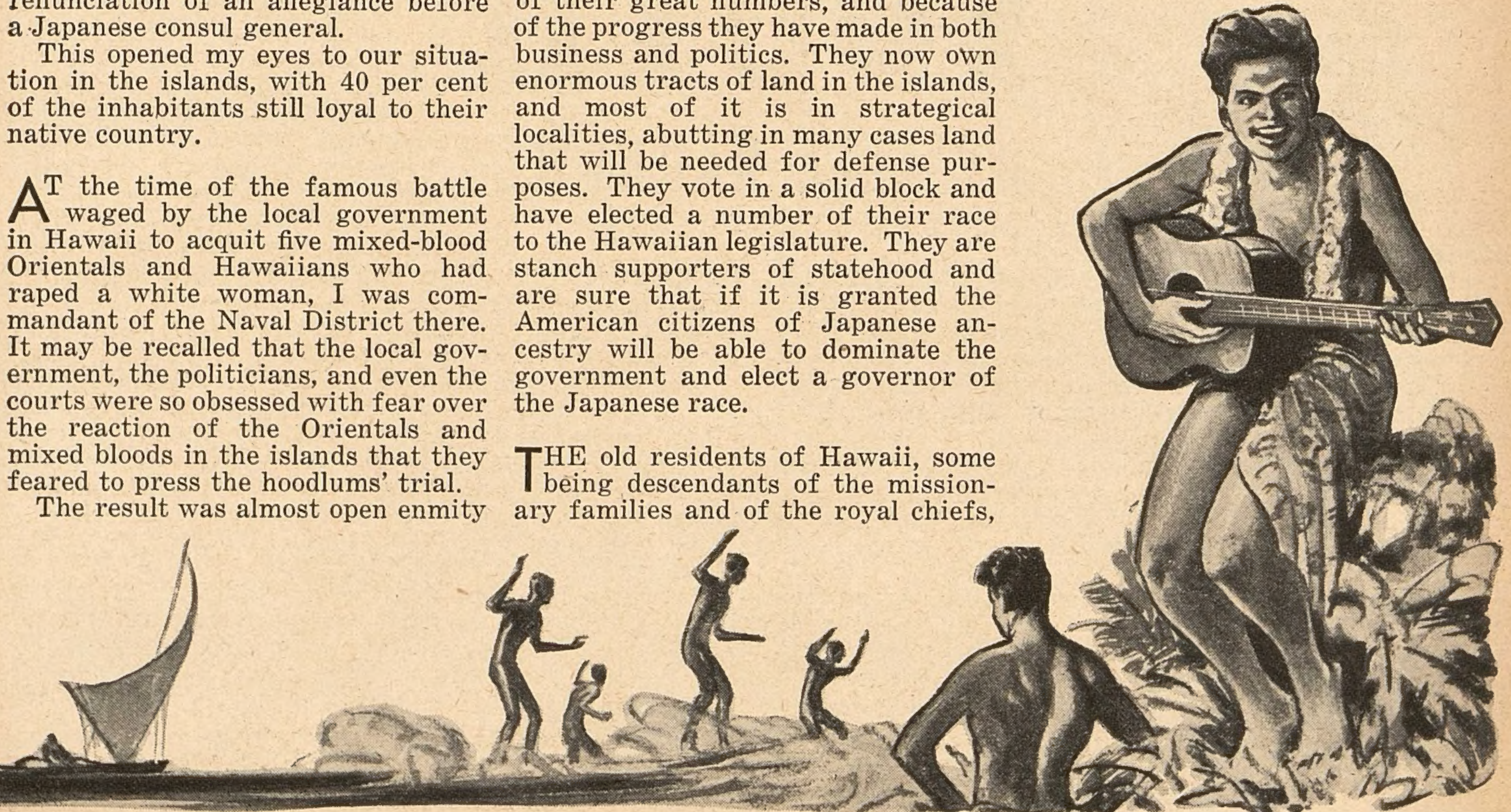
The defense forces are interested only in those things which will increase the security of the islands from inside and outside. Rises of land values occasioned by the accumulation of wealth in a few hands have often hindered the expansion of important United States government projects and have subjected defense facilities to inconvenience as well as risk.

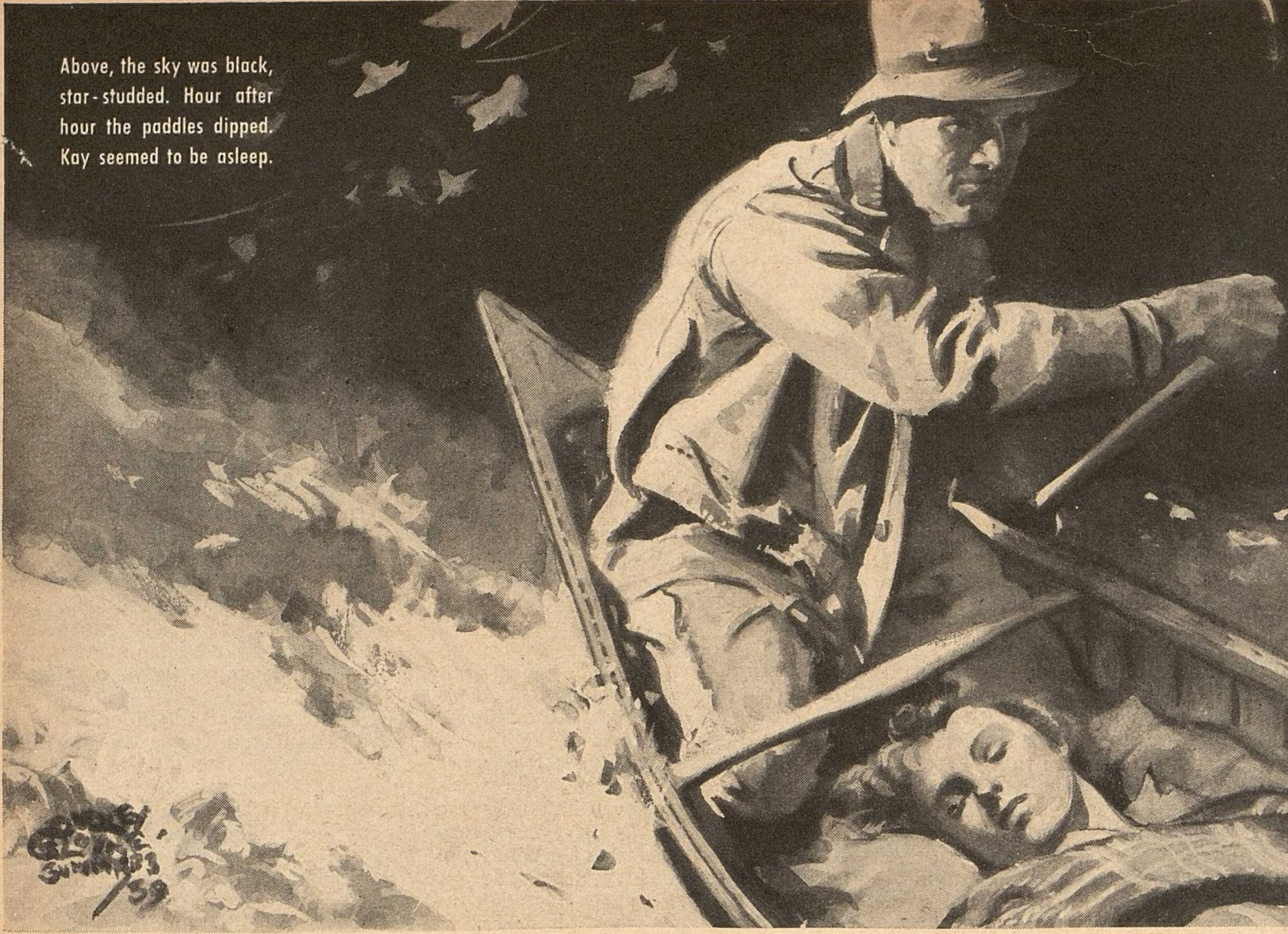
These high land values can be obviated partly by government condemnation, but generally exorbitant sums of money have been awarded by the Hawaiian courts to the owners.

THE fact cannot be avoided that the Hawaiian Islands are this nation's life line in the Pacific. When they touch the security of the United States, the affairs of Hawaii are no longer local. They become national.

Statehood would work immeasurable harm both to the physical defenses and to the morale of the defense forces in the islands. One hundred and thirty million people whose safety depends upon the security of these outposts in the eastern Pacific cannot afford to take such a gambler's chance.

THE END





Above, the sky was black, star-studded. Hour after hour the paddles dipped. Kay seemed to be asleep.

TOO MUCH YOUTH

BY ALEC RACKOWE

ILLUSTRATED BY DUDLEY GLOYNE SUMMERS

READING TIME
18 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

WHEN they had finished supper, seated around the small campfire in front of the tents, Kay Barnum and Johnny Stevenson went to get water against the night's demands and the morning's coffee.

George Barnum lighted his pipe and settled against the big pine's roughness. His eyes, shifting from wooded sun-tipped hills to the distant purple of the mountains, were awed. The solemn, almost brooding quiet of the Canadian wilds emphasized their remoteness from what people called "civilization"; made him realize how much on his own he was. For Kay and Johnny were only kids, and dependent on him. Twelve hours of paddling and portage meant only his summer camp opposite the collection of half a dozen houses that was Edgewater. From there Quebec was still two days distant.

He sat, big, graying, contentedly smoking, until the sudden shadows made him look up. The sun had gone behind the hills. He raised his head and called. The echoes came tumbling, and before they had died he heard Kay's voice, answering.

He could see them silhouetted against the sky as they came up the trail and he knew with sudden sharpness of perception that something had happened between them.

Johnny Stevenson hung the canvas bucket on a notched stick. George Barnum beat the dottle from his pipe and looked at his daughter. In laced boots and breeks, corduroy shirt open at her brown throat, she looked even younger than her eighteen years. Her coppery hair was ruffled, her smooth cheeks flushed.

She looked at Johnny Stevenson, and George Barnum put his pipe in his pocket and said, "What's wrong?"

Johnny stood, young, gawky. Kay laughed and pulled at the sleeve of his lumberman's shirt. "Tell dad, Johnny."

"It's this, sir," Johnny said. "Kay and I—we want to get married."

George Barnum got to his feet, disturbed. He met young Stevenson's eyes, eager yet apprehensive. All at once he wished he were back in his Westchester home instead of hundreds of miles in the wilderness. There he could have snorted, "Nonsense," and let it go at that.

Johnny said, "I can take care of Kay, sir. I make enough for us to live on. I'll make more in a year or so."

"Of course you will," Kay said. She smiled at her father. "Johnny's ever so clever. And we love each other. There's no doubt about that."

George Barnum shook his head. He said quietly, "Marriage is an adult matter. You're both far too young."

Kay said quickly, "Were you and mother much older when you got married?"

"I was older than John," her father said, "quite a bit. And I'd been pushed around enough to get my second wind—to realize what I was up against and be able to cope with it. I haven't anything against Johnny. I don't doubt the two of you could live on what he makes—after a fashion. It's just that he's too young, too inexperienced."

Johnny Stevenson put his hands in the pockets of his breeks. "That's a hard thing to answer, sir. I feel that

I can take care of Kay under any circumstances. But I can't argue myself into being older than I am—into being what you'd consider experienced enough."

George Barnum said nothing and Kay sighed and shook her tawny head. "You're wrong, dad. You're so awfully wrong about Johnny. I wish there were some way of proving it, but I guess there isn't." Her quick smile was rueful as she looked up at young Stevenson. "We'll just have to wait. Mind?"

"Yes," Johnny said. "Terribly. But you're worth waiting for."

GEORGE BARNUM thought Kay looked a little subdued in the chill morning freshness, but her smile was as ready for him as for Johnny. Young Stevenson gave him a cheerful good morning and went about mixing the pancakes while Kay made the coffee. George felt better. Probably it was just as well the matter had come up and been disposed of. Johnny was a nice lad. It was why he had let Kay ask him up for his vacation. He was handy with a fire and an ax. A little too prone to consult his pocket compass, but that was the result of Boy Scout flummery in skimpy suburban woods. A nice lad—but just a lad. Certainly not ready to head a family himself—to face things on his own.

Kay said she wanted only coffee, and after breakfast, when George filled his pipe and tucked his rod under his arm, she said she wasn't going fishing with them.

George Barnum frowned, but Johnny dispelled his doubts by asking, "What's got you?"

Kay grinned at them. "Vapors. I'm going feminine on you men. I'll be all right when you get back."

She wouldn't hear of their not going. "That's what you came up for. Johnny's got to go right back to New York when we return to the island. The more fish he gets the more he'll have to boast about."

They left her sipping coffee, and with their packets of sandwiches made off through the woods, following the blazes Johnny had notched the first day.

He was a good fishing companion. He took George Barnum's words of advice with bent attentive head, and he wasn't too boyishly exuberant when he landed the biggest of the morning.

They ate lunch at the top of the Little Branch. George Barnum filled his pipe, lighted it, and found young Stevenson's eyes on him. He said, "I'm sorry I had to be so blunt last night."

"That's all right, sir," Johnny said. "Maybe we shouldn't have sprung it on you so suddenly. It just hit us—just seemed right to tell you." He looked at George Barnum. "You don't object, do you, to my—my being in love with Kay?"

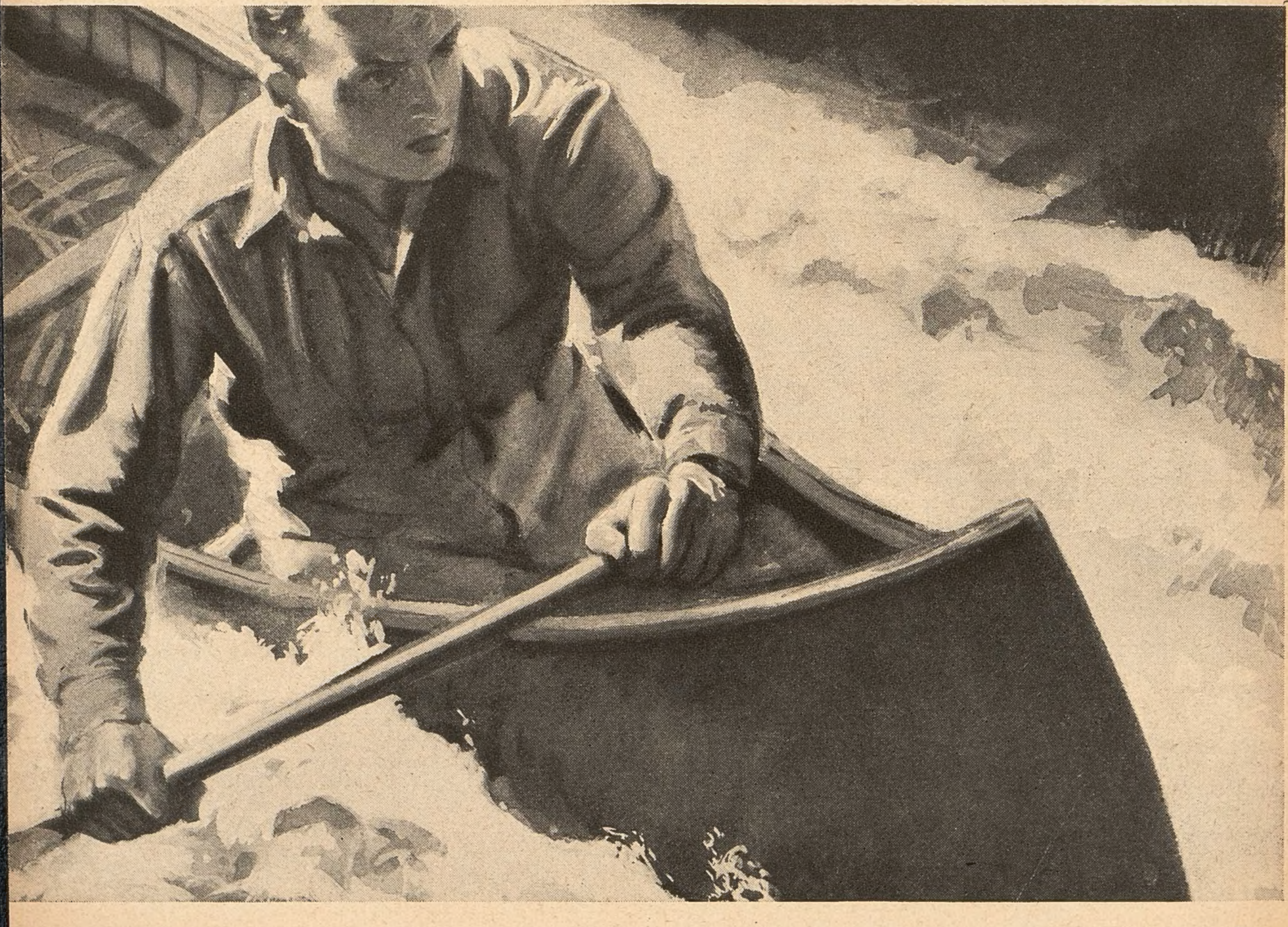
"No," George said, "I haven't any objection to you, Johnny. I think you're too young to be thinking of marriage; not yet capable of rising to things out of the ordinary."

Johnny pondered that. He shook his head. "I don't feel that's so. But then, I suppose no one ever does. I'm young—maybe I'm too young, as you say. I just don't know."

"It won't do either of you any harm to wait," George said, and Johnny nodded. "No, sir. So long as Kay cares for me nothing else matters."

They got up and started to fish down the Branch again. Their creels were heavy before they got to the last of the pools. George looked at his watch and said, "We'd

A heart-stirring tale of a brave race with death—and a boy and a girl in love



better start back. Kay's probably been sleeping her head off.”

“I hope she's feeling better,” Johnny said, and George said heartily, “She'll be all right.”

The sun was low above the hills when they got to camp. Kay didn't come to meet them. She was in her tent, and when George Barnum looked down at her he knew she was ill. He put his hand on her forehead. When he took it away there was a sudden dryness in his mouth.

Her gray eyes met his. There was a faint smile on her lips. “Remember what Dr. Porter said the last time I had a pain in the tummy?” Before he could reply she went on, “He said the next time he'd take my appendix out.” Her laugh bubbled but her eyes were unquiet. “The joke's on him, dad. I've got a pain. Bigger and better than the last; and if Dr. Porter can do anything at this distance he's a better man than Gunga Din.”

Her face was flushed. George Barnum took her hand and felt her hot fingers curl about his. Kay said, “Where's Johnny?”

“Outside.” He released her hand. “I'll bring him in.”

Johnny was mending the fire, but at sight of George Barnum he stood up. His blue eyes were suddenly frightened. “Is Kay—” he began and then stopped.

“She's ill,” George Barnum said. “Her appendix. I don't know how bad—but she's ill.”

He drew a deep breath and his fingers trembled as he felt for his pipe. As far as his eye could reach, there was nothing but the still, brooding stretch of wood and hill, the far loom of the mountains. A sick girl on his hands and no one but a frightened boy to aid him—at least twelve hours from even adequate shelter.

He stood there, fearful, fighting the thoughts that were crowding into his mind. Johnny said, “Can I see her, sir?” and George Barnum nodded.

He was still staring at the hills when Johnny came back. There was a touch of white at the sides of his freckled nose. “We've got to get her out, sir,” he said.

“Yes.” George Barnum bit at the end of his pipe. “The question is whether to wait until morning. I've been coming up here for years, but I've never made it at night—even with a guide.”

He looked at Johnny worriedly and found that the boy's eyes were steady. “We can't take chances,” Johnny said. “There's still an hour or so before dark. Time enough to get Kay down to the canoe.”

He gave a queer boyish jerk of his head. Then he stooped for the woodsman's ax. “What are you going to do?” George Barnum asked.

“A stretcher,” Johnny said. “We'll have to carry her.”

“Yes, of course,” George Barnum said. “Of course.”

HE would have helped, but he didn't seem to be needed. Johnny cut saplings, bound them with rope cut from the tents. He brought George's pneumatic mattress, and when the pallet was finished he went into Kay's tent and brought her out in his arms.

He put her down on the stretcher, laid the bright blanket over her. The flush had gone from her face. It was pallid. She smiled up at them. “I would—wouldn't I?”

“Skip it,” Johnny said, and his cheerfulness struck refreshingly on George Barnum's ears. “Just lie still and try to float through the air. You'll be no light burden otherwise.”

Kay wrinkled her absurd nose, and then George Barnum saw her mouth go white and her teeth catch at the fullness of her nether lip.

Johnny said, “I'll take the front, sir. Let's go.”

They rested exactly twice—not more than a minute each time—in the full mile to where the canoe was drawn up beside the swift-flowing river. George Barnum's arms felt like strings when they finally set down the stretcher. Kay was lying quiet, her eyes closed.

It was still light when they pushed off, Johnny in the bow, George Barnum steering. But before they had gone halfway to the entrance to Long Lake the purple shadows were falling all about them.

Silence came with the night. Only the distant hoot of an owl, the cries of night birds, and the drip of water as the paddles rose and dipped broke the stillness.

George Barnum didn't want to think. If he did he would give way to panic. Long Lake was easy enough, but there were three branches at the lower end, and when he tried to think of which was the right one—which led to the portage—he got confused. In daylight he'd know it. He was sure of that. But not at night. He shook his head and saw the wink of light in the bow. Johnny Stevenson looking at his compass again.

There was a faint luminosity on the water so that the banks stood out in nebulous relief. Above, the sky was black, star-studded.

Hour after hour the paddles dipped. Long since the burning in George Barnum's muscles had given way to numbness. He wondered that his paddle rose and fell. Kay seemed to be asleep. He hoped she was. Once she stirred and her voice, almost in a whisper, said with an attempt at normalcy, “This is fun.” When they didn't answer she said, with a childlike humbleness that brought a sting to George Barnum's eyes, “I'm sorry.”

It was Johnny who said, “Forget it. Just hold the fort, feller.”

George Barnum didn't know when they reached the lower end of Long Lake. They had been paddling automatically and all at once he felt a faint uneasiness. The dark loom of the banks was too close and too strange. He saw the quick stab of light from Johnny's flash and Johnny said, “We're out of the lake, aren't we, sir?”

He had stopped paddling and George Barnum rested his blade across the gunwales and stared at the darkness with aching eyes. His throat was dry. “We must be.”

JOHNNY'S voice was cheerful. “We've taken the wrong branch. Coming up from the portage it was due north. There weren't any deviations. We're going southwest now instead of south. Good thing we haven't gone far. Coming about, sir.”

Obediently George Barnum dipped his paddle. When they came out again into the broadness of the lake Johnny said, “We'll hug the bank, keeping due east.”

They entered the branch at last and George Barnum held his breath. He dipped his paddle steadily, his eyes alert for the flash of Johnny's light. He closed his eyes when Johnny called out, “We're right now. Does it look familiar?”

“Not in the dark,” George said grimly, and Johnny answered, “The direction's right, sir.”

There was a grayness in the east when Johnny called, “It's narrowing fast. We ought to be near the portage.” At almost the same moment George Barnum saw the faint glow that was the livid barkless trunk of the dead oak that marked the portage. He had forgotten it was there, but now he cried out and swung the canoe into the bank.

When he stepped out on to the pebbly sand he was so numbed with fatigue that he sank to his knees. He struggled up as Johnny lifted Kay from the canoe and brought her to the thick grass. Her eyes were enormous in her white face, but she smiled when George asked anxiously, “How are you, Kay?”

“I'm all right,” she said. “Much better.”

In the hush of the growing dawn George looked at Johnny Stevenson. The boy's face was different, hard and drawn. He didn't look at Kay. He said to George, “You rest. I won't be long.”

George started to object; started to rise from the grass. His knees buckled. His anxious eyes saw Johnny raise the canoe, reverse it, and settle it on his shoulders. He went past them, along the narrow track that led up the hill.

The fluting morning calls of the birds began to sound, but George Barnum sat with his head almost against his knees. Fatigue drugged his mind and he was glad of it, because if he started to think beyond the island, beyond Edgewater, panic would get him. He didn't dare think beyond the island, beyond shelter and at least people.

He heard the sound of Johnny's swift feet and got up. The boy was panting, but when George said, “You'd better rest,” Johnny shook his head.

He bent over Kay and his voice was brusque. “We'll take you chair fashion. It's only half a mile.”

She didn't speak. Johnny lifted her and she put an arm about his neck and the other about her father's. Together they carried her up the trail and into the woods.

When they got to the stream that led into Little Loon, the canoe was waiting, ready. George Barnum didn't remember how it happened, but he found himself once more with the paddle in his aching hands, waiting for his arms to refuse to function another moment.

The sun was high when they swept into Little Loon. Far down its broad surface the island was a low smudge, but the sight of it seemed to give new strength to Johnny Stevenson's paddle. His voice rang out, "Almost there, Kay."

From the bottom of the canoe, Kay's "Hurray" was barely a whisper. George Barnum didn't look down at her. He pressed his lips together to keep them from trembling and dug harder into the water.

There had been reassurance in thinking of the island and the house when they were at Little Branch, but now, when they had carried Kay up from the dock and put her in her room, George Barnum felt nothing but despair. He looked down at her white face, the circled eyes, and went out into the log-chinked, head-decorated living room.

ALEC RACKOWE

London-born, educated in Great Britain and the United States, won a commission in 1919, at nineteen, in the Officers' Training Corps in England. On his return to America, he became a columnist on New York and Chicago papers. He now lives in Mount Vernon, N.Y.

Johnny was standing in front of the big empty stone fireplace. His eyes were bright. "I'll go for the doctor if you'll tell me where to find him, sir."

George Barnum said dully, "There's none nearer than Branchville. At the railhead. Take the launch and go over to Ed Martin's. Tell him to drive to Branchville and bring the doctor."

He saw Johnny go tense. "But that's almost four hours—each way."

"Almost four hours," George agreed. His voice shook. "Ed Martin has the only car around here. The one he brought us in from Branchville."

He didn't say what was in his mind. He saw the boy's nostrils flare, and suddenly he noted that Johnny didn't look boyish any more. His eyes were sunk, his cheeks gaunt. He could have been any age. Without a word Johnny turned and went out.

George Barnum waited until he heard the sputter of the engine—heard it catch and roar and then fade into the distance. He went to the door of Kay's room and looked in. She was lying motionless, her tawny hair disordered against the pillow. He closed his eyes and murmured a prayer. But he had no hope.

He heard the echoing bark of the returning boat and he got up. The roar sank to a purr and then rose again. When he opened the door he saw only Mrs. Martin's bulky figure coming across the grass.

He didn't need her to tell him that what he had feared was true. "Ed's in Branchville. He won't be back until tomorrow."

He couldn't speak. He merely nodded, and Mrs. Martin said, "The young man's gone down the lake with Benjy." Her plump homely face was full of sympathy. "Could I see Miss Katherine?"

George Barnum bent his head. He sat down in a chair and only then realized how spent he was. But even worse was the hopelessness that gripped him.

Mrs. Martin came out. She said, "Poor dear. She's real sick. I'll make her some tea. You need some too, sir."

She moved from Kay's room to the kitchen and back. George was sitting sunk in his chair when he heard the sound of the returning launch.

The door opened and Johnny Stevenson came in. His face was gaunt, pinched. Almost aged. George Barnum looked at him despairingly, and Johnny said, "Will you give us a hand, sir?"

Obediently George shambled toward him, out into the open.

"We want wood," Johnny said. "A lot. Benjy's helping. We want a bonfire—several."

"What for?" George asked, and Johnny turned his head.

"There's a plane coming. I don't know just when. But it will come."

Hope shook George Barnum like a fever. "How could you get word? There are no telephones."

Johnny's tall figure moved quickly through the dark. "A ham—a radio amateur. I knew there had to be one somewhere. They're all over the map. Benjy Martin took me. A trapper named Duvivier. He hadn't raised them when we left, but he'd sent out an emergency. He promised they'd come. I'm going to break up the boathouse, sir."

"Break it," George Barnum said and ran with him.

Unaware of fatigue, George Barnum made trip after trip; saw the piles grow higher. Johnny fired the first, and by its light they came and went, building the others.

It was Benjy who first heard the plane. His shrill voice rose. Johnny threw flaming brands from the bonfire on to the other piles of wood. The flames stretched upward. George saw the red and green riding lights of the plane wink into sight.

It circled, and as it passed overhead he saw that it was a seaplane. Beams of light sprang from the wings. As the motor cut out, the plane settled, skimmed the surface of the lake, and then came to rest on the water in a faintly seen burst of spray. The motor barked in short bursts and the seaplane taxied in toward the dock.

BEHIND the closed door the doctor was with Kay. George Barnum stood nervously in the living room with Johnny and the pilot.

The pilot was saying, "Matson-Mowrer. Lumber. We've got several planes besides this ambulance. We cover a lot of territory. Quebec radioed us. We were closest. Every ham in the Dominion was biting his transmitter."

The doctor came out. He said, "Stretcher—will you, Dick?" And as Johnny said, "I'll go with you," and moved after the pilot, the doctor turned to George. "She's got a nice hot appendix. But it will keep until we get to Quebec."

He drew a package of cigarettes from his pocket. "Lots of room for you to come along. If you've got a drink around I'd like a small one. You'd better have a big one."

Ten minutes later George Barnum sat in the roomy cabin. He held Kay's little hand and, looking forward toward the silhouette of the pilot's figure, he saw the stern sharp angle of Johnny's face.

He must have fallen asleep, sitting there, for when he opened his eyes again it was light and below the cabin ports was the broadness of the St. Lawrence.

HE didn't see Johnny after they brought Kay from the operating room. The orderly pushing the rubber-tired conveyance nodded at him. After a while a nurse came out and said, "She came out of the gas just as we put her in bed. She's asleep now."

George gulped. "She's all right—I mean—"

"Oh, yes. There's not much chance of complications." Her eyes were sympathetic. "Everything is all right. I'll let you know when she wakes. Hadn't you better get some sleep? You look terribly done in, sir."

"I'm all right," George said. "I'm all right."

He thought suddenly of Johnny and he went to the lift. Johnny was in the small waiting room, sitting still and hard-eyed. He got up as George came in. He didn't say anything, just looked, and George said, "She's sleeping now. There won't be any complications."

For a moment Johnny's set face remained unmoved. Then suddenly it seemed to break into planes, to fall from hard age into anguished boyish contortions. The tears brimmed his red-rimmed eyes. He brushed them angrily away with the back of his hand. "Lord!" he said, blubbering. "I guess you were right, sir. I'm just a fool kid."

"No," George Barnum said. "No, Anything but that."

He put his arm around Johnny's shoulder. "Let's go get a bath and some sleep, son. Then you and Kay can make your plans. Whatever you decide will be all right with me. Perfectly all right."

THE END

DO OUR YOUNG PEOPLE NEED RELIGION?

by Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt

READING TIME ● 5 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

© Harris & Ewing

Do you think young people today are drifting away from religion?" That question was asked from the balcony in a crowded hall in a Texas town, by a young man. For the full significance of that question, one should realize that in many small towns in the South, just as in many small towns in New York State, or in New England, or, I imagine, in any part of the United States, much of the activity of young people has been connected in one way or another with the church. Church services and church socials are part of the recreation of young and old alike, and to question the part that religion plays in the lives of youth is somewhat startling.

I have come to the conclusion, however, that the explanation lies in the fact that many people of varying ages in many places, while they may have deeply religious convictions, are somewhat shaken from their old conventional observances because of the fact that we have all begun to look facts squarely in the face. One of the things we find is a certain variation between the theory and the practice of religion.

A very charming Southern lady told me, with some show of bitterness, that when she asked her congressman for a position to which she felt entitled, he had replied that he would pray over it, and then sent in another nomination for the position! That was an instance of thrusting religion in where it really had no part.

Whatever else the virtues and shortcomings of the younger generation may be, I think we all have to accept the fact that they strive to be honest. Now, if they do strive to be honest, they must sometimes feel a little like a small boy I once knew who, on coming out of church and hearing one of his elders make a disparaging remark about a neighbor, said: "That is the thing I can't understand about you grown-ups. You talk one way in church and come out and act another."

We glibly say young people need religion, or they need to recognize the spiritual power as a guiding factor in their lives. I wonder why they need it any more than their elders, though I acknowledge that it is needed, and particularly needed in these days, by young and old alike. The only excuse we have for feeling that young people may need it more than we older people do, is that we hope they may have the necessary spiritual qualities to do the things which we have left undone. There is just a chance that the solution of our economic problems may be as much in the realm of the spirit as it is in the realm of the material.

Suppose these youngsters were to accept new values which tend to be more nearly akin to those preached by Christ Himself. For instance, instead of considering oneself successful if one became the richest and most powerful man in the town, one would have to weigh how one achieved this eminence, and if it was done by taking advantage of the weaker and less fortunate, then it would be branded failure by public opinion. What would happen if our young people only considered their own lives successful if they created success and well-being in their environment for every one? This would make the kind of co-operation possible between labor and capital which we haven't as yet been able to bring about.

This might even bring a change in the aspect of international affairs. If individuals did not profit by the failures of others, perhaps nations might take the time to consider the needs of other nations and to feel that true success would lie in a co-operation which would distribute well-being more evenly throughout the world. This is Utopia, you will say; but then a real sense of spiritual values *is* Utopia, for we cease to consider as our only objective the material things of life, and we recognize that true religion requires us to believe that

Danger's ahead! Are the churches doing their part? Vigorously, America's First Lady speaks her mind

DECORATION BY MARTHE MOORE

"Love thy neighbor as thyself" is a real commandment, tantamount to "Love the Lord thy God."

When a young minister asked me the other day if I thought the youth of our country was being influenced against religion by the ideas which were coming to us from abroad, he touched on a serious situation. I find it difficult to believe that we can be impervious to the type of strong feeling and belief evidenced by young people in Germany, Italy, and Russia. To them, their form of government has become a religion and the only spiritual outlet which they have left. We cannot blame them, but the young people of our own country must have an even greater spiritual force if they are going to combat these ideas on the level of spiritual values and not on the level of physical force.

There is something inherent in youth which requires the giving of oneself to some loyalty. It may be to the criminal gang; it may be to one's country in time of war; it may be, through certain conditions, a conviction that some particular form of government can serve one's country better than any other, either in peace or in war. Misguided as we may feel these loyalties to be, when they are held with deep conviction, only a finer, a greater loyalty can possibly hope to combat them.

That is what our young people must find. It is not to be found through apathy; nor through the acceptance of things as they are, if those things bring hardship and suffering even to a minority of the people.

My experience is that young people do not mind hardship, they do not dread things which are difficult, but unless there is a true ideal back of the challenge which is offered, it will make no appeal to their loyalty. They will soon discover that it is not worth the effort which they are asked to make.

I am frank to say that I question if many of the churches today are giving the example of the type of simple spiritual belief which would make the young people of the nation feel that they are crusading for a spiritual ideal. Too many churches have to be concerned with the raising of money, the upkeep of the buildings, and the salaries of the pastors and church workers. Too many churches concern themselves with political and material situations, instead of realizing that their ultimate responsibility is in stimulating the basic loyalty of human beings to the beliefs which eventually will solve all the other questions. We have almost forgotten that religion was once preached by men who had no churches and no salaries and yet whose influence has kept alive the germ of spirituality down through the centuries in a materialistic world.

The wrongs these men gave their lives to right are not yet completely conquered, and if that crusade is the one we offer our youth, I have an idea we will recruit an army. But we will not be successful unless we mean to live what we preach, and we must give our young people the feeling that real religion, when all is said and done, lies in the belief that the power of Christ is greater than that of Caesar!

THE END

THEY'VE GOT YOUR NUMBER

BY RUPERT HUGHES

READING TIME • 19 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

Are you an easy mark or a turndown? Meet our most amazing army of new racketeers and read what one city learned about them

TO you and to nearly every one who has a telephone this must happen nearly every day, much as it does to me:

Brrrrrrrrr!

"Hello!"

"This you, Rupert?"

Tentatively, "Yes?"

"How are you? How you doin'?"

"I'm all right. Who's this?"

In a hurt tone: "Why, this is Bill!"

"Bill who the hell?"

"Why, Billy Wickieup, of course."

I don't remember Billy Wickieup, but I have a memory that is perfectly unreliable; so I make up in cordiality what I lack in recollection. He goes on:

"Sa-ay, Rupert, some of the boys are getting up a little dance for the Disabled Veterans [or the Disgruntled Orphans, Milkless Babes, Hungry Newsboys, or the Firemen's Pension, or the What Not?] and the boys asked me to help 'em out. I know you're in sympathy with everything good. How many tickets can I send you? They're only a dollar apiece. I'll send you ten. Or can I make it twenty-five? The boys—"

"Send me five."

"Good for you, old boy! Have the check or cash ready, will you? I'll send the tickets right over. Leave the money at the door if you're going out."

Or the lay might be:

"Say, Rupert, the motorcycle cops are getting out a magazine for their pension fund. They asked me to get you to take a little ad."

"I never advertise."

"Oh, I know; but for a cause like this—"

"I never advertise."

"We can put in just a card saying 'From a Friend of the Force,' or 'Compliments of a Pal,' or—"

"I never—"

"It may come in handy some day when you get held up for speeding."

"I never speed."

"Oh, I know, but things happen. Anything can happen. And the motorcycle boys take care of their friends. They can save you many a ticket or a trip to the court. And it's for a worthy cause. The boys are building up a pension fund for their widows and orphans, and you know what heroes they have to be."

"If they need money, why publish a magazine? It's slow and complicated and it will cost more than it will ever earn."

"Not if their friends stand by. All the good folks are coming in. Let me put you down for a little twenty-dollar ad. All your friends are taking them."

"I never advertise."

"Then you can subscribe to our—their magazine. Only three dollars a year. I'll send a messenger over for it."

"No, I think not."

"But, Rupert old boy, it's not like you to refuse to help widows and orphans."

If you say no, you feel a brute. If you say yes, you feel a fool—as I felt when I met the county sheriff and he told me that the motorcycle boys did not have a magazine of their own, and if they did they couldn't discriminate between citizens who advertised and those who didn't without losing their jobs pronto. The publishers of the magazine had no connection with the force.

Between the fear of being a cheap dupe to swindlers and a deaf-mute to deserving causes, the heart of the averagely humane being swings in suspense and usually falls, with a resulting harvest of hundreds and millions of dollars of misplaced money.

Particularly hard to deny are requests for the use of my name and/or my wife's as patron and/or patroness for this or that affair. It costs nothing and it puts our names up among high social figures we are not apt to mingle with otherwise. It costs nothing down; but nearly always afterward there comes a batch of tickets to the dance, banquet, benefit, or whatever. It looks churlish to send them back when your own name is on the letterhead of transmission.

This telephone teasing goes on all the time. I used to wish that there were some place to turn to for advice as to the honesty of the applicants and the merit of their offerings. It was cheaper for me to submit than to investigate, but it was hateful to be cheated.

One day a strange voice called me to the telephone and, instead of soliciting a contribution, said, "Your name is being used as a sponsor for the So-and-So Ball."

"Yes; I authorized it."

"That's all we wanted to know, sir. We're just checking up. Sometimes names are used without permission, or at least without understanding."

"Who uses them so?"

"The crooks who get up these affairs."

"What crooks? Who are you, anyway?"

"This is the Intelligence Service Bureau."

"What's that?"

"It's an organization kept up by voluntary subscriptions of the merchants, bankers, and others, in co-operation with the Chamber of Commerce, the Police Department, the District Attorney's office, and the Social Service Department. We've put through an ordinance requiring all solicitors to take out licenses. But even if they do, they abuse the privilege."

"But this ball is for a patriotic purpose."

"That's their smoothest graft. Your pockets are never easier to pick than when you're cheering somebody who's waving the grand old flag."

That is pretty sickening. The Bureau prosecuted one man who had collected over a hundred thousand dollars in two years under the guise of protecting our sacred liberties—and his.

As time went on I referred many appeals to the Bureau and was saved from many a more or less complete crook.

At last I investigated the investigators, and was dumfounded by the magnitude of the graft they were dealing with, the variety and ingenuity of the methods, and the often infamous chicanery involved.

The Los Angeles Bureau has been at work for thirteen years. It was the first in the country and had a slow and difficult start. But it has succeeded in dragging Los Angeles from its supremacy as the easiest sucker town in the country and placing it among the most difficult. The Bureau has handled over forty thousand cases and its files contain almost innumerable names and records.

It seems to me that every large community should have a similar organization to save it from squandering fortunes on charity appeals that are either downright fraud or upright waste. In countless instances the solicitors are plain racketeers; in others they are more or less honest promoters who keep most of what they collect.

The swindle by telephone is keeping perhaps ten thousand workers busy. It is an industry so specialized that it has a language all its own.

The voice that tickles your ear is friendly and intimate. If you could trace it to its source you would doubtless find that it comes from what is known to the craft as a " boiler room." Here are gathered as many telephones as can be used without the listeners hearing the other solicitors. Suites of rooms in cheap hotels or in private houses, preferably on the outskirts of town, are rented, where the telephone service is unmetered and unlimited. Each of the telephony salesmen or saleswomen makes from eighty to a hundred calls a day in a sweet, sticky, flypapery voice.

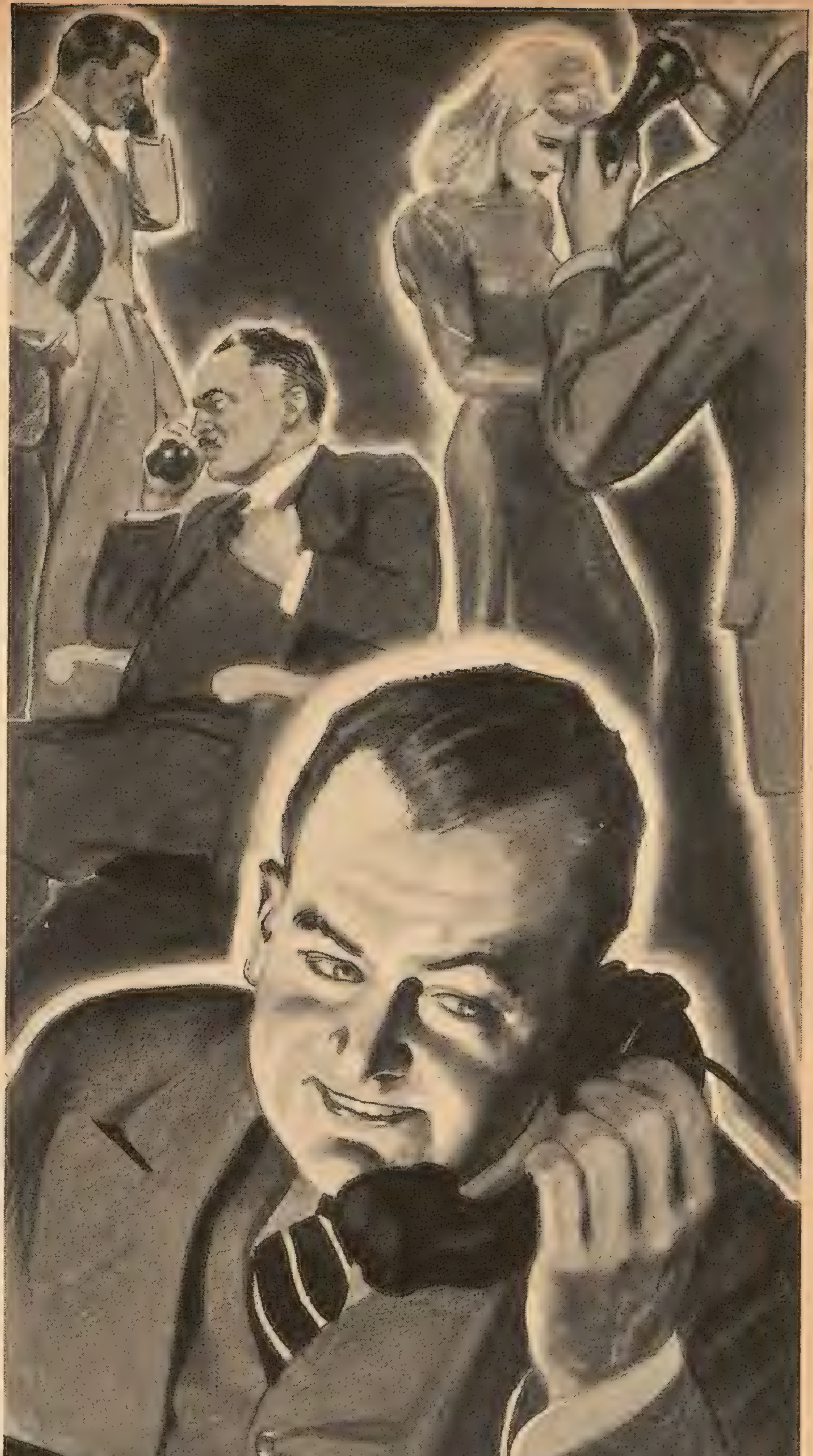
In front of each telephoner is a stack of index cards known as " tap cards " made up from sucker lists collected in various ways, and bought, rented, or borrowed in exchange for others.

You yourself are known as a tap. Your card has your name, business, house and office address, telephone numbers, and a record of what subscriptions you have made to what appeals, for how much, and when.

If you yield without a struggle you are called an EM—easy mark, of course. If you refuse to respond to telephone solicitors, you are a TD—a turndown.

The appeals made to you are listed by abbreviations; as MBF, meaning Milk for Babes Fund. Just what you fell for is given another letter; as T for tickets to a dance, banquet, barbecue, or whatever; M for a subscription to a magazine; S for a purchase of seals; A for an advertisement; D for a plain donation. In each case the initials of the solicitor are added.

Then there are the symbols such as tramps chalk on your gatepost indicating whether or not you are good for a poke-out, or are a skinflint, or keep a dog. The telephone salesmen write you down as an EM or a TD, and add GPU if you are a good pick-up; that is to say, you are willing to leave the money to be picked up by a messenger, usually a motorcyclist, who gets a commission on all he collects, and who does not always turn it all in—for there are grafters who graft on grafters, like the *ad infinitum* fleas. The high art of hijacking is in high favor, and sometimes the motorcycle messenger who calls at your house and picks up the money you squeezed out for an irresistible appeal to your warm heart crosses out the



The voice that tickles your ear is friendly and intimate. It comes from what is known as a " boiler room."

EM on your card, marks you down as a TD, and spends your money on his private pleasure.

If you can be trusted to mail in your money, the tickets or seals can be mailed to you and you are labeled a supreme sucker—STM, "Safe to mail."

Wives come in for a special consideration, since wives are the bane of the business. Women are far less gullible in this field than men. They like to do their own shopping and see what they are buying. And experience has taught them to suspect anything their husbands fall for, from blondes to bonds. So your tap card may bear such letters as ATW, meaning "Avoid talking to the wife."

Yet the solicitor prefers talking to men at their homes because they are more easily reached and in a more yielding mood.

The operative cost, whether of rackets or of promotions honest or dishonest, is necessarily high. It is not easy to wheedle money from people even for the best of causes, as the poor souls who manage Community Chests are all too well aware.

I worked on the first Community Chest drive ever made in Los Angeles, and I was horrified to find how large a proportion of the population never gives a penny to a charity. One carpenter who earned seventy-five dollars a week reluctantly yielded half a dollar, which represented his first and his sole contribution to the poor.

GETTING money from the public is like getting gold from ore or oil from deep strata. The easiest way is to offer some entertainment like a dance or a benefit, a banquet or a barbecue, a patrons' list, seals which can be stuck on envelopes—some appeal to vanity or selfishness.

Appeals to patriotism, civic pride, and political passion are good, too. A man is ashamed or afraid not to be conspicuous where the flag is being waved. The national colors are flown over some of the most piratical appeals.

The anti-Communism and anti-Nazi emotions have been worked for immense sums. Appeals for help for the Spanish government or the insurgents or their babies were in some cases scandalously manipulated.

The promoters and racketeers read the papers and try to keep abreast of the national excitements. During political campaigns there has always been plenty of corruption, but the telephoneers profit on the side, as the coyotes and jackals hunt with the wolves and tigers.

The dreadful death toll exacted by the automobile and the efforts to curb it have inspired numbers of schemes that have turned floods of dollars into the pockets of tricksters with no effect on the traffic slaughter.

Only lately the public mind and the press have been opened to the ancient and frightful ravages of venereal diseases. The word "syphilis," so widely heard of and so rarely seen, has now become a household word, and it has offered a new field for the ventures of the racketeers.

Need I keep repeating that I am not implying for a moment any wholesale criticism of all efforts to collect money by telephonic solicitation for dances, publications, banquets, benefits, seals, societies, or any other methods for extracting coin from reluctant persons for worthy causes?

It is just because there seems to be no other way to raise funds for some of the noblest philanthropies that the crooks should be recognized and driven off.

The Intelligence Service Bureau, once it has investigated the nature of the appeal and the people who are making it, cheerfully endorses it and aids it in every way.

The line between the honest and the dishonest, the economical and the wasteful, is not always easy to draw; and the Bureau furnishes its subscribers or any inquirers with the facts it has discovered and lets them make up their own minds.

Plain criminals the Bureau helps to prosecute and send to prison or into exile; but there are numberless cases which they call borderline, and which you and I have neither the time nor the ability to investigate.

Sixteen years ago the creator and director of the Los Angeles Bureau, Florian DeDonato, Jr., conceived the idea of such a service. He went into the inside of the boiler rooms and learned the methods and the tricks of the trade then in use. New tricks are invented every day, of course, and the ingenuity of the swindlers has to be matched by eternal vigilance.

DeDonato found it hard at first persuading business men that he could save them the time and toil of looking into the incessant appeals, and also save them from the nauseating experience of giving generously to plausible thieves or to the semirespectable promoters whom he calls "100-per-centers," whose belief is in "the survival of the slickest." Now he has the sponsorship and cooperation of the Chamber of Commerce, the Police Department, the Department of Social Service, the offices of the district attorney and the sheriff.

His office initiates investigations and issues a confidential bulletin on all new appeals. It keeps a vast number of files giving the records of solicitors, many of whom are ex-convicts. Ex-convicts are often found working for religious organizations. Some of the "evangelists" are themselves ex-convicts of dubious redemption. But more often the religious body is itself victimized by the promoters who slyly suggest ways of raising funds or move in on plans already under way and turn them into sources of graft.

The Intelligence Bureau, whose methods ought to be copied in every sizable town, furnishes a card, to be hung conspicuously in outer offices, warning that all appeals are turned over to it for investigation before contribution. The Bureau has put through a city ordinance requiring all solicitors to take out a license, which is issued only after investigation. The solicitor is given all the details, purposes, methods, sponsors, and everything important to know. The Bureau has distributed half a million copies of this questionnaire, but only about fifty of them have been filled out. In spite of its vigilance, solicitation of the worst sort goes on.

A great many solicitors pocket the funds they collect, and vanish. Others give up only a small portion of their intake; and in this field lies the greatest waste of public sympathy for worthy causes.

DeDonato showed me the final sheet of one such solicitation for a splendid movement. The promoter collected $18,000 from well-wishers, gave an itemized list of expenses totaling $17,460, leaving $540 for the philanthropy. I saw others in which, for example, $16,000 was collected and less than $4,000 cleared.

THE first thing the promoters go after is important and influential names. Thus the most successful, influential, and generous citizens are used as a blind for their transactions.

DeDonato has recently been working on one swindle of huge proportions carrying the names of several judges on the so-called "Advisory Board." With the co-operation of the police, he put a dictograph in one of their boiler rooms and he showed me the phonograph record of a conversation. The manager came into the room and told the operators something like this:

"I just got a letter from Judge Blank this morning. He's raising a holler because we used his name in ways he hasn't authorized. You know, we've been saying, 'Judge Blank asked me to ask you to join him in subscribing to this noble cause.' Well, that's out. And I guess we better lay off all the judges for a while."

The solicitors prey on one another. Telephone solicitors may be spies who steal sucker lists, and work off counterfeit tickets or seals, or collect subscriptions or advertising fees which they never turn in. Or they may send motorcycle messengers to pick up your contribution before the official messenger reaches you. When he comes back empty-pocketed he will be accused of swindling the swindler, and that is a cruel, feelings-hurting accusation; to be charged with stealing what some other thief stole before you could get to it!

Here is a typical story showing one of the most common practices:

A group of disabled veterans is in desperate need of money and hopes to raise a few hundred dollars by a dance and entertainment. A promoter hears of it and approaches the committee.

"Boys," he says, "I'm for you a hundred per cent, and I know the ropes as you don't. Let me take the trouble off your hands. I'll give you all we make minus my commission and the expenses, which I'll account for down to the last penny. How many does that dance hall hold?"

"Two thousand."

"Fine! We'll sell five thousand tickets."

"But the hall only holds two."

"Ah, nine tenths of 'em never show up. We'll carry all the expenses—printing, selling, distributing, collecting. Won't cost you a cent, and we'll pay you the whole net proceeds."

The disabled veterans are overjoyed. They've found a friend at last. They figure out what they will do with all that money.

"The chief is trying something new in third-degree methods."

The promoter may print and sell only the five thousand authorized tickets. But if the going is good he may print five thousand extra, or even more. Any number of people will buy twenty-five or fifty tickets and throw them away or give them away. The promoter may get up a program and sell advertisements, which are mainly friendly contributions. He may even publish extra sets of these, duplicating the covers and the favored positions and turning them in to the victims when he sends his collector round.

The dance is packed to suffocation. The disabled veterans are jubilant. The next day they call for the settlement. They figure that five thousand tickets at a dollar each equal $5,000, with programs, souvenirs, and all that to boot. But they find that the printing, the stationery and postage, the telephone calls, the delivery costs, the room rent, the salaries, the commissions, gasoline, general overhead, and the modest percentage of perhaps 40 per cent have piled up into a mountain. The promoter says, "I'm might sorry, boys, but we had hard sledding. Those tickets took a lot of selling. But I'm proud to hand over your $5,000—"

"Ah!" say the delighted disabled.

The promoter says, "Less, of course, the expenses. Here are all the items. They total $4,643.17."

"Oh!" say the benighted disabled.

The promoter beams. "Leaving you a net of $356.83! And here's our check for it."

"Ugh!" say the enlightened and further disabled veterans.

A harrowing incident in the files was a dinner dance got up by a veterans' organization to pay a debt incurred in the burial of a number of their deceased members. The promoter made a "smart" affair of it at a smart hotel and charged ten dollars a ticket. He took in $3,340, and charged off for expenses $3,303.49, giving the veterans the balance—$36.51.

They had exhausted the resources of their friends and the pathos of their appeal, a great deal of money had been collected, and they had nothing to show for it except the undisturbed debt.

A struggling Catholic church in need of funds was persuaded to issue a souvenir book. Its gross sale was $1,800, of which the church received $400.

Churches are peculiarly victimized and no fund is too small for the grafters, who take on little jobs while working up big ones.

The most revolting thing about their work is the sob stuff they use, the tremolo voice and the heartrending eloquence. A most eloquent appeal for funds to cure and rescue narcotic addicts, and the use of seals carrying a white cross and a motto, "Save Youth from Dope," proved to be a racket. But it had brought the racketeers $50,000 before it was broken up.

This should be a warning to those of us addicted to taking the dope injected into us by telephone.

Some time ago a great three-day festival was given in Los Angeles for a milk fund sponsored by a club which was to keep 25 per cent for its own building fund. Three or four important charities were named as the beneficiaries and an elaborate entertainment was provided by volunteers. A program filled with advertisements was sold. The sale of tickets and programs brought in $10,585.62. The net proceeds were $390.68. One of the charities whose name was freely used received $145.87, another $31.25.

A project to establish a clinic for babies was carried through a forty-day campaign and $16,000 was taken in. But the disbursements were such that the clinic received only $4,500. It was lucky, at that.

A big benefit dance for the blind brought in $4,778. So many tickets were sold that the government received a tax of $431. Yet the blind received only $735.

The appeal to pity is fairly good, the appeal to snobbery and glitter is better; but the appeal with what DeDonato calls a "whip" in it is best. And best of all whips is the appeal for a policeman's fund. The solicitors and collectors often wear uniforms or show badges. They are usually men no longer, if ever, connected with the force. All such solicitations with a certain threat of the whip are against public policy, forms of intimidation. The police profit little or none.

Only last week, while I was working on this manuscript, my secretary was called by a telephoner soliciting for a "police benefit." When he declined the tickets, he was told in an ominous voice:

"So you don't like the police, eh? Oh, all right."

That would frighten any one who did not know that the police here do not authorize such solicitation.

Railroad men are useful, as are labor unions of every sort. Nearly every new municipal building, hospital, bridge, church brings out a gaudy souvenir book. They all promise the profits to some worthy object and few of them turn in anything worth the while.

I could quote hundreds of cases of bilking the public into huge subscriptions which furnish next to no benefit to the worthy organizations sponsoring them. At best they are an atrocious waste of charity; at worst they are shameless thievery.

Los Angeles has stronger laws than almost any other community against fraudulent solicitation, but they have not prevented the collection of about $375,000 this last twelvemonth by pure racketeering.

Other communities must be suffering even worse bloodletting.

The worst of it is that these plunderers, like professional beggars, harden our hearts or divert us from the honestly unfortunate whom we would gladly help if we could be sure of them. They get us into the habit of saying no and tightening our purse strings against victims of cruel misfortune—

Pardon me a moment.

Brrrrrrrrr!

"Hello!"

"How are you, old boy? This is Bill. Say, some of the boys have asked me to ask you to—"

THE END

AN *Old-Timer* ADVISES HOLLYWOOD

BY DAVID WARK GRIFFITH

READING TIME ● 5 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

Here's a success formula in a nutshell! . . Would it cure filmdom's ills?

EDITORS NOTE: After ten years of silence—broken only when the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences awarded him a special " Oscar " (gold statuette) in 1936—David Wark Griffith, dean of the American cinema, answers in this article What Is Wrong with the Motion-Picture Industry?

You who saw Rudolph Valentino, Douglas Fairbanks, Mary Pickford, Charlie Chaplin, Norma Talmadge, Norma Shearer, Lillian and Dorothy Gish, Joseph Schildkraut, and a host of other stars back in the golden twenties, will remember Griffith as America's foremost motion-picture director. " Griffith Star " was a trade name in the industry in those days.

In 1908 D. W. Griffith led the first movie company to Hollywood and set up the first studio. He stayed to discover and train the greatest array of talent in Hollywood's history. He also found time to innovate virtually every phase of movie-camera technique in use today.

From 1908 to 1928 Griffith made 430 pictures at a total cost of $12,834,000. The exact gross no one knows, but we do know that no one has ever equaled his record. His Birth of a Nation still stands as an all-time box-office high. Costing but $110,000, this epic *earned* more than $16,000,000! (A modern picture rarely *grosses* more than $2,000,000.)

Thus for two decades David Wark Griffith *was* Hollywood. Outlined below is his diagnosis of the ills of Hollywood and *the remedy.*

YOU ask what is wrong with Hollywood. Well, I don't think the matter is of any great importance to the world at large. I believe it concerns mostly the people in the business itself. But you ask for it, so here goes:

The average moviegoer seldom arrives at the theater to see the beginning of the picture. Often he sees the *last part* of the picture first. Why? Because the exhibitors have never gotten over the nickelodeon idea of continuous performance.

Continuous performance was born back in the old Biograph days when motion pictures ran from a half reel to 900 feet, or a " short thousand." You saw the early motion picture in twelve minutes, but you got from six to eight different pictures in one performance. So it didn't matter much if you did happen to drop in during the middle of the show.

Then we gave 'em The Birth of a Nation. Later, the public paid five dollars top for Way Down East, and the picture ran more than a year in New York. *But the customers could see only two shows a day.*

Once I produced a short picture titled Broken Blossoms. The picture was less than six reels and ran about one hour. The exhibitors placed it on continuous performance, against my wishes. The thing laid turkey eggs most everywhere . . . everywhere but Virginia and West Virginia, where a chain exhibitor would not admit a single customer into any of his houses while this picture was showing. He forced them to see it from the beginning, and Broken Blossoms in his chain proved a success.

Naturally, the two-a-day show would not fit present-day needs. Exhibitors could present four shows a day or more. Small-town exhibitors, if skeptical, should look up the record of Way Down East. In Danville, Illinois, this picture, at two shows a day, played to three times the population of the town!

The recent advertisement in the Hollywood Reporter wherein the Association of New York Exhibitors went off the deep end in listing certain stars as " box-office poison," created quite a furor. But the public has a short memory. It was the exhibitors, you know, who innovated the star system!

Back in 1909 the only screen credits allowed were the studio-identifying tags, " Biograph Man " or " Biograph Girl." For years Mary Pickford was known simply as " the Biograph Girl." But the exhibitors finally succeeded in launching the star system via their theater marquees.

I've never felt that stars are necessary to a good picture. Virtually all the big money-winners bear me out. These pictures *made* stars from casts of unknowns.

However, I am not trying to knock the stars. I have known stars that, despite my most poisonous direction, were able to make a good picture out of most anything, but unfortunately I don't think there are quite enough of these gifted ones to go around.

You say production costs are considerably higher today? Sure. In the 1920s they were about $1,000 a day. Today they are ten times that and more. Production costs were bound to rise, and perhaps I have no one but myself to blame for the modern million-dollar productions. They tell me I still hold the record for spending the least for a smash hit and the most for a flop. The Birth of a Nation cost $110,000, and Intolerance many, many times more than that sum and laid a financial egg.

A young friend of mine, a newspaperman named Jim Hart, has just written the following caustic article about the moving-picture business. He is a nice guy, but it is rumored that vinegar and crab apples form a part of his daily diet. I quote:

" The great film laboratories originally were called factories. Slowly but surely they are returning to that status. The emotions of most Hollywood actors and actresses are as standardized as Ford cars. They laugh when told to laugh; cry when told to cry. With but several exceptions, they . . . depend on their faces or legs to carry them through. The giants of the golden twenties are dead or retired and the whole silly slipshod business has resolved itself into a ritual of looking at life through a small and tricky lens."

Well, Mr. Hart, they have been making cracks like these about our old magic-lantern business ever since I can remember. I have made some Z pictures that still give me the shudders. So let's forget the subject.

Here is my remedy for the ills of Hollywood in a nutshell: Let the producers get together a cast of actors unknown but good enough to translate the story, put them in a stoutly constructed vehicle well directed—and then let the public see the show from the beginning. This is a time-tested formula for smash hits.

Now, lest we take ourselves too seriously, let us recall a much used phrase of the late beloved Mr. Hal Skelly. Skelly was a crackajack comedian, and was forever making suggestions to the directors on how pictures should be made. Just when the argument seemed to be getting a bit too hot, Skelly would spring this dove of peace: " Well, it was just a suggestion, doctor, just a suggestion," and saunter airily off.

So, dear Hollywood, kindly consider the foregoing as " just a suggestion, doctor, just a suggestion."

THE END

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ARE MODERN WEDDINGS PAGAN?

By the Rev. William F. McDermott

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

WITNESS the exotic setting of a modern wedding: Heavy incense of orange blossoms. Exultant, triumphant music. Stage lighting effects. Gorgeous decorations. The slow, rhythmic tread of beautiful women, entrancingly gowned, to the altar. The thrilling climax to the pageantry, as the bride, exquisite in shimmering white, approaches the scene of her sacred vows.

Beautiful? Sensuously so, yes. Moving? Yes, as perfect pomp and pageantry always are. And pagan, too.

Look at the prologue. A chance acquaintanceship, or maybe a friendship dating back to schooldays. Ripening affection and declared love, engagement ring, plans for a home and a happy married life.

So far, perfectly normal, wholesome, and good. The date is set and, if the girl is at all popular, a round of "affairs" begins—showers, parties, dances, receptions, and what not—that for nervous effect makes the average college hazing look like a Sunday-school picnic.

The bride-to-be is buried under an array of bric-à-brac and glittering objects which, if she moves to another city, she may work off as bridge prizes. She whirls from one affair to another, getting her outfit together in moments between frenzies.

Then the delirium reaches its zenith in the event that is supposed to superclimax, outemotionalize, and put in the shade everything else—a fashionable wedding. Or, to be more exact, a pagan parade. The ceremony of holy matrimony becomes just a segment in a great ostentation which launches the couple on their marital career in a wholly superficial, though seemingly glamorous, atmosphere.

I attended one of these "orgies" recently, wherein the festivities ended with the bride looking like a wreck and the groom a subject for the nervous ward. Both are fine young people, and not much blame attaches to them for the procedure. It is the tradition they feel bound to that should be derided and impeached.

A lovely girl in every way, she had held to the romantic dream of an elaborate wedding. But the dream became a nightmare! After the usual delirium of social events, working up to the grand pageant, the girl's distraught nerves gave way. Before the ceremony, she broke down in temporary hysteria.

Her father all but dragged her to the altar.

"Loving" friends stole their luggage and tried to kidnap the groom. Finally the victims battled their way out and started on their honeymoon in a fine condition of neurosis to approach the delicate and intimate adjustments necessary for launching a happy married life.

People see only the flushed face and sparkling eyes of the bride. But the minister facing her at the altar all too often realizes that high tension has produced the feverish glow.

Nobody knows how many honeymoons are really tragedies. The secret is buried in the hearts of the newlyweds, unless laid bare in later divorce proceedings. A psychiatrist or neurologist delving for first causes might in many cases place the blame on a hypocritical, half-wit concept of marriage rites, all glossed over by frothy romance and sentimentality, and bringing that which should be most joyous into the anticlimax of regret, if not horror.

The change in the harmful customs attending modern marriage must come by education. Ministers can help to bring it about. If they will counsel with young couples who wish religious ceremonies, pointing out the values of simplicity and unostentation, much of the excessive display can be curbed. Gradually pagan showiness can be ostracized.

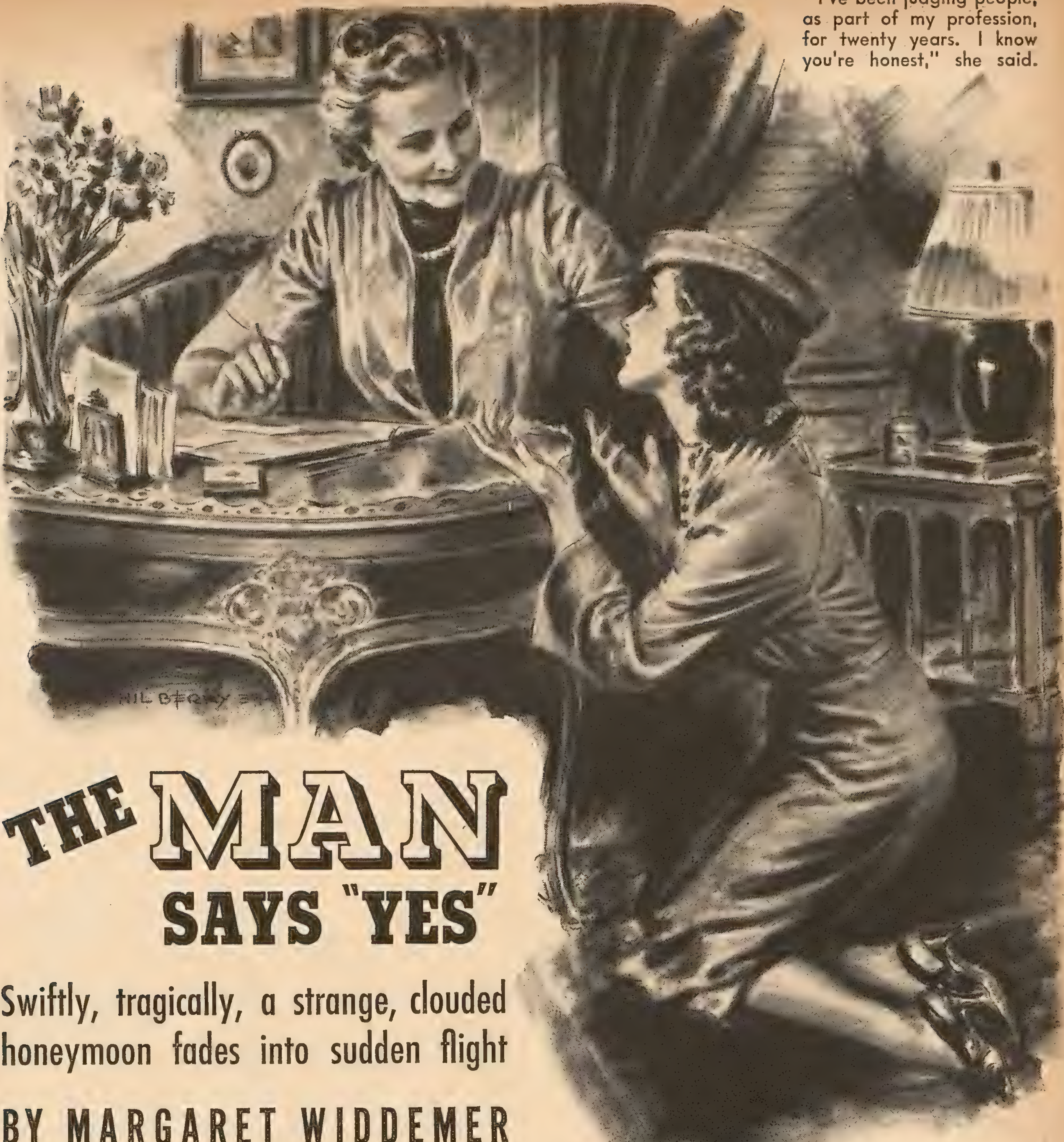
Then there should be a definite campaign to reverse the order of events attending marriage. The social affairs preceding the wedding should be reduced to a minimum. The ceremony should be attended by only the nuptial party, immediate members of the families and possibly a few intimate friends. It should be a solemn but joyous ritual, without any bizarre features. Whatever reception follows should be simple also. Then the young newlyweds are ready for a blissful honeymoon.

When they come back to the routine of living, the parties and showers which produce such a giddy whirl before the ceremony should be staged, scattered over a period of time, helping the young husband and wife to make the adjustment marriage requires by affording companionship and pleasure.

A reformation in wedding gifts is also in order. Much better than the haphazard giving of presents would be the setting up of a wedding fund to which people might contribute as they are able, and which the couple could use at their discretion for the things they need most. It might be called the "Dowry of Friends," a modern version of what the bride's father used to supply.

Reform marriage customs and the divorce rate would drop a lot.

THE END



"I've been judging people, as part of my profession, for twenty years. I know you're honest," she said.

THE MAN SAYS "YES"

Swiftly, tragically, a strange, clouded honeymoon fades into sudden flight

BY MARGARET WIDDEMER

READING TIME ● 31 MINUTES 12 SECONDS

ILLUSTRATED BY PHIL BERRY

BORED with her cashier's job in a Greek florist's on Third Avenue whose proprietor is in love with her, little Eileen Gardner dreams of her ideal knight. At a glance she will know him if he ever appears. And he does! One night he comes into the store with a blonde beauty—Martin Dane, playboy millionaire, and Caroline Dempster, an arrogant New York socialite. They talk gaily of the right a girl has to propose. Martin strongly supports the idea. His feminist mother has had a powerful influence on him.

Eileen follows a mad impulse. When the blonde and her escort leave the store, she pretends that they forgot to take a purchase of gladioli with them, and rushes after the pair. Deliberately she turns on her ankle and falls into Martin Dane's arms. Ordering Caroline to motor back alone to the night club where they had been roistering, he takes Eileen home in a taxi. On the way she confesses her trickery and challenges him to put his theory to the test—to let her woo him! Give her the breaks. Intrigued and amused, Martin accepts.

Almost at once she is asked to a week-end skiing party at his Adirondack camp. Putting on a bold front, Eileen meets there Roly and Robina Perrine, newlyweds who are expecting a baby, Bill and Lolly Grant, athletic brother and sister, and Lewis Delevan, who is officially connected with the vast Dane interests. He has checked on Eileen.

The life of the party, Caroline organizes a sleigh ride to a mountaintop. She ignores Martin's warning of danger. And the sleigh overturns, pinning down Robina, of all the bunch. The need of a doctor is vital. At the risk of her life, Eileen skis for help, and is acclaimed a heroine.

Impulsively, Martin then proclaims that he and the brave girl are to be married! Just as quixotically, Eileen and he go on a honeymoon to Hawaii. But the bride is far from happy. It's all too crazy. To cap it, Caroline appears, invites Eileen to breakfast, and insultingly asks her what she will take to give up Martin. Hurt and dazed, Eileen combats the girl's cynicism and leaves abruptly.

PART THREE—BROKEN DREAMS . . AND A NEW LIFE

IT took all she had to thread her way between the tables, down and out to where the car waited. She was still sitting crouched stiffly in the seat when the driver's gentle Chinese voice said, "Hotel, lady."

Up in the low wind-swept luxurious rooms, with Martin's cigarette still smoking on the ash tray and his raincoat thrown across a chair, she faced it.

Nobody knew what she had said to Martin that night in the taxi. He talked about honor, his word of honor. But he had betrayed her to Caroline. That was the sort he was. Just what Caroline said—a changeable, irresponsible playboy whose outer manner and look and build tallied by chance with what Eileen had secretly dreamed of all her life. But nothing real in him tallied. There had been a tramp and two snow leopards, and a near drowning on a surfboard, and a marriage with a florist's assistant from Third Avenue. And each of them had waked Martin up and made him excited and happy and alive for a little while. He hadn't been angry at what the shipboard people said. No; he had told Eileen, "I learned by the time I was six that people thought of my money first."

There was only one thing that would prove to him that she hadn't married him for alimony or a night-club spot or anything but caring. Even though he was only the shell instead of the reality of what she'd thought him. She rose and lifted Martin's portable, piled with his other luxurious gadgets. She was opening it when he came into the room. He had been playing tennis.

"Got back sooner than you thought?" he said, like any husband.

"Yes." She couldn't have it out with him. If she did, she'd be a weak idiot and stay, maybe. He stood there, smiling at her, swinging the racket and saying, "I like that pink hat. I bet that's the one I picked out myself."

She said what she never had before, desperately: "Martin, do you love me?"

He laughed and came over to her and tipped up her face and said, "Why wouldn't I?" with one of his light kisses. He crossed the room, chose another racket, and was going out whistling. She said, "Martin! If you hadn't married me, would you have married Caroline?"

He paused a moment at the door to answer her: "Why, I suppose so." The clear whistling went on, more faintly, from the hall; then stopped as the elevator door closed behind him.

She was walking up and down, she found, suddenly facing the wild small figure in the mirror, with her hands clenched and tears streaming down her face. This wouldn't do. Hurry! Martin might come back.

She changed. She packed quickly. Only as much as she needed to balance the clothes she had thrown away. Only as much ready money as would fly her to New York and leave her not destitute. No jewelry, none of Martin's presents. She went to the typwriter again, and managed a quiet note, as businesslike and cool as Caroline and Martin could need. It stated that she would never make any claim on Martin for money. That she wanted no alimony. That she promised never to use his name to get anywhere in any sort of career. That he was to get a divorce, and that she would communicate with him about it, but only on the promise that he wouldn't try to see her, for any reason. She suggested that he explain that she had been called back by the serious illness of a relative.

She was lucky in not meeting any one on her way to the airport. She was luckier still in picking up a ticket at the last moment, a cancellation. She wondered if Caroline had deliberately made their engagement breakfast on this day because it was Tuesday and the plane went at noon Tuesdays. Very likely. . . . Like Caroline. Which did not matter now. She gave her mother's name, Ellen Barnett. When the plane lifted, she sat back in her seat with a shiver. That was the end of all that.

She never remembered much, afterward, about the flight, or the landing at San Francisco, or the train across country. She must have gone through it all properly, an inconspicuous small silent girl in a rough coat and down-pulled beret. The first thing she woke to with actual clearness was finding herself, like a cat with a homing instinct, before Aristides' shop. She was standing there, with her shoulder aching from the weight of her suitcase, her feet in the thawing snow, staring through the glass where yellow acacia and tall bright gladioli made a fine if inexpensive show. She could see Ris, sleek and dark and quick as ever, darting about at his work. She had almost gone in when she remembered that she couldn't.

Caroline had said in so many words that she and Aristides were in love; were planning on the money to be extracted from Martin. So had the man and girl on the ship. "She'll go back to some original dream man." For Molly's and Aristides' and her own sake, that was out.

Martin had seen to it that she gave Molly a check as a matter of course. He had seemed to suppose as a matter of course, also, that Aunt Louise, at her schoolteaching in Colorado, would also expect and take money. Eileen was fiercely glad, there in the raw evening, that Aunt Louise had, with frank surprise, refused it. But that refusal meant that she could no more go home now than before. For the present, she must even stay away from Molly Flanagan. That would be the first place Caroline's and Martin's lawyers would think of. They would feel that, hooked up again with Molly and Aristides, she was the gold-digger everybody thought her.

Whereas she had only been a desperate, romantic little fool. She was yet when she thought about Martin Dane. She moved slowly away in the dusk, an outcast—an outsider—as regarded both her worlds.

She finally found a temporary room at the Y. W. C. A.

WAKING next day, miserable with a horrible dry-eyed misery, she yet had a clear plan in her mind. There was one place where she could and would go.

It took Ellen Barnett, even when she said she had a message from Mrs. Martin Dane, a long time to fight through a tangle of careful secretarial barriers which protected Lewis Delevan from unforeseen callers. The important Mr. Delevan of the Willesdon Institute, it was borne in on her, differed from the man who danced worse than any of the Adirondack house party, whom she had fought almost contemptuously over Martin. Yet who—this was her safeguard—who would be glad to hide her whereabouts and her doings from Martin to the end of time.

Finally she was in a straight-backed chair, with light pouring down on her from a great office window in a small ascetically bare room. Lewis faced her from behind his desk. His dark rugged face was blank and unfriendly, after its flash of surprise. All right. Open instead of secret unfriendliness was a relief.

"What can I do for you, Mrs. Dane?" he asked stiffly.

"What you promised before I married Martin. I want a job."

"I'm sorry if café society has palled; but the Institute has a principle against society volunteers."

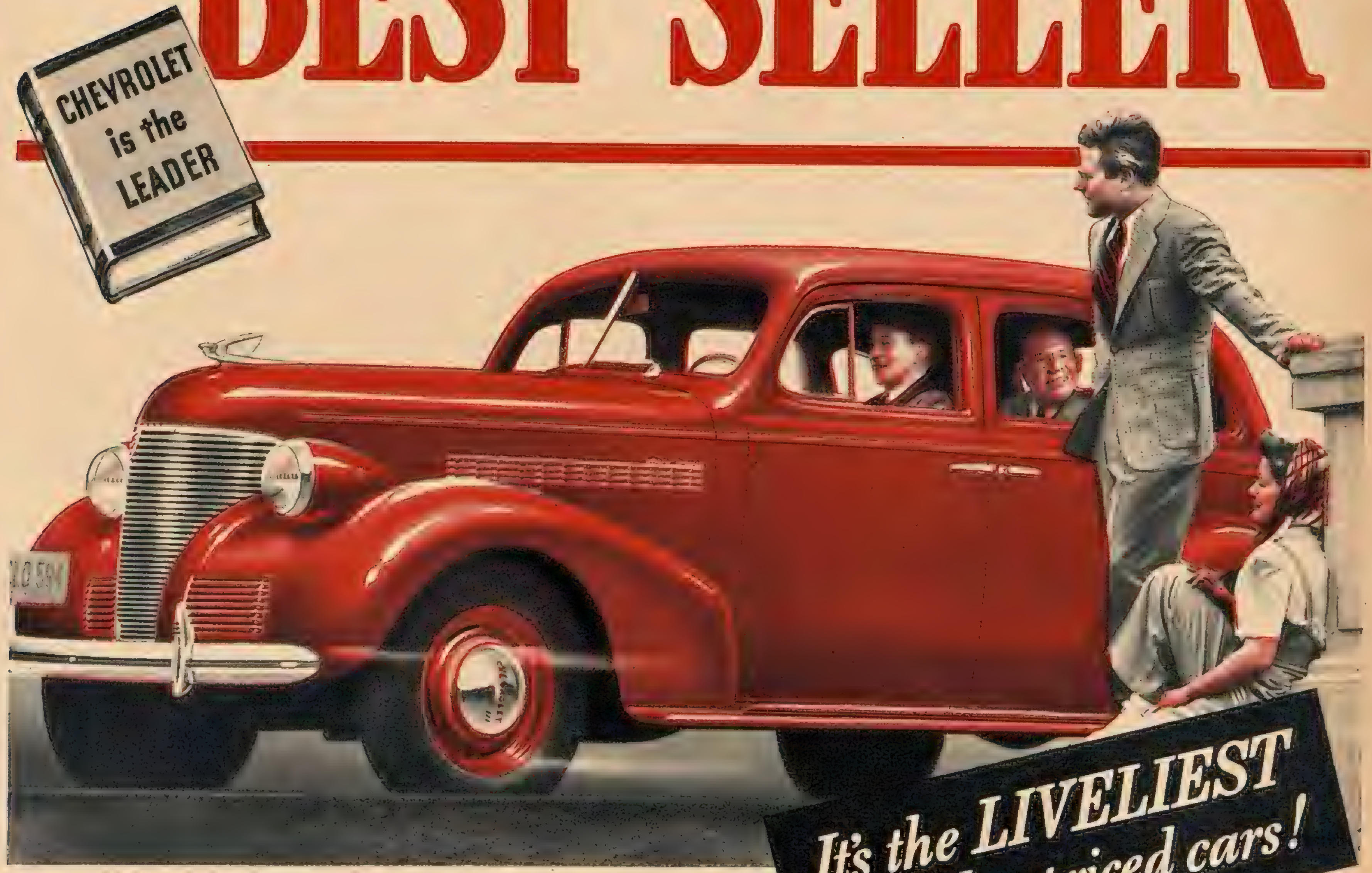
"My marriage is washed up. I want a paid job." She hurried on before he could refuse again: "You were right about my being a fool to want to marry him. He did it the same way he brought home two snow leopards once—the way he took in a tramp once. Just wanted to see what a gold-digger was like close to. I won't take a cent from him. I've written him so over my signature. Caroline's down there; he spilled it all to her. I was just a slight break in their lifelong engagement. Mr. Delevan, you hate me as much as you do Caroline, but you have a stake in getting me a job here under another name, freeing Martin from me quietly. Find me work. Handle the divorce without telling Martin where I am."

Lewis Delevan was around the desk, his deep magnetic voice suddenly warm.

(Continued on page 24)

The Nation's

"BEST SELLER"



It's the LIVELIEST of all low-priced cars!

Chevrolet is first in sales because it's first in styling . . . first in acceleration . . . first in hill-climbing . . . first in all-round quality in its field!

Every 40 seconds of every day, Somebody buys a new Chevrolet!

CHEVROLET

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You're looking at the most popular car in the country . . . *you're looking at the leader* . . . when you look at this trim, fleet, smooth-riding Chevrolet!

It's the nation's "BEST SELLER"—leading all other makes of cars in sales *for the eighth time in the last nine years,* with over half a million 1939 models already sold and the demand increasing day after day—until it's now selling at the rate of a car every *forty seconds* of every twenty-four-hour day!

A car *has* to be the best in the field in order to become the "best seller," and all that is necessary to prove that Chevrolet deserves its leadership is to get into the car and drive it in your own way and at your own pace.

You want to own the leader! You want to enjoy the extra pleasure of possessing the car that is first in sales, first in value and first in economy, too! So please drive the "best seller"—today!

CHEVROLET MOTOR DIVISION, *General Motors Sales Corporation*, DETROIT, MICHIGAN
General Motors Instalment Plan—convenient, economical monthly payments.

CHEVROLET

THE ONLY LOW-PRICED CAR COMBINING "ALL THAT'S BEST AT LOWEST COST!"

(Continued from page 22)

"Eileen, I do believe in you now! I always knew you could be this sort at bottom. I never hated you. I'll help you, guide you, show you how to help others." He stood over her, tall and rugged, taking both her hands.

She left the office, to return next day, with Lewis Delevan's deep voice ringing hearteningly in her ears: "You're going to have a new life, a worth-while life, full of big things, not little personal ones."

As she stared at the bright subway cards, sitting wedged between a fat Negro woman and a long-bearded old man in sweat-smelling clothes, she suddenly wanted the little personal things in a terrible backwash of feeling. Martin's soft laugh, his amused voice in her ears, his face against hers—not believing any good of her, just taking what he could get from an affectionate little adventuress . . . "sweet kid."

She braced and made herself stop hearing that voice. A new life. A worth-while life.

WHY on earth there was nothing in the gossip columns she did not know. But it was kept out. The first week there was a sober note in the Herald Tribune to the effect that Mr. and Mrs Martin Dane had been suddenly called back from Honolulu by the illness of a relative of Mrs. Dane. Lewis informed her some days afterward that Martin was actually in the West, establishing residence. She said, "Thank you for telling me," and changed the subject to the errand which had been the pretext for his summons.

She was, so far as she knew, doing her work well. She was engaged in some emergency typing with a nervous kindly Miss Violetta Lee. Miss Lee interested her. She combined rather old-fashioned soft-voiced Southern graces and what must once have been a clear-featured delicate old-portrait prettiness with an able grasp on her job, which concerned statistics on population. She was an important person, Eileen found, in the Institute. Aside from that she was rather pathetically domestic. Her personal interest centered around the period perfection of a small apartment which held the remains of a Virginia manor's furnishings, and attentions to what sounded like a rather selfish sickly mother. The mother's photograph, frail, gray-waved, and bravely smiling, was silver-framed on Miss Lee's desk, along with those of a half dozen stair-step nieces and nephews. Doing Miss Lee's checks at the month end offered a further insight. Bills for the smallest niece's tonsillectomy; for a layette; for the last term at a Connecticut boys' school.

Like so many well paid aging women executives, Miss Lee got her emotional outlets by filling in financial gaps for her married brothers' and sisters' children, warming her hands at the scrappy thanks and affection that she got from it. Eileen was surprised at that. She would have supposed that forceful, magnetic Lewis Delevan, not a posse of relations, would be Violette's outlet. But she found nothing of that sort anywhere here. Miss Lee was scrupulously courteous to him. The others varied between obedient politeness and an occasional veiled touch of resentment—which last Eileen supposed meant having felt rebuff. Lewis' board of directors, however, enjoyed him, laughed with him, took a lot of plain speaking from him, and did pretty much what he wished, she saw, being called in once to take minutes.

She was called into his office, some weeks later, again. He was not alone. A gray-haired erect man stood examining one of the pin-stuck maps on the farthest wall. Lewis came forward with that heartening warmth in his manner which she had seen in him once before.

"I've been hearing fine things of your work," he said. He dropped his voice to add, "This gentleman is not to know that you work here." He turned to him, saying, "This is Mr. Harbison, Mrs. Dane. He has a paper here that I believe you want to sign."

She knew what it was, of course, even before Mr. Harbison said something pleasant about appreciation of her co-operation, and the other side's hope that she would reconsider her too unselfish attitude about a settlement. She only shook her head, with a look at Lewis, who said, "Mrs. Dane tells me that she has good reasons for wishing nothing. She is provided for."

So in a short moment the paper was signed and Mr. Harbison was gone and it was done.

She said to Lewis, trying to let the words sound easy, "He's marrying Caroline as soon as it's over?"

Lewis nodded. "I understand so. A sound fine girl like Laura Grant would have been a better balance wheel for him, but, after all, Caroline is Martin's own sort. Pity. . . . Now, Eileen, we're going to put all this behind us. You've a long life ahead of you, with fine things in it."

She spoke bitterly before she thought:

"You mean ending in an important job like Miss Lee's; and getting all het up about whether mother will feel well enough to go to the Savoy Company's Patience this season. Visibly overcome with happiness because everybody says little Joan is her image!"

"No." He was smiling, as if at a child. "After all, Miss Lee might be as excited about small things if she were Mrs. Jones. Eileen, my dear, I have been watching you. What I see pleases me. I have always thought you could go far. I am convinced now." He leaned forward, his voice roughening. "Eileen, it's not lightweight thrill-seekers like Martin and Caroline, nor the stupid fools of the proletariat, who are going to run the new world of tomorrow. It's people like you and me, who can be intelligently ruthless for the good of the majority. This Institute gives me a great deal of power, but it's only the beginning. I intend to train you to be one of my principal helpers."

"Train *me?*"

"You. You have brains and ability. Though"—he smiled—"they're excellently hidden by the personality of a big-eyed sweet kid. . . . Here, this has been too much for you. You look white. Now run along. You'll get a memorandum tomorrow morning."

She was a little sorry when she found it on her desk, for it detached her from Miss Lee, whom she had grown to like. She was detailed, of all places, to the filing department. She said, puzzled, "But, Miss Lee, anybody can file—I know how."

Miss Lee said pleasantly, "Mr. Delevan tells me he is giving you special training—he has his own methods. I understand I am not losing you permanently." She added, her faded clear-cut face kind: "I agree with him that you are worth training. Indeed, I'd been thinking of suggesting to you that you take evening courses in social service at Rand School or Columbia. I did that."

It was a kinder world than she had lately known, at least.

LEWIS explained later: "I am giving you old-fashioned training—experience in each department by turns. In between you will be with Miss Lee as a sort of jack-of-all-trades. Twice a week you'll go over your problems, technical and personal, with me or perhaps Burton—according to where they most belong. Make notes of the personal problems, for me mostly. Handling people is more important than technical stuff."

"But—Mr. Delevan—you're doing too much."

"You'll be worth it," he said. "However, say as little as you can. There's always jealousy and politics in a place of this sort. Make friends, win liking. You can; you have charm. I'll always be here for you to check with. And it's Lewis when we're alone, please."

He began then and there discussing with her the character and methods and ways of the people she was with in the filing department, and how to handle them with objectivity. "Look at them with entire detachment," he said. "You must learn to handle them; never to be flattered or hurt by what they do or say."

"But—it's so chilly!" she protested.

"It's the first lesson of all executives. Tell me again what little Miss Kelly said about the salary scale, and I'll tell you how you should have answered."

She realized, as time went on, that this was training of a sort she could not have bought or found anywhere. She was maturing; she was learning to think.

"But it's as if they were all things in a game," she said once, dismayed.

"They are," he said. "The

(Continued on page 26)

No Wonder You See So Many Plymouths

BUYERS EVERYWHERE ARE FINDING PLYMOUTH GIVES MOST FOR THE LEAST

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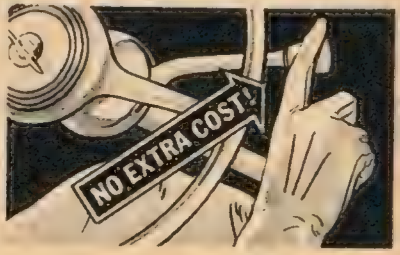
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PLYMOUTH BUILDS GREAT CARS

THE "ROADKING"
THE "DE LUXE"

THIS YEAR
PLYMOUTH'S
THE CAR

(Continued from page 24)

only difference is that if we move them they'll go where they should. If they blunder into moving themselves, or the wrong hands push them, they'll go wrong."

And at his fervor, as always, she was excited and stimulated to go on.

BEING human, the obvious liking of the various people she worked with pleased her, in spite of Lewis' admonitions. He had told her to make friends, win good will. Naturally, she gave it back. And more and more she was enthralled by Lewis' side of her work; analysis and methods of handling personal relationships, personal behavior, actions.

It was no secret, of course, in the Institute, that she was being trained for executive work. It was not an unusual thing, it seemed, except that in her case she was being given practical experience first and was to take official training later, according to a theory Lewis was working out.

And so she could not understand it when she began to feel, vaguely at first, and presently too clearly to doubt, a slackening of good will among those around her. Miss Lee was uniformly friendly. Eileen liked her more and more. She went to tea with the pretty, frail, spoiled old mother, up at the apartment with its Sheraton furniture and carefully chosen draperies. She helped Miss Lee, one Saturday, to shepherd an excited group of small nieces to a children's matinee. Her footing was that of personal friendship now, out of hours. But, aside from Miss Lee, there was unmistakable dislike and withdrawal. Lewis told her she imagined it. Miss Lee said gently that every one had to face being misunderstood sometimes.

And then, one day, down in the lunchroom, she understood.

She was talking to Rose Puccini, one of the girls in the publication department, questioning her with honest interest. The girl, a black-eyed, heavy-jawed little creature, turned on her furiously.

"I'm sick of your prying!" she cried. "Find out for yourself. And tell St. Lewis I said so, if you like."

Eileen said, after a minute of silence, "Just what do you mean?"

One of the others at the table tried to hush Rose, but she glared and went defiantly on: "I mean you're in with Delevan, that's what I mean! Smiling and smooth with everybody, and reporting everything. And Louise Marks hoofed out of the accounting after—"

"Stop, Rose! Please," one of the other girls at the little table said. But Rose said, "I'm getting out anyhow, and it's time somebody told her what we all think of her!"

"That isn't true!" Eileen said. "You know it's not true." She turned to the others. But they avoided her eyes and were silent. They slipped away from her on muttered pretexts, leaving her at the table, angry and perplexed.

It was by good luck nearly the regular time for her work with Lewis. She went straight to him with what had happened.

"They haven't any right! I want you to tell them so!" she said, flushed and furious.

But Lewis only smiled and patted her hand, clenched on the edge of his desk.

"I suppose it was to be expected, Eileen," he said. "I hadn't realized that I was behaving differently with you than with any one else I've ever trained."

"What do you mean?" She seemed always to be saying that.

He said, still with that down-bent smile: "Things are never too easy for any ordinarily attractive man who works with a lot of young women. They haven't been for me. I've had to antagonize sometimes. And now—there's a Spanish proverb to the effect that 'Love and a cough cannot be hidden.'"

She stared at him. His warm sudden smile flashed. "It's jealousy," he said. "Don't you see?"

Eileen said, "What?" again, staring at him.

Lewis leaned closer. He said, "I believe now I began the minute you walked in among the crowd at Martin Dane's apartment, a little scared courageous outsider going through with it anyway." The man's magnetism was like a physical atmosphere. He said, his hands holding hers, "You and I together can go far—we belong. You know that."

Eileen tried to shake herself free of his spell. She said, "Oh, Lewis, I wish this hadn't happened!"

He had her suddenly in his arms, saying against her face: "I'm glad! You know, darling, don't ever think what I knew about you would make me love you less. That desperate bid of yours for Martin made me see what was in you. I've taken chances like that, too."

She pulled away from him. He let her go.

"We won't talk about it in hours till you're more wakened to the fact. Control's down." He smiled, though his breath was coming quickly. "Now, go back to work. Tell Lee that the printer, as usual, wants the annual report quicker than he can possibly get it. And will she get those Middle West statistics in shape by Monday at the latest."

That sounded more like the normal Lewis, who drove every one else as hard as he did himself. But Eileen went out of the office shaken and appalled. It was Ris over again. It almost made her believe in astrology. "Your stars say you will always have to leave your job because your employer falls in love with you," she remembered being told by a seeress.

Well, this time she'd better be a little more provident. Her mind ranged wildly. . . . Molly Flanagan. Molly was to be trusted. Now that the divorce was arranged for—Martin and Caroline on the edge of marriage—nobody would care any more where she went or what she did.

She climbed up to the little room where she had lived with Molly, that evening, feeling as if everything in between had been a dream. Molly shrieked and hugged her. Just the same cheerful red-cheeked pony-built girl. They sat down on the untidily made bed together in the old way, and Eileen told her tale. She had forgotten how comforting that unbridled Irish sympathy could be.

"Sure, to hell with them all!" Molly said when the story was as far on as the divorce. "But you're in a good job now? I must say I think you were too high-minded about the cash. . . . And, Eily, I can't give you back the whole two thousand. Would five hundred of it—"

"No, I don't want it, Molly, you darling idiot! What I *do* want—"

She went on with her story: Lewis Delevan, just as she was settling into training for a wonderful career, wanting to marry her. "But, if you'd see whether Ris could take me back?"

"I'm marrying Ris myself next month," Molly said. "That's where I put the fifteen hundred. We bought in with a nursery garden in Rye." She sat back as if she had thrown a bombshell.

"Oh, how lovely!" Eileen said with delight.

AFTER another long silence Molly said: "I'm an ungrateful pig to be saying it, Eileen, and I'm fond of you, as well you know. We'll save up and pay back every penny sooner or later. But I won't risk having you back: Ris was too crazy about you, and that's the truth. Nor do I see what's wrong with this Delevan man. Couldn't you get to caring enough?"

"There was Martin—" Eileen said.

"And a fine sweetie *he* turned out to be—marrying you for a good joke and he tied up with the Dempster woman. I'd have taken a sound sum from him—he'd never have been missing it—" At Eileen's look she added: "You mean you really *cared?*"

Even Molly thought she'd married Martin for what he had!

Then Molly said unexpectedly: "You poor lamb! But all the more I'd give the other his chance. Just try can you have a taste for him. And the longer you work the more chance there is that Miss Lee would find you something, with your experience and all. But I think it will end in your marrying Delevan. He sounds like the right one for you. And the five hundred is down in the bank any time you want it."

Molly hugged her again. They parted good friends.

She couldn't blame Molly. After all, what she said added up to good sense. Lewis Delevan wasn't hurrying her. She could go on, now she knew, thinking it over. She had been bracing unconsciously against his charm; she had somehow been vaguely distrusting him. And what good were her intuitions? She'd trusted Martin. She'd give Lewis a fair chance, let herself go. She went home, on the decision.

As time passed she found that he kept his promise at the office. But he was seeing her more and more out of office hours. He was calling for her at the Y. W. C. A., where impressed secretaries thenceforward were politer because she knew Mr. Delevan of the Willesdon Institute. He was taking her to theaters and lectures. Presently she had a raise. And on the heels of it he suggested that she take a better room where—he smiled as he said it—she could have more social opportunity. Miss Lee's secretary found her a small apartment hotel. The girls at the Institute were no more friendly, but, now that she had been told why, she could take it.

She supposed herself to be drifting, giving Lewis his chance. She woke to her mistake one evening when, calling for her in her pretty one-room apartment, he said abruptly, "We won't go to Rand School tonight. I don't see half enough of you—" And had her in his arms.

What emerged after a brief volcanic scene was the fact that Lewis had not supposed her to be thinking over her decision. He was taking their eventual marriage for granted.

"You love me, whether you admit it or not," he said. "We haven't time for old-fashioned coquetries in this moment of the world. I have great things to do. With your help, I can do them. I need you. You need me."

The deep rough convinced voice, the dominant blazing eyes, nearly swept her under. So far as Lewis was concerned, when he left her that night, feeling as if she had been through a hurricane, it was settled. Eileen sat down in the trim chintz room that was still beating with the intensity of Lewis Delevan's personality. She tried to think. No; there was no good reason why it should not be settled.

But next morning, as she sat down to a table of blueprints under the efficient if hostile eyes of Miss Perry in charge of research, it came to her that she couldn't go on till she had got help on her problem from some one who knew Lewis. Violetta Lee might be a little old-fashioned and sentimental, but she was an ever-present help in time of trouble. Instead of telephoning, Eileen ran down the corridor to date Miss Lee for luncheon out of Miss Perry's hearing.

Miss Lee's usually neat gray-walled room was in confusion. The glass-topped desk was cleared of its feminine knickknacks and silver-framed photographs and little mottoes under the glass. Only a neat stack of typed papers, orderly folders, gray-covered reports lay beside the filing case, ready to be put away. There was no sign of Miss Lee. A trim black-satin back and two thin freckled arms belonging to Miss Bernstein were at stretch, lifting a flashlight picture, a dinner of women executives, off the far wall.

"Why, what's happening? Is Miss Lee moving?" Eileen demanded.

The trim black-satin back whirled round. Miss Bernstein's usually gentle dark-eyed olive face was one snarl of undisguised fury.

"Yes; moving out for that yellow yes-man Burton to come in!" she spat. "I wonder you dare ask, you dirty sneaking little double-crosser. And she's been so good to you, like she is to everybody! Just too decent and high-minded to believe you could be the sort you are. She wouldn't believe it. That's what she said to me. 'I can scarcely believe it of Ellen even now, Sally,' she said. She was crazy over you."

Eileen said blankly, "Believe what?" But before Sally answered she knew.

"What everybody knew—that you're St. Lewis' girl, and his first-class one-woman spy system!" Sally was scarlet and almost screaming. "That you've made Miss Lee believe in you and reported every word back to St. Lewis like a damn little dictophone, till he did like he always does with everybody he thinks might possibly get

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And yet you pay no premium for Spuds—not a penny more than the usual price of cigarettes. **Cork or Plain.**

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anywhere near him on merit—threw her out! He's climbed over folks' bodies like that ever since his first job at Rensselaer House, before he sold himself so big to old Willesdon. I hope he climbs over yours good and soon. Now get out!"

"You're crazy." Eileen stood with her hands clenched at her sides, hoping what she said was true. "I'm going to find out from Mr. Delevan right now, and make you take back every word."

"Don't you worry. I won't be here. He won't keep anybody loyal to Miss Lee. Will you get out before I throw you out?"

Sally advanced on her with clawed hands, like a fury. There was nothing to do but to go.

EILEEN burst into Lewis Delevan's office without warning. He looked up in surprise. He was—and her heart sank further—in conference with that very Burton; and Burton was, she had always secretly felt, very much what Sally described him.

"Well, my dear girl," Lewis said with an open intimacy of manner, "what's happened?"

She stood still, trying to speak quietly. "May I see you alone when you have finished talking to Mr. Burton?"

Mr. Burton looked at her admiringly. "My business can wait, Miss Ellen. No hurry—none at all." He rose. He was fawning on her. She was important, to be courted. She felt sick.

"Now what, darling?" Lewis smiled down at her as the door shut. "Mustn't go off the handle like that!"

She stepped back from his encircling arm. "Miss Bernstein says you've discharged Miss Lee!"

"Sorry, dear, if you liked her. The board feels she's past her work—her methods are outworn."

"She told me," Eileen said, looking him in the face, "only last week that Mr. Beasley told her she was one of the ablest women in her field. And another of the directors, Anderson, said she was a splendid administrator. She was so happy over it!"

"I remember you telling me."

"*I did tell you. That was why.*" She was staring at him. He smiled down. She cried out:

"Miss Bernstein said so! She said it was my reports on Miss Lee made you get rid of her. You were afraid she might get too near you!"

"My darling child, in social work it's dog eat dog, just as it is everywhere else. Would you rather Miss Lee had gone, all heartbroken and charming and misunderstood, to Anderson and Beasley, and eased *me* out? I'm worth—you and I are worth—a half dozen Lees to the state and the country."

"Then it's been true! All the time. The girls were right. I *was* your spy. And because Miss Lee was too decent to watch her step with me—oh!"

Lewis' hand stroked her hair. "But, Eileen darling, this is an odd about-face. What's happened to the Eileen I knew, who could walk out of a Third Avenue cashier's job and make prize of an unknown millionaire by sheer cool fixity of purpose? Aren't you turning pretty sentimental, sweet?"

She drew away, beyond anger. "Good-by, Lewis. Thank you for everything you've taught me."

"Where are you going, dear?"

"To have it out with Miss Lee first—not that she'll believe me. I don't know, after that."

"Not a bad idea. But I'd wait till she's cooled down." He did not understand her, she saw. "Be seeing you, dear."

In a less excited mood she could not have forced her way past Miss Lee's doorman, her bitter-faced maid, her angry old mother. They hated her; and they were right. She burst into Miss Lee's bedroom as she had into Lewis' office.

Violetta Lee sat at her kidney-shaped desk, in the rose taffeta housecoat her youngest sister-in-law had given her for her last birthday, quietly writing longhand letters as if nothing had happened. She was as poised as the decorous French print above her head. She was still poised as Eileen poured out her story.

She said, amazingly, when it was done, "Well, my dear, it is a great comfort to me to know that I was right about you."

"Then you do believe me? You do believe I didn't know what I was doing to you?"

"I've been judging people, as part of my profession, for twenty years. I know you're honest."

"Couldn't I go to some of the board members—couldn't a lot of us?"

The grayish ash-blonde head was shaken.

"Mr. Delevan would make it seem mere hysterical feminine partisanship. You know what a power that spellbinding earnestness of his has." She frowned a little. "Mother's really what bothers me most—"

"Is there *nothing* I can do? Nothing anybody can do?"

MISS LEE said thoughtfully, "If old J. L. Willesdon were living, I'd have no hesitation in going to him over the heads of the board. Or, if I could, I'd reach his daughter. But I hear she's still in South America, organizing suffrage groups with the Pan-American Congress. And young Dane is completely in Delevan's hands, from all they say, even if he were interested. You know, he married, very spectacularly, a few months back. One of those freak marriages. A girl from a share cropper's farm or the lower East Side or something like that. They were in Honolulu on their honeymoon, but they're West somewhere—nobody knows exactly where—at present."

Eileen said in a carefully steady voice, "What has Martin Dane to do with it?"

But, as she asked, everything clicked together. Lewis saying, "I was Martin's grandfather's secretary.

Now I run the Willesdon Institute." Martin saying, "Lewis handles my charities much better than I could. Lewis was my tutor"; and, "Pretty wonderful really; slight Messiah complex—" And Lewis again, "Martin's an easygoing idiot—"

Martin Dane. Martin had some sort of control of the Institute. Because James L. Willesdon had been his grandfather. And, of course, Edith Willesdon Dane was his mother. But he left everything to Lewis because he believed in Lewis. Or didn't care. Or both.

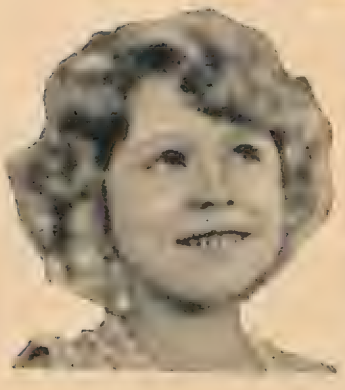
Even if she could find him now, he was tied up to Caroline. She would have to creep back, to take Caroline's insults, Martin's own pleasant unbelieving boredom. . . . It was the hardest thing she had ever faced . . .

She stood up, saying to Miss Lee, "I knew Martin Dane once. I'm going to try every way I know to get hold of him. Don't give up hope."

There was a pay-station box downstairs. She still had something which perhaps three other people possessed—the private number of his apartment. She might be able to do something with the manservant William. She dialed, setting her teeth, bracing. Oh, don't let it be Caroline!

Will Eileen get to Martin in this emergency? And if she does, can she influence him? What will the all-powerful Lewis have to say? Is Eileen really through with him? Temperamental explosions and surprising climaxes wind up the story in next week's Liberty.

20 QUESTIONS



1—This week's early photo is of a young lady, the pet of a nation, who has recently graduated to the dignity of silk stockings. Who is she?

2—If some one calls you "telegenic," should you be mad or glad?

3—Where did Wall Street get its name?

4—How have Alabama, Kentucky, and Nebraska shown a disregard for seasonal sufferers?

5—What famous English novel is called "a novel without a hero"?

6—Who was the "Lady with a Lamp"?

7—What American river is said to be "a mile wide and a foot deep"?

8—Was "Chinese" Gordon Chinese?

9—Where and when is the firing of a gun considered a prayer?

10—When was the "summerless year"?

11—What queen pursues a hobby shared by many other women?

12—Who is called the "father" of the Federal Reserve system?

13—How may the home port of a British fisherman be ascertained?

14—What is the rarest of animal pelts?

15—Where are the highest and lowest points in United States territory?

16—What is the common law?

17—Whose prediction of the transatlantic telephone caused him to be indicted in 1913?

18—What drug, originally from Brazil, is now an East Indian monopoly?

19—The braves of what Indian tribe had no authority in their wives' houses?

20—Who wrote, Wynken, Blynken, and Nod?

(Answers will be found on page 54)

Take Sal Hepatica and come back faster!

MR.: Honey, the big he-man who's brought you 200 miles to see what a swell fisherman he is, has a lulu of a headache. I'll take a laxative, sure, but it'll be hours before my head clears.

MRS.: Not if you take Sal Hepatica, love. It's different. I've got some in my duffle bag.

MR.: Different? How is Sal Hepatica different?

MRS.: Well, first, it's a quick laxative, yet it's gentle. Second, it counteracts excess gastric acidity—chases that sickish feeling fast.

MRS.: Wheee! My he-man is some fisherman.

MR.: And you're O.K. with the oars. But you get the big bouquets, honey, for giving me that sparkling glass of Sal Hepatica. It certainly helped me stage a fast comeback.

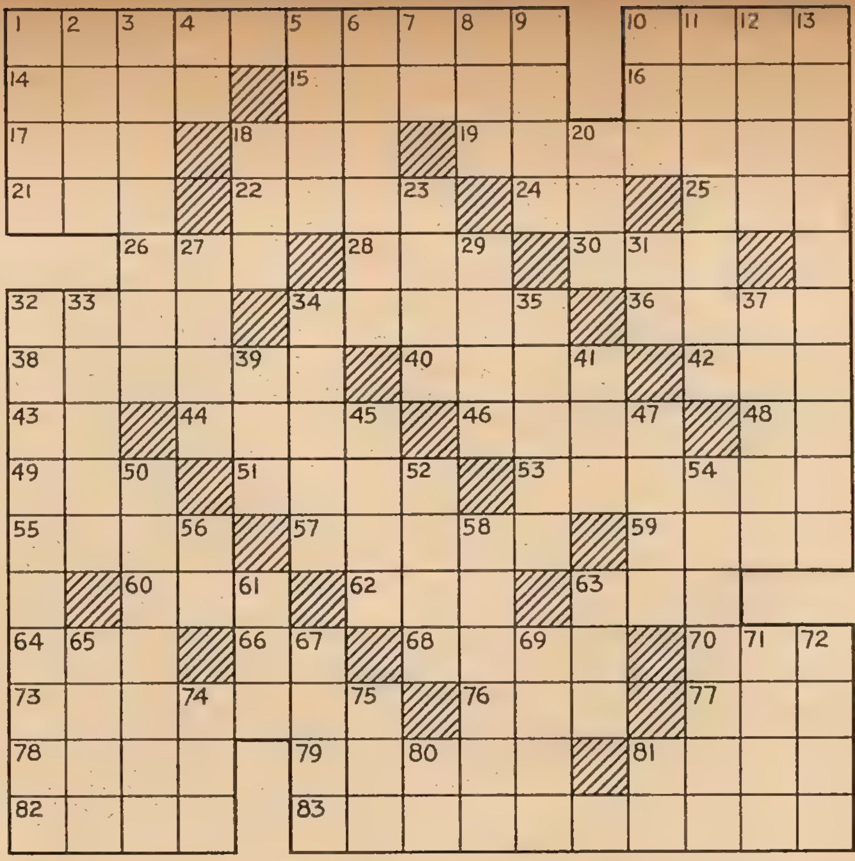
SAL HEPATICA

Get a bottle at your druggist's today!

TUNE IN! Fred Allen in "TOWN HALL TONIGHT"—Wednesdays at 9 P. M., E. D. S. T.

COCKEYED CROSSWORDS

by Ted Shane



HORIZONTAL

1 They get their man (two words)
10 Horse collar
14 Metallic pellet poker
15 "You've buttered your bread—now lie in it!"
16 An unhandy dame with a heart of marble came from here
17 Wooden pellet poker
18 Wooden shoe
19 Shine, sir!
21 The man who made New Haven famous
22 Lions
24 Indian hail
25 A bomb sport
26 British libor havoider
28 Short article
30 Electrician's hovel
32 It gets in the hair
34 Kingskis
36 Nice notes
38 Generally stewed
40 Push pill
42 Kind of stop that doesn't
43 Well known coupling device
44 The kind of bucket maids kick
46 Cowfeteria
48 Under Garments (abbr.)
49 It's in the bag
51 Monday turkey
53 They always make a mystery about it
55 They get people into the darnedest jams
57 What boards are made of
59 Max the Gabby
60 Take things quietly
62 Coat tree
63 Boulevard Manicure Dept. (abbr.)
64 Father Time keeps it to the ground
66 Smith and Einstein have it in common
68 Sea with inferiority complex
70 Sounds made by car trumpeters
73 Popped in the cooler
76 Here's the point
77 Moo
78 She made a woman out of Henry
79 A brutalitarian argument
81 TO LET—Cozy island, suitable for dictator
82 Back food
83 This gets Robert Taylor and Tyrone Power in your own house

VERTICAL

1 "Gwan, ya big bum!" (var.)
2 Alpski Mtskis
3 Strange little things that run around in women's heads and pop out at odd times
4 That midget measure
5 Grass comb
6 They're insane about dictators
7 Baby's pop
8 You never get a peep out of it till it's broke
9 Ring the bell and make a nuisance of yourself
10 Mystic words
11 Save time and effort: Throw food away and eat this!
12 Smarty
13 Heigh-ho, Silver! (two words)
18 Not quite slow
20 A century
23 This keeps youth on its toes
27 Race-track throwaways
29 June's his busy month
31 Ticklish proposition
32 Nickel nurse
33 Ye Eagle Arms (Shane's version)
34 Posts
35 The result of reckless driving
37 Dunk
39 Penthouse buses
41 Gal's nickname
45 It gives you complete coverage
47 Jeepers peepers!
50 Bully boys
52 Sound heard in the bawlroom
54 The noblest Roman
56 Just how finicky folk like things
58 What you find dopes walking around in
61 Ferled! Coises on you, Jack Dalton!
63 A rich young witch
65 It's never rong
67 It's never right
69 Russian townski
71 Member of the idle classes
72 Duck that necked too much
74 Movable canary trap
75 Deer me!
80 Stevenson's initials
81 End of Silliness! (abbr.)

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.

H	O	M	E		E	R	A	S	E		M	A	T	S
A	N	I	L		L	A	T	E	R		E	C	H	O
M	E	X	I	C	A	N	■	R	E	L	A	T	E	D
			D	U	N	■	P	E	C	A	N			
B	A	L	E	D	■	C	E	N	T	■	I	T	E	M
E	N	I	D	■	P	O	N	E	■	E	N	A	T	E
N	E	T	■	S	O	D	A	■	B	E	G	G	A	R
E	M	■	P	A	R	A	L	L	E	L	S	■	M	I
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I	N	A	N	E	■	D	I	E	T	■	D	I	N	E
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C	O	N	C	A	V	E	■	C	O	M	P	A	R	E
A	R	I	L		E	R	G	O	T		E	T	O	N
R	E	T	E		S	T	O	N	E		R	E	E	D

Answer to last week's puzzle

IT SOUNDS TOO GOOD TO BE TRUE!

A MARYLAND FISHERMAN, VISITING IN AUSTRALIA, CAUGHT A GIANT SUNFISH, ESTIMATED TO WEIGH 1½ TONS. BUT THIS RECORD CATCH NEVER MADE THE RECORD BOOK BECAUSE A SCALE LARGE ENOUGH TO WEIGH THE MONSTER COULDN'T BE FOUND.

HERE'S ANOTHER THRILL! YOU CAN GET A KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY, QUALITY-MADE SINCE 1880, FOR AROUND A DOLLAR A PINT. ASK FOR **CRAB ORCHARD** AND ENJOY A RICHER, SMOOTHER, MELLOWER BOURBON.

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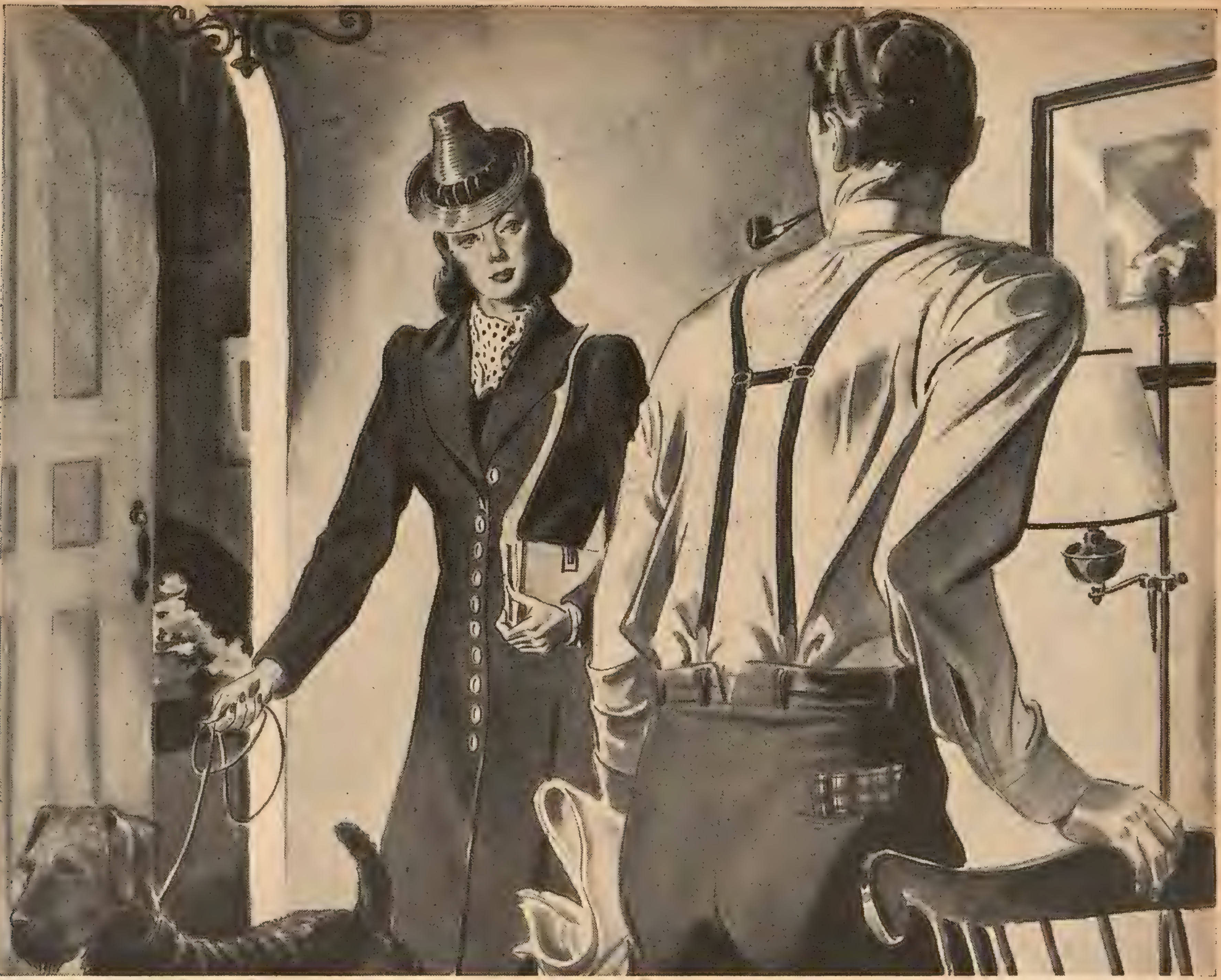

" I'm going to mother's to tell her how awful men are," she said. " 'By, darling."

DISTURBANCE On Detler Street

For newlyweds—The joyous tale of a dire dilemma and a wife who was wise

BY W. H. TEMPLE

READING TIME • 18 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

WHEN the Rawlingses returned to New York from a Miami honeymoon, Larry had planned everything.

" Darling," he said dramatically, " I am now a solid citizen. I'm not going to spend my nights carousing, and most of all I am through playing poker with the boys. We're going to hide out in a house in the suburbs."

June looked at the rakish tilt of his Homburg, the recklessness of his grin, and began to wonder.

" I like houses," she said. She was a small pretty girl with hair neither quite red nor quite brown. Her eyes were very large and serious, but they were contradicted by lips on the verge of a smile. " It's kind of quiet in a house," she went on solemnly. " A house isn't much like the Yale Club, Larry."

" I didn't marry you to play poker at the Yale Club."

June kissed him. " I just don't want you to yearn. If you go around yearning and looking at me like I'm a possessive wife, I'll throw the silver service at you."

They bought a small house at Thirty-eight Detler Street, near Bantam Lake, Staten Island. It was white with green blinds and from the big bedroom window they looked out over the reservoir. There was a little yard in back fenced in on three sides, and the real-estate salesman glibly assured them the crocuses would bloom in time for the housewarming.

They acquired a fussy Airedale with a goatee and named him Mr. Bundy because he resembled an old professor of Larry's. And one evening Larry wandered out into the back yard with Mr. Bundy and saw his next-door neighbor, Dave Parks, working at the ground with a trowel.

" Don't mind me," Parks said. " I catch this every spring."

Larry leaned over the fence, grinning. " Is it fun? "

" It's a headache," Parks said. " If you've never done it, don't start. It's a habit, like biting your nails."

Larry chuckled and went back inside. " June," he said,

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"hold tight. I'm going to grow weeds and stuff."

June looked up from the armchair. "Larry, are you sure you've changed that much? I thought you might like to stay in the city this Wednesday and play poker with—"

"On Wednesday nights," Larry interrupted, taking her in his arms, "you have to help me pull weeds."

The next day, after leaving the bank, Larry stepped into a hardware store. He walked out with seed packages bulging in his topcoat pocket and carrying a rake and hoe. Rounding a corner toward the subway, he ran into Ed Gorman.

"Larry Rawlings!" Gorman roared. His expression altered abruptly. "I beg your pardon," Gorman said. "I thought you were Larry Rawlings. You look like an old friend of mine. My mistake. He was buried two months ago."

W. H. TEMPLE

since his graduation from the University of Michigan, has been a grapefruit picker, a writer for pulps and trade papers, and a ghost writer. He is twenty-six years of age, and is married. With this story he makes his first appearance in Liberty.

"I'm a gardener," Larry said. "How are you, Ed? How are the poker sessions? Struggling along without me?"

Gorman pulled him out of the subway rush. "Hide those WPA gadgets," he said; "you're in front of the Republican Club. There's a poker session tonight, Larry. The regular Wednesday-night meeting. I'm on my way there. Telephone the little woman."

"I'm working in my garden tonight."

"Poker," Gorman repeated. "You play it with cards and little red, white, and blue chips, and Scotches-and-sodas. Remember?"

Larry nodded. "And you lose your shirt. Nice to have seen you, Ed."

He dived into the subway kiosk and breathed deeply with a feeling of escape. In the subway and on the ferry and bus he stared abstractedly at the garden tools. After dinner he changed his clothes and went slowly outside. He chopped the hoe into the ground several times and then went back inside. He showered, prowled around upstairs, came down, turned the radio on and off, then wandered out into the kitchen. June joined him.

"Got that caged-lion feeling?" she asked.

Larry mixed two highballs. "Saw Ed Gorman today. Guy who gave us the silver candlesticks. He tried to get me into a poker session tonight. Good fellow, Ed."

"Why didn't you stay, darling? I wouldn't have minded."

"They're a bunch of hell raisers," Larry said. "I'm a respectable married man with you and Mr. Bundy to look after and maybe some day a couple of little Rawlingses. Would you want their old man to be a poker bum?"

"I'd rather have him be a happy poker bum than an unhappy model husband."

"I am happy. I have you, a house, a garden, and Mr. Bundy. That's four aces."

"And a yen for poker and the boys."

"I can forget poker. Am I a man or am I a mouse? What am I?"

He glowered at her, and June stood on tiptoe to kiss him. "You're either a poker player or a gardener," she said. "We'll find out."

That Saturday Larry spent half a morning in the garden. He was about to quit when Dave Parks climbed the fence and showed him how to go about it. At noon Larry came in to the kitchen to relax over cold beer and sandwiches.

"The thing about gardening," he said, "is that it makes the beer taste better. You know, June, it seems funny for me to be a gardener. This is some change from the old days."

"If you feel like having a good cry," June said, "don't mind me." She grinned and tossed him a dish towel.

Larry sat on the kitchen table and thoughtfully polished a glass. "I wouldn't take back the old life," he said, "not for a million bucks. It's just that every now and then you get to reminiscing and feel a little nostalgic. That's one reason I have this garden."

"I know. Like Mr. Bundy chewing on his rubber bone. Only he can't kid himself all the time. He needs the real thing once in a while."

Larry lifted her high in his arms. "I am the happiest man in the world," he said, kissing the end of her nose.

June returned the caress. "Except," she said, as he set her down, "on Wednesday nights."

FOR two weeks Larry worked sporadically in the garden. On Wednesday nights he left it to its own devices and prowled aimlessly about the house. June made no comment, but she watched his progress, and the smoothness of her forehead was marred by a tiny frown.

On the third Wednesday Larry slumped in a chair with his paper after dinner. He rattled the pages, then tossed them to the floor. "Not a thing worth reading," he growled and strode to the window to look bleakly out upon Bantam Lake.

June looked at his broad shoulders, watched him hitch them impatiently, and went quietly into the hall. She returned in a minute with her hat and coat on.

"I'm going over to mother's to tell her how awful men are," she said. "'By, darling."

"Want me to go with you?" Larry asked. "I might tell your father a few things."

"You couldn't tell father anything." She kissed him, tightened her arms around his neck, then hurried out the front door.

Larry stood moodily in the living

room, watching the car until it disappeared down Detler Street. He whistled mournfully, then wandered out and looked at the garden. An occasional green blade had appeared which might or might not be a weed, and when he scooped up a handful of earth a resident angleworm eyed him with dislike. Larry sighed, looked skeptically at the shrubs at the fence corners, and then suddenly yelled and darted to one corner of the yard.

"By the seven saints, a flower!" he cried. The flower was yellow, had just bloomed, and Larry regarded it with the wonderment of a mother looking at her firstborn.

"Hey, Dave!" he yelled. Dave Parks came out into his yard. "I got something!" Larry shouted. "What is it, Dave?"

"A crocus," Parks said. "That's what the salesman was telling you about."

"That's something, isn't it?" Larry said. "My very first crocus. I am now a professional. Wait until June gets home."

He went inside, came out with a camera, and was taking a picture of the crocus when the telephone rang. Ed Gorman was on the other end. "How about breaking the shackles and coming in for some poker?" Gorman said.

"My garden just had a crocus," Larry said and hung up.

HE went out to the garden again and picked up the camera. He snapped another picture, afraid that the light was too dim, and then sat back on his heels and scowled at the back fence. After a moment he went inside and changed his clothes.

"Just felt like getting cleaned up," he told himself.

He went slowly downstairs, looked at a timetable and put it away guiltily after a minute. He walked out to the kitchen, opened the pantry door, and stared at the array of canned goods. He went back into the living room, puffed furiously at a cigarette, and counted the cars going by. Then, with sudden decision, he went to the desk and scrawled a note:

Darling—I weakened. But I'll be home by midnight and I'll quit when I'm ahead and buy you a new hat. Don't forget to take Mr. Bundy out. Love and kisses. LARRY.

An hour later he bought chips and opened with two whites. "I may as well make you gents happy," he said, "by telling you that this is my first and only appearance. I just want to get my wife a new hat."

At ten thirty he bought more chips, and when he bluffed on two pair at eleven thirty, Gorman bled him dry.

Larry stood up. "Thanks for the education. I'm—"

"Come on," Gorman said. "We haven't played high-low yet. Or have you turned soft?"

Larry sat down. Some time later he was even. He looked at the clock and gulped.

THEY CALL ME BEAUTIFUL BUT NUMB!
NEVER MIND, SIS, WHAT PEOPLE SAY! ALL YOU NEED IS A LITTLE MORE ZIP AND ZEST. AND THAT REMINDS ME, I'LL BET YOU DON'T GET YOUR VITAMINS!
WELL, I EAT SPINACH AND THINGS
BUT YOU MAY NOT BE GETTING ALL THE VITAMINS YOU NEED! THERE'S A GRAND BREAKFAST CEREAL CALLED KELLOGG'S PEP THAT'S EXTRA RICH IN TWO OF THE IMPORTANT VITAMINS, B1 AND D. WHY DON'T YOU TRY IT?
BREAKFAST NEXT DAY
SAY! WHY DIDN'T YOU TELL ME IT WAS SO CRISP AND DELICIOUS. I COULD GO FOR PEP JUST FOR THAT FLAVOR ALONE
Kellogg's PEP
IF YOU HAVE LACKED VITAMINS, AS I DID, DISCOVER THE GRAND THINGS THEY CAN DO FOR YOU! AND TO HELP GET YOUR VITAMINS, EAT KELLOGG'S PEP! IT'S A REAL TASTE-THRILL — CRUNCHY GOLDEN FLAKES OF BRAN AND OTHER PARTS OF WHEAT, ENRICHED WITH VITAMINS B1 AND D. GET PEP AT YOUR GROCER'S. EAT IT EVERY DAY, AND SEE IF YOU DON'T HAVE MORE ZIP AND ZEST!

Vitamins for pep! PEP for vitamins!*

**Pep contains vitamins B_1 and D. Each ounce contains 1/5 of an adult's and 4/5 of a child's daily requirement of B_1, and about 1/2 the daily requirement of D.*

At ten minutes after three Larry stepped into the front yard and looked at the darkened upstairs and the single light burning in the hall. He unlocked the door softly, and Mr. Bundy's wet cold nose was thrust against his hand.

"Quiet, Mr. Bundy," Larry whispered. "We're in the doghouse."

He thought of the crocus he had planned to show June, and rummaging through a desk drawer he located a flashlight and went outside, shining the light on the ground until he located the crocus. He snipped it off and went back inside. Tiptoeing upstairs, he entered the bedroom just as June snapped on the bed light.

"I'm sorry, darling," Larry said. He sat on the bed and handed her the crocus. "It grew in our garden. I can prove it. I got pictures."

"When it dies," June said, "I'll keep it in my scrapbook. It will be my dearest memento."

"About tonight," Larry said uncomfortably. "I was playing poker with the boys. It won't happen again. It was an interlude."

June kissed him. "Dope!" she said. "Why do you think I went to mother's?"

"You're sweet," Larry said. "But this bothers me. It's not right. I feel like a heel."

"Come to bed, heel," June said. "I'm sleepy."

THERE'RE your friends and there's me," June said the next evening. "You keep them and you keep me. You're not the kind of man who could ever be completely domesticated. As long as you love me I don't care."

Larry shook his head. "Never again," he vowed.

On Wednesday of the next week Larry played poker; on Thursday he repented. On Friday he solved the situation.

"I have it!" he exulted. "I've figured it all out. I'll give up the poker but I'll still see my old friends. We'll have a party, one or so every month. Then we can both have fun. Peace, it's wonderful!"

TWO weeks later Larry came downstairs puffing nervously at a cigarette. He strolled around the living room, arranging ash trays, and went out to the kitchen to collect liquor bottles and glasses and put them on the kitchen table where he could get at them. June came down a few minutes later, ran the sweeper through the living room a last time, and joined Larry.

"You're lovely," Larry said. "You'll be the hit of the party. All the men will be after you."

"Larry," June said, "let's put an 'Out to Lunch' sign on the door and go to the movies. I'm all dressed up and I want to be alone with you."

"They'll rave over you. They'll like Mr. Bundy and they'll like the house. How could they help but like it? Look at it."

They looked at it. At the new furniture and the blue rug, the gleaming polished top of the radio cabinet.

"I like it," June said.

Horns honked outside and a moment later the doorbell rang shrilly. Larry and June started together for the door, bumped into each other, laughed shakily, and went ahead again.

Ed Gorman came in first, the others crowding after him. Gorman waved his arm at Larry and staggered to an armchair. "We made it," he said. "I led them personally. Another ten minutes and we'd have had to call for the St. Bernards and the brandy kegs."

"You don't need to supply the St. Bernards, Larry," a languid blonde said.

They thronged about Larry, and June stood over beside the radio cabinet, her eyes very large and very serious. Larry drew her in among them and grinned proudly while the men shook hands and glanced covertly at themselves in the mirror. "Make yourselves at home," he said. "I'll mix some drinks."

He hurried out into the kitchen. There were twelve people altogether, and he began pouring whisky into glasses and tossing in ice cubes. He'd have to borrow Parks' ice cubes after the second round. He put the drinks on a tray and walked into the living room. Some one bumped into him and knocked a glass to the floor.

"Alley-oop!" Gorman said. "Scotch, too."

Larry's grin was mechanical as he mopped the stain with his handkerchief. "We got lots of rugs," he said, "millions."

EVERY one was talking in groups, and Larry went out and replaced the spilled drink. He went into the hall and brought in their two bridge tables and the one borrowed from the Parkses and set them up.

"Little bridge?" Larry said.

"Larry, I don't recognize you," the languid blonde drawled. "How did June do it? What's her technique?"

"I'm after her money," Larry said. "How about some bridge?"

No one moved toward the tables, and Larry noticed that Gorman and two other men were standing in front of June. He heard her laugh, but all he could see were her feet. They were nice feet. The blonde came slowly over to him and showed him her empty glass.

She went out to the kitchen with him. She had wide blue eyes and full red lips. "I've been hearing things about you, Larry," she said.

"Have another drink and you won't believe a word of it." The blonde was not now so languid and Larry felt uncomfortable and steered her back into the living room. The three bridge tables looked like obstacles for an obstacle race, and Larry put them away and tossed the bridge prizes on top of the closet shelf. He went back into the living room and met Mr. Bundy coming out. Mr. Bundy went upstairs looking very disgusted.

Larry went on into the room. Some one had put a glass on top of the radio cabinet and there was a wet ring on the wood. Larry winced and wondered whose glass it was. Gorman's hearty laugh came to him and June's almost inaudible chuckle. Larry went over and ducked under Gorman's arm.

"Hello, Mrs. Rawlings," he said.

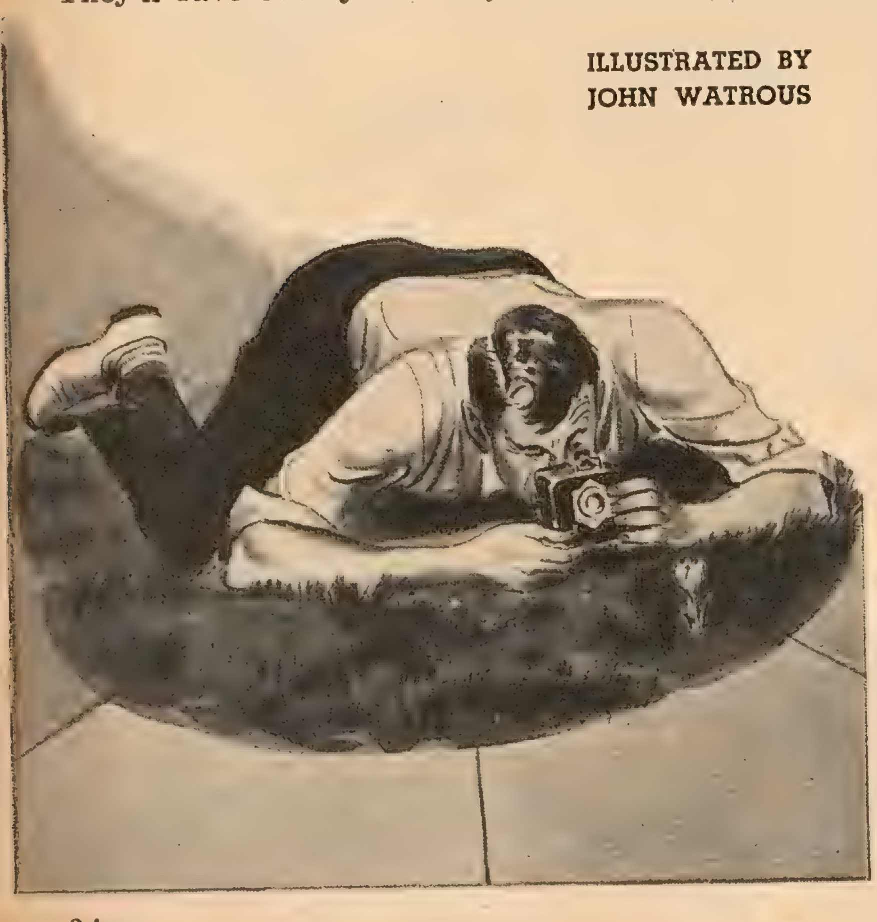
"It's that man again," June said. "He keeps following me." She grinned at him. Every one seemed to be having a good time.

The blonde came over again. "Dance me," she said. She had turned the radio on very loud, and Larry automatically began to dance. Another couple were dancing and they put their glasses down on top of the radio.

"Excuse me," Larry said. He went over and took the glasses off the radio and put them on the glass-topped end table.

The blonde was dancing with some one else when he turned around. He went out into the kitchen and found Gorman pouring the Scotch. "Have a drink," Gorman said. "Have one on the house. Lovely wife, Larry."

"Go easy on the ice cubes," Larry said, and went back into the living room. June was dancing, and Larry



**ILLUSTRATED BY
JOHN WATROUS**

turned the radio down a little and wondered what the Parkses thought of all the racket. He thought he would go down-cellar, where it was quiet. He had something he wanted to think about. When he opened the door and started down, he heard some one giggle. He thought it might be the blonde, so he went outdoors instead, to have a look at his garden. There was a new moon and he stepped carefully so as not to tread on any of the flowers or vegetables.

He stopped suddenly and stared hard at the garden. Some one had been walking through it. There were prints of a woman's high heels in the carefully tended ground. The stick with the lettuce sign on it had been trampled into the earth.

Larry knelt down and studied the footprints. Then he got slowly and grimly to his feet. He went up the back steps and into the kitchen. The blonde was there and he noticed loam on her pumps.

"I've been looking for you," she said.

"Did you ever look in Brooklyn?" Larry said. He went on into the living room and mechanically removed another glass from the radio cabinet. June was dancing with Gorman.

"I'm cutting your throat," Gorman said.

Larry hesitated a moment, then went upstairs into the bedroom. He patted Mr. Bundy's head. "I'm a plain fool, Mr. Bundy," he said, lifting the telephone receiver. "Give me Police Headquarters."

HELLO," Larry said a moment later. "My name is Parks, David Parks, and I live at Forty-two Detler Street. The people next door are having a drunken brawl and we can't sleep. I'm a taxpayer and I won't stand for it any longer. The number is Thirty-eight Detler Street."

He went on downstairs and listened to the noise. June caught his eye. She smiled at him. He went outside and stood in the darkness at the side of the house, smoking and thinking.

After a few minutes a car came around the corner. The car radio was going and Larry could hear it. "Squad car seventeen, go to Thirty-eight Detler Street. A disturbance. Squad car seventeen, go to Thirty-eight Detler Street. A disturbance."

Larry ducked back into the shadows as the car stopped at the curb. "I'll get it, Joe," a man said. He clumped up the porch steps and rang the bell.

Ed Gorman opened the door. "It's the law," Gorman said. "Take it on the lam, Spike. Come in, Law. You're late. The ice cubes are all gone."

Larry went up the steps and inside. The party was louder than ever and the policeman wasn't in sight. Larry went back to the kitchen and found Gorman pouring the policeman a drink.

"Shake hands with Joe Law," Gorman said. "Some crab put in a gripe."

The policeman laughed. "We never pay much attention on a Satiddy night," he said. "Week nights, any

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noise, we stop it. But the way I look at it is this way: On a Satiddy night people got a right to make noise." He looked at Larry for confirmation, and gestured toward the living room. "A nice place you got here," he said to Gorman.

"We got everything but ice cubes," Gorman said.

The policeman laughed and Larry scowled. Gorman left the room and the policeman put an arm about Larry's shoulders. "Look here, buddy," he said. "Why don't you enjoy yourself? This is a party."

"That's right," Larry said solemnly, "it's a party. Some fun." He went into the living room. Gorman was standing by the radio talking to June. He had his hands on June's shoulders. June was smiling and putting his hands away. Gorman kept putting them back again. Larry walked over to them.

"That's enough, Ed," he said.

"You would come in at a time like this," Gorman said.

LARRY lifted Gorman's glass off the radio and put it down on the end table. He pulled Gorman around in front of him and hit him just below the right ear with his fist. Gorman sagged, and Larry let him drop. The party suddenly quieted down.

"All right, all right," some one said. The policeman grabbed Larry by the shoulder and pulled him to the door. "Wise guy," he said. He dragged Larry out to the front sidewalk and then released him.

"You're the kind of guy who never should have been invited to this party," the policeman said. "I can't stand guys like you. Somebody gives a party, gives you free drinks, and you go around looking like a crab."

"I don't like the party," Larry said. "I think it stinks."

"Then why don't you go home?" the policeman said. He got in the car and drove off. Larry went into the back yard and looked at the heelprints in the garden. He took a rake from the back of the house and leveled off and smoothed the ground.

Then he climbed up on the back fence, drumming his heels against it and listening to the noise from the house. After awhile some one came down the back steps and he thought it might be the blonde. But it was June. She came out to him.

"Hello," she said.

"Hello," said Larry.

"Boost me," said June.

He boosted her up beside him, kissed her, and held her close. They sat listening to the noise.

There was a yell, finally, from the house: "Hey, Larry!"

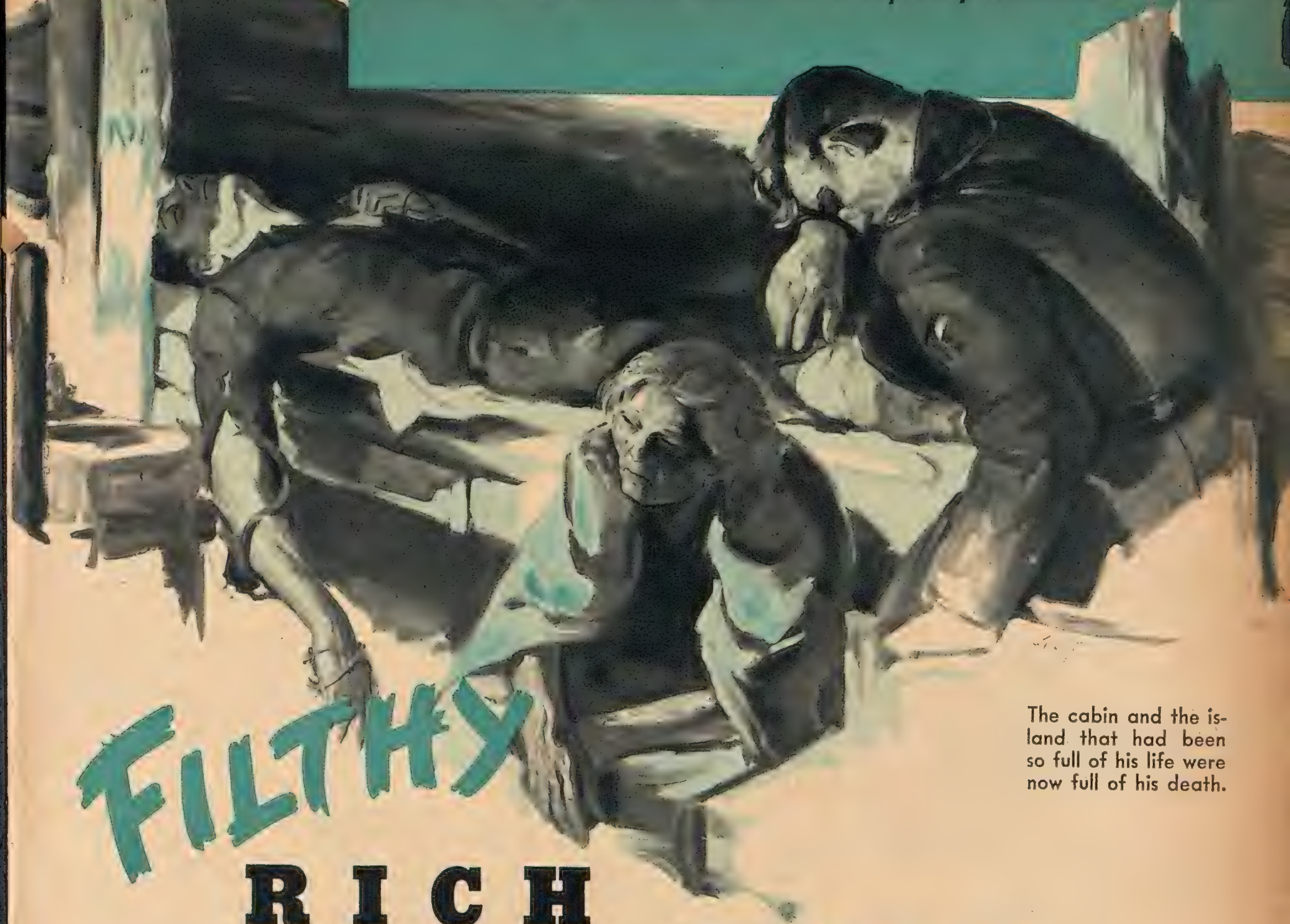
"Shh," Larry said. "Don't make a sound."

After a minute they heard cars starting; then silence, broken only by a plaintive bark from Mr. Bundy.

They went arm in arm toward the house. "That guy Parks," Larry said, "he thinks he's got a garden. I'll show him."

THE END

Witchcraft . . terror . . a heart torn by hope and fear —and new hazards ahead in a mystery-haunted romance



The cabin and the island that had been so full of his life were now full of his death.

FILTHY RICH

BY CORNELIUS VANDERBILT, Jr.

ILLUSTRATED BY MALVIN SINGER

Mimi stumbled into the lean-to, closed its door, and prayed.

READING TIME ● 20 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

JIM WAYNE, young Canadian aviator, kidnaps the beautiful Mimi Jamieson, daughter of his old friend, Rob Jamieson, the gold king, and flies with her to his cabin on Lone Island in the North Woods. He is not, he tells himself, in love with her; he is taking her away simply to open her eyes to the uselessness of her society life and to convince her that Count Otto von Ungemach, her fiancé, is a fortune hunter.

Mimi is at first incensed, but gradually finds that she is enjoying herself and Jim's company. Then the astounding truth dawns on her: She is in love with him!

Count Otto, flying north on nefarious business—such as selling the deadly liquor, blind tiger, to the Indians, and arranging for the setting of forest fires—flies to Lone Island. When he arrives, Mimi and Jim are away. Otto punches a hole in the gas tank of Jim's amphibian, then, seeing the smoke from forest fires clouding the south, he flies off.

Jim, too, sees the smoke and when he and Mimi reach the island, he immediately starts off in his plane to help fight the fires. Mimi, left alone, drinks some of Jim's medicinal brandy and begins to do setting-up exercises to the music of a phonograph. Nishima, an old Indian woman, peering into the cabin, is convinced that the girl is in league with evil spirits and carries her off to burn her. Otto returns in time to rescue her and finally persuades her to leave the island.

As they are about to go, Jim is brought home in a canoe. He is unconscious. His plane has crashed.

PART SEVEN—A FIGHT FOR LIFE

THEY carried Jim's still body up the dark path to the candlelit cabin.

"He's not—" Mimi had tried to ask the R. C. M. P.

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officer. But the latter, stern, young, and utterly weary, had shaken his head.

So Mimi had stumbled along behind the silent grim little procession. And Otto had followed, futilely cursing the fate that had prevented his getting Mimi away from Lone Island before this almost inevitable home-coming of its master took place.

They laid Jim gently on the bunk where Mimi had slept. His face was putty color, his breathing scarcely detectable. "Brandy!" the officer ordered. "Scotch, rye, anything! There must be something. Hunt around." He was loosening Jim's clothes.

Swiftly Mimi handed him bottle and glass. The stain of frightened guilt dyed her cheeks. So little was left in that bottle—so pathetically, cruelly, thoughtlessly little! "Where can we get a doctor?" she begged. "Count von Ungemach will fly for one—anywhere!"

The Mountie shook his head. "Not tonight. The nearest would be Bear Factory, and there's no radio beam, nor landing lights, and a poor field. Besides, the medico's probably fire fighting, like the rest of us, tonight."

Only then did Mimi notice that this young officer's uniform was as burned and torn as Jim's clothes, and his face and hands were smoke-blackened. "But Count von Ungemach was able to land here—" she began.

"Glad he is here," the Mountie murmured. "My Indians are done in. If he'll keep the fire going tonight, in the morning he can fly for help." He was working over Jim. "Give me a spoon," he said sharply to Mimi. "This glass is no good." She obeyed, and he forced brandy through Jim's clenched teeth—one, two, three spoonfuls. Then he held up the bottle to the light. "Is this all there is of the stuff?" he protested. "The poor guy'll need more when he comes to."

MIMI sobbed, stupidly began to hunt through closets and shelves. She knew she would find nothing. Hadn't she searched here for records, new needles, medicine? Oh, she had been so childish, so thoughtless! *She* a pioneer woman getting things ready for her man? Tonight her night? Tonight she'd show Jim what a person she was, how efficient, helpful, how much she loved him? "I despise you, Mimi!" she scorned herself.

She watched the officer lay aside spoon and bottle; watched his blackened hands travel over Jim's arms, chest, hips, legs; watched one hand halt suddenly on Jim's knee. "Something's broken, badly."

"No!" Mimi cried. "No, no!"

The young Mountie glanced at her fiercely. "Don't be hysterical! Get me scissors—or I'll use my knife. Pour another spoonful for him first."

Mimi steadied her emotions; her hand obeyed. The doctor-by-necessity again forced brandy into Jim. Then, with his sharp hunting knife, he cut away one knee of Jim's heavy caribou-skin breeches. "God!" he whispered. He straightened up, ran the back of his hand over his suddenly glistening forehead. He turned first to Mimi, then to Otto.

Her white face and tragic eyes gave him no help. But Otto, who had moved to the door and whose expression had become one of shrewd alertness, suddenly voiced at least possible assistance in the ordeal that this officer recognized ahead. "There is a chance," Otto said in clipped low tones, "that I may have a bottle of whisky in my plane."

"Get it. Thanks."

With extreme haste Otto made his way to the scow dock, boarded the amphibian. His efficient fingers sought what his efficient brain had reminded him was there: Two bottles of the stuff.

BUT Count Otto was not fool enough to bring the particular brand of fire water his plane held into the presence of a member of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police. Instead, he leaned out a window of his ship and hurled the damning evidence as far as he could fling it into the black waters. Then he hurried back to the cabin that had now necessarily changed into a hospital and he said with utter sincerity, "Nothing there. What a pity I couldn't have given him some!"

"Yes." The Mountie was now thoroughly in control of himself, in spite of the fact that his own burned hands were paining almost unbearably. "But we'll get along. You," he said to Mimi, "get any antiseptics you can find in Jim's medicine cabinet. "You," he spoke to Otto, "build up the fire and stand by."

"There seems to be no wood," Otto commented.

"Then yell for my Indians. They can't be far away."

Otto yelled. One tired-looking Indian came in, crossed the room, spoke a few words to the officer.

Immediately the latter's face lighted up. "Nishima? Thank God!" He turned to Mimi. "You know her? The finest, soundest, oldest witchwoman in the North!"

"An Indian—" Mimi began, shuddering in sudden apprehension.

"But of course!" He turned to the bearer of good tidings. "Tell her to come here at once; tell her Chief Jim needs her."

The Indian obeyed, and came back a few minutes later, making gestures of protest and pointing at Mimi.

The officer raised his eyebrows in exasperation; said to Mimi, "Nishima'll come only if you'll stay out of the way. She says you're bad luck! These Indians! No accounting—"

"But I *am* bad luck!" Mimi half sobbed. "I'll go in here." She pointed to the lean-to. "I'll do anything, only please don't make me leave the island!"

The Mountie nodded, hurriedly sent the Indian out again to summon Nishima.

Otto pursed his lips, stared at the partially open lean-to door through which Mimi had vanished. He didn't like the way things were going at all; didn't like the way Mimi was taking it. Was her hysterical behavior caused merely by the day's harrowing experiences climaxed by shock and impersonal pity for Jim? Or was there something more behind her display of emotion? Surely Mimi couldn't have developed any heart interest in this backwoods flyer! Otto shrugged, then frowned. The sooner he got her away from here the better! He tossed the log that he had been holding on to the fire, fastidiously wiped his hands on his crested handkerchief, crossed the cabin. To the Mountie he said in low swift tones, "You may not know it, but she"—he nodded toward the lean-to—"is Mimi Jamieson, daughter of Robert—"

"Oh?" The officer's tone showed recognition but little attention. "Stay here beside Jim for a minute, will you? I'll go get that old witch if I have to scalp her first to do it!"

But old Nishima met him in the doorway. She looked like a bag of bones in a bale of colored clothes. Her face could have belonged to the oldest monkey in the zoo. But her glittering black eyes were alert and fine, and her hands—as she swept the Mountie out of the way—were things that a sculptor would have thrilled to re-create. They were brown and clawlike, yet they had a miner's strength, a surgeon's sensitivity.

FROM her crack in the lean-to doorway, Mimi watched Nishima's hands travel diagnostically over Jim. She tried to concentrate on looking at those fascinating gnarled hands, tried not to hear Jim, who was now moaning in his return to consciousness.

Jim's moan broke into a roar of pain when Nishima's probing fingers touched his bared swollen knee. Nishima nodded, pulled her knife from her girdle, cut away still more of the trouser. Then she addressed the officer at her elbow in gutturals that were unintelligible to Mimi, listening breathlessly.

The young officer looked around, caught Mimi's eye. "Kneecap broken," he said. "Nishima asks have we 'sleep water.' Do you know if there's any ether in the place?"

"No. Oh, we should get a doctor!" Mimi flung the door wide.

Otto eagerly seconded her decision. "We'll leave for one now."

"Not a chance tonight!" protested the Mountie. He bent over Jim, poured the last drop of brandy into his throat. "Steady, old man!"

Jim's pain-fogged eyes opened. His gray face glistened with perspiration. For a moment he seemed not to be able to see anything. Then his glance cleared and he appeared to recognize Nishima, leaning over him. He choked the moan in his throat, gritted his teeth. No white man displays weakness in face of suffering in the presence of an Indian—not if he wishes ever again to have that Indian's respect.

Otto had moved to Mimi's side.

香檳撲六

CHAMPION TENDPLUGGER

ZAPALOVACI SVICKA
CHAMPION

SWIECA ZAPLONOWA
CHAMPION

CHAMPION
BUJILERI

CHAMPION SUUTEKUUNAL

ΜΠΟΥΖΙ ΤΣΑΜΠΙΟΝ

CANDELE
CHAMPION

ચૅમ્પિયન પ્લગ

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טשעמפיאן ספארק פלאגס

VÉLA
CHAMPION

МОТОРНИ СВѢЩИ ШАМПИОНЪ

CHAMPION ZÜNDKERZE

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"You can do no good here," he argued. "I can fly you south tonight. We can be in Toronto tomorrow morning, arrange for an excellent doctor there—"

The officer, who had overheard, turned and exclaimed angrily, "You don't seem to understand that every minute counts! This man is near—" He stopped when he saw Mimi's pitiful face. "Nishima will do her best," he said gently. "I've told her you're no fire witch. You can help us. What antiseptics have we got?"

Mimi showed him the pathetically small collection of medical supplies.

"So little here," she bewailed. "Jim took his kit with him on Chasse-Galerie." Chasse-Galerie! That name of ill omen seemed to ring out in the cabin. Chasse-Galerie, sinister vehicle that flies the dead through night skies. Unlucky, Laura had called it, evil, portentous. Oh, no! While Mimi's mind was battling its dreadful thoughts, her hands were pouring warm water into a basin, were tremblingly measuring out antiseptic.

Meanwhile old Nishima had been busy. She had taken a caribou-skin pouch from one of her multitudinous petticoat pockets. From it she had selected a chunk of rock, had chipped a fresh flint. With this sharp, sterile, but certainly unscientific surgical instrument she was ready to go to work. At the insistence of the police officer, she first poured the antiseptic over Jim's knee, glancing mistrustingly at Mimi as she did so. Anything that this such-a-one prepared might be harmful!

BUT Nishima's professional pride and fierce interest in the operation quickly quashed any thoughts other than those strictly to do with the delicate job waiting to be tackled by her sure brown fingers. Nishima bent low over Jim's now thrice normal-sized knee. With a swift true cut she made a three-inch incision on the inside of the leg parallel with the kneecap. Blood spurted instantly, cleanly. She grunted approval, made her second cut crosswise below the angry-looking knee. Again good cleansing blood gushed. She made her third incision on the outer side of the leg, and again blood poured.

By now, Mimi, unable to stay any longer in the room, fled outdoors. Eyes closed, pulses throbbing, head dizzily swimming, she leaned against the log wall. "It isn't fair!" she kept mumbling stupidly. "It isn't fair!" She gulped in the cold pungent night air, smelled the spruce, the lingering smoke. Gradually her ears stopped listening to her own crying thoughts, began to hear the exterior sounds of the night. Frogs, crickets, gentle wind in treetops, Huskies saluting the moon. And then, from the Indian quarters down the dark hill, a weird skin-prickling chant. She turned to Otto, who had slipped out beside her, who had his arm comfortingly about her. "What is that?"

Otto listened. Otto understood Indian dialects from Halifax to Vancouver. He had studied them, supposedly for his book. "That," he said, "is the Stay-Away song. The Indians are telling the spirits that there is nothing happening on this island, that there is no soul here waiting to be taken, that no one is ill, hurt, or near death."

Mimi shuddered. "I'm frightened! It's all terrifying. I wish they'd stop!" She looked toward the doorway. "He's *conscious*, Otto, and he's standing what she's doing without a murmur! How can he! Oh, for a hospital, anesthetic!"

"There, there, sweet." Otto stroked her hair. "You should never have been brought here; you should not have had to see this side of the North."

"No, I'm glad I came. I wouldn't be anywhere else tonight. This is the first taste of reality I've ever had. It's what dad knew. It's real. And men like dad and Jim in there are real! Otto," she raised terrified eyes to his, "Jim's so *still;* you don't think she has—"

"The police officer seems to have great faith in her."

MEANWHILE, inside the cabin a drama of life and death was being played. Shock and exposure, as well as inhuman pain, had taxed Jim to the utmost. And Nishima's operation was causing him to lose consciousness time and time again. She had now lifted back the flap of flesh that she had cut and had exposed the kneecap. It was, as she had diagnosed, cracked straight across.

The officer, looking at it, bit his lip, turned away. But Nishima was undismayed. She gave a quick guttural order. The officer shook his head, held out his swollen hands, then he hurried to the door, calling Mimi and Otto. "Come in, please. Nishima needs help that I can't give. My hands are too clumsy; I burned them fire fighting. She says she must have some small slivers of that piece of caribou bone."

Silently Nishima held out the bone, showed them how to cut the proper splinters. Then, finding that Otto understood her, she instructed him in the next step of the operation. She bent over Jim, her brown hands appearing huge in the candlelight, and she pushed the broken halves of his kneecap together—while Otto, whose nerves were steel, drove the needle-sharp bone pins into the cap as she directed. Then Nishima bound the break together with fine sinewy threads of caribou, looped figure-eight fashion back and forth tightly about the pins. After which she pulled the skin flap into place and bound the whole knee rigidly.

Fortunately, long before this stage of the operation had been reached, Nature had mercifully given Jim the anesthetic of unconsciousness. His eyes were closed, his face was drained of every vestige of color. Nishima, feeling his pulse, watched him intently for a minute or two—minutes that seemed endless to the other silent watchers in the cabin. "Fire water!" Nishima said suddenly.

But the brandy was gone and there was nothing else to take its place. It was at that moment that Mimi reached the lowest point of her whole life; she touched the nadir of mental torture and self-accusation.

Nishima—who, after all, knew why there was no fire water left—pointed angrily at Mimi. Then, as though time were too short to waste in hurling condemnation, the old Indian scooped a handful of tea from a canister, dropped it into a saucepan with a little boiling water, and poured the scalding poultice thus made half into her skin pouch that had held the flint and half into her tobacco pouch. These hot bags she pushed into Jim's hands, pressing them close against his palms.

The sharp heat brought him nearer to the border of consciousness; but not near enough to suit Nishima. She hurried, moving like a swift old crab, to the door, opened it, and called shrilly to the Indians. Her third cry brought them running. She talked swiftly to them, then sent them away and returned to Jim's side.

"What now?" Mimi tremblingly asked the officer. And the latter explained that Nishima had told the Indians to stop singing, because the spirits might guess that they were lying and come to see what was up. Instead, she had told them to throw the spirits off scent by praying for good crops or rain—yes, heavy rain that would stop the forest fires.

So even old Nishima thought the spirits would come for Jim! Mimi was terrified now. Jim was going to die! The whole cabin and the island that had been so full of his life were now full of his death. Mimi stumbled into the lean-to, closed its door, knelt beside the cot where Jim had slept, and she prayed. It was the first time in years that she had prayed. "Dear God, please don't let him die! I love him! He is doing too much good work here; too many people need him. I need him. I love him! Dear God, please help him to live and to get better quickly."

Feeling strangely reassured, almost at peace, Mimi returned to the cabin. She tiptoed over to look at Jim. He was breathing evenly now in sleep.

Old Nishima, rocking back and forth on the floor beside Jim's bed, glared suspiciously at her, motioned her away. And Mimi, feeling only thanks, uplift, an exaltation she had never known, obeyed the old woman's gesture. But she asked the officer, who was at last larding his burned hands, to please tell Nishima she wanted to be her friend, wanted to praise her for what she had done.

"Tell her," Mimi begged, tears now in her eyes, "that I am a friend of Chief Jim, an old, old friend; that I wouldn't hurt him for anything on earth!"

Nishima's answer to this protestation was merely a grunt. After all, for an old, old friend of Chief Jim this fire-haired girl had done plenty strange and bad things while alone in the cabin!

Mimi, reading the disapproval in the witchwoman's glance, suddenly had an inspiration. She moved to the cupboard, took from it her necklace of glittering crystal that she had worn on that so-far-away night in Oakville, and she gave it to Nishima.

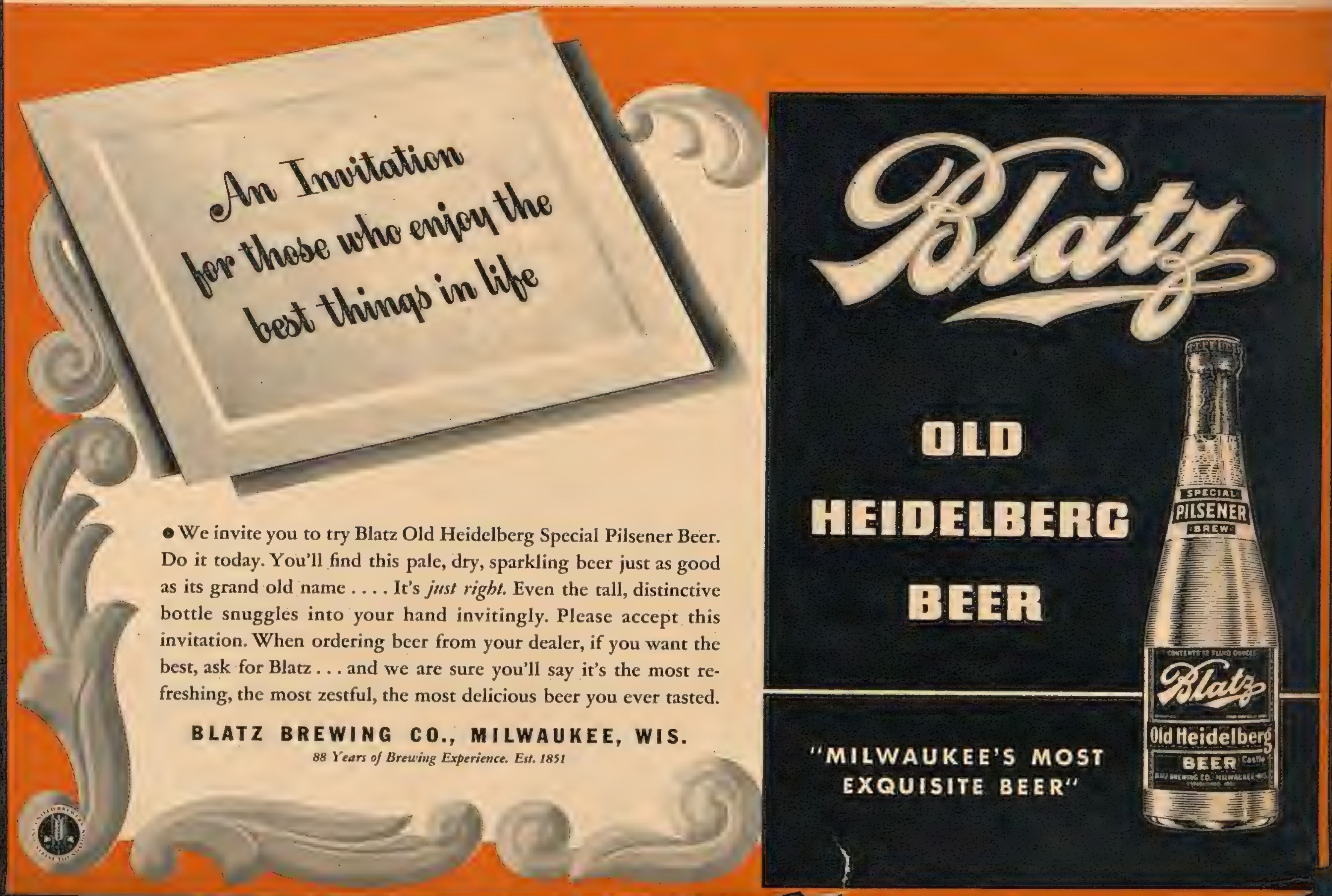
The Indian's beady old eyes lighted up momentarily, then were veiled again. She pocketed the bauble with a slightly more friendly grunt.

Otto murmured ruefully to Mimi, "Your pretty stars that loved your beautiful neck! Some day, my Mimi, you will let me buy you a duplicate of that necklace—in diamonds."

Mimi shook her head but didn't make the effort to answer. Otto and diamonds and the future seemed not to exist. There was nothing in the world but this one cabin, and nothing in the cabin but Jim lying, white and still, on that bunk.

The R. C. M. P. officer glanced at Mimi, pursed his lips. "You'd better rest," he suggested. "You're not used to this." His eyes told her that she was beautiful, rare, different from any one he had ever seen in these parts; but she felt that his words implied she was a softy.

"I'll get a midnight supper for all of us first," she said stoutly. Which she did, pouring several cans of soup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● We invite you to try Blatz Old Heidelberg Special Pilsener Beer. Do it today. You'll find this pale, dry, sparkling beer just as good as its grand old name . . . . It's *just right.* Even the tall, distinctive bottle snuggles into your hand invitingly. Please accept this invitation. When ordering beer from your dealer, if you want the best, ask for Blatz . . . and we are sure you'll say it's the most refreshing, the most zestful, the most delicious beer you ever tasted.

BLATZ BREWING CO., MILWAUKEE, WIS.

88 Years of Brewing Experience. Est. 1851

Lovely
Cliff Dweller
advises...

get tough
with your teeth

A smile to climb mountains for. Strong white teeth, sparkling with health. And all because of tough, chewy foods that *exercised* her teeth. Soft modern foods have no exercise value. Yet you can get a mouth workout in one pleasant easy way.

HELPS KEEP TEETH WHITE
DENTYNE
CHEWING GUM
HELPS KEEP TEETH WHITE
5¢
...MOUTH HEALTHY

DENTYNE HELPS
KEEP TEETH IN TRIM

Many dentists advise Dentyne for daily mouth exercise. Its special firmness invites vigorous chewing. The gentle massaging action aids healthful circulation of blood in the gums. And through its use teeth are cleansed and brightened.

EXTRA FLAVOR—
SPICY, EXCITING

Sun cured cinnamon, deliciously warm, exotic, appetizing, gives Dentyne its extra flavor. Reminds you of Grandma's spiced cookies, but even more tempting. You'll *like* Dentyne. And its exclusive flat package, especially designed to slip easily into purse or pocket.

DENTYNE
DELICIOUS CHEWING GUM

and beans and even one of prepared macaroni into a kettle on one burner, while old Nishima kept reheating tea poultices at intervals on the other. Mimi was awkward at her task but persistent; and eventually she managed to get the hot goulash dished out into bowls.

Nishima took some of the food—as well as several pieces of hardtack and strips of jerked beef—out to the Indians. These latter stopped their rain chant to seize the bowls hungrily and to beg for tea. But Nishima had to deny them this luxury, explaining that she needed every bit of it both for Chief Jim's poultices and for his nourishment.

Indeed, tea sweetened with large amounts of sugar was the only thing that Jim seemed able to swallow. And the old witchwoman spooned it into him every time he was awake enough to take it.

It was a harrowing night for all of them; a grim, waiting night. Death hovered over the still cabin—death held off by the Indians outside who were fooling their gods by asking for rain? Death held off by a witchwoman brewing tea and muttering spells? Or by a girl who was silently praying even while she served that midnight feast and washed the dishes afterward?

Otto's eyes almost never left Mimi as she tiptoed about the cabin. He loved her and desired her more than ever.

Here was a new Mimi; there was a new reality about her; she was no longer merely a lovely expensive toy. Tonight she had grown up. And tonight Otto saw for the first time that Mimi had in her the makings of a true mate, a *Frau!* With her at his side, what adventures he could have, what service he could perform! And some day, in the not too distant future, when the swastika ruled supreme, what a reward it would be to go back with her to the Fatherland!

THE night dragged almost unbearably for Otto. His one desire was to get Mimi away from this cabin and the man whose suffering seemed to have awakened such dangerously emotional pity in her. And to think that he, Otto, had caused this messy situation by his own carelessness! By not making a large enough hole in the gas tank! *Dummkopf!* Of course, there was one way in which he could get a doctor here quickly. He could send out a call for one on his secret, unlisted, unlicensed radio set in the plane. But that wasn't to be considered—the risk to his position would be too great. No, he would merely have to be patient, smile sympathetically on Mimi and on this young officer who sensed not at all that one of his greatest enemies was here in the cabin!

"Go to bed now, heart," he commanded Mimi tenderly after she had done every possible little task.

"I can't! I won't sleep!"

"He is right," the officer agreed. "You must rest. If you don't, how can you be of any help to us and Jim tomorrow?"

Mimi flashed a grateful glance at the young Mountie. "Yes. I'll go. But you'll call me—if—if there's anything I can do?"

"I promise."

WHEN morning came at last, Otto was sorry that he hadn't absolutely insisted on flying off in the night. For the dawn stole in with an evil chartreuse light. There was no ceiling to the sky. The air seemed pestilent; waves of sluggish sultriness beat across the lake, shot through with sudden cold currents, clammy, dead. The wind murmured dismally in the trees; the underbrush seemed to rustle expectantly. A fog, caused not entirely by the forest fire, still raging in the distance, lay thick over the island.

To make matters worse, when Otto entered the cabin—after a bad night's sleep in a mosquito-ridden tepee—he saw old Nishima burning pungent twigs and making weird signs at the fireplace.

"What's she up to now?" he asked the officer—whose hands Mimi was clumsily bandaging.

"Those are twigs from the Easter altar decorations of the mission church. She's burning them to protect this island from lightning. All the Christian Indians do it. It's an amazing combination of paganism and Christianity!"

"That's one for my book!" Otto laughed. "How is our patient this morning?"

The Mountie caught Otto's eye over Mimi's bent head. Almost imperceptibly he frowned. "Fine," he said aloud for Mimi's benefit.

"Good. I'm glad to hear it." Otto glanced out the window. "So the old witch thinks we're in for a storm! I agree. She shouldn't have allowed her braves to pray so hard last night! The sky looks as though we had better leave at once. Have you had coffee, Mimi?"

She turned her solemn dark eyes on him. "But I'm not going with you, Otto. Nothing in the world could make me leave!"

"But, sweet—" he began to protest.

"Don't argue, please. Just go quickly for the doctor at Menora." She handed him a cup of coffee as she spoke.

And later, as she watched him fly away, it almost seemed to her that the urgency of her thoughts could increase the speed of the plane. "Hurry! Hurry!"

Just as the small amphibian vanished in the fog banks above the lake, the first roll of distant thunder sounded.

Will the count bring back help? Will Jim be saved, or has Mimi learned the meaning of real love only to lose it? There is tense excitement in the next chapter, as one man fights grimly for his life, and dark suspicion hovers over another.

HEARTS AND FLYERS

Fine acting enlivens a vigorous, colorful drama of storm, sky adventure, and a girl

BY BEVERLY HILLS

READING TIME ● 10 MINUTES 12 SECONDS

4 STARS—EXTRAORDINARY
3 STARS—EXCELLENT 2 STARS—GOOD
1 STAR—POOR 0 STAR—VERY POOR

Cary Grant and Jean Arthur in Only Angels Have Wings, a colorful melodrama of flyers of fortune in South America.

★ ★ ★ ★ ONLY ANGELS HAVE WINGS

THE PLAYERS: Cary Grant, Jean Arthur, Richard Barthelmess, Rita Hayworth, Thomas Mitchell, Sig Rumann, Victor Kilian, John Carroll, Allyn Joslyn, Donald Barry, Noah Beery, Jr., Melissa Sierra, Lucio Villegas, Forbes Murray, Cecilia Callejo, Pat Flaherty, Pedro Regas. Screen play by Jules Furthman from a story by Howard Hawks. Directed by Howard Hawks. Produced by Columbia. Running time, 115 minutes.

BACKGROUND: A murky, sleepy banana port of call somewhere in South America. The chief characters: A group of flyers of fortune, the flotsam and jetsam of roving skymen carrying the mail through tropical fog and rain over the Andes to other mosquito-bitten, fever-ridden clearings between misty sea and lush jungle. The action: A pretty little singer and dancer comes ashore from a tramp steamer, is swept into the strange maelstrom, remains behind to seek something she had thought never existed.

Director Howard Hawks penciled this idea when he was on a South American cruise, tried in vain to sell it until he met Harry Cohn, chief of Columbia Pictures. Then he was told to go ahead. Result: A vigorous, colorful melodrama told in cinematic language.

Cary Grant is one of the bosses of the flying company, Sig Rumann is the other. One is a bitter, disillusioned, hardhanded flyer, the other a kindly old German storekeeper. Jean Arthur is the little entertainer who happens by. Dick Barthelmess makes his return to pictures as an outcast aviator trying to live down his past, when he bailed out and left his mechanic to die. His is an unforgettable study. There are other fine bits, notably Thomas Mitchell as a weather-beaten, hard-drinking veteran grounded for failing eyesight. There are thrilling moments as these adventurers battle the elements in obsolete planes to carry the mail through storms and between breaks in towering mountain ranges.

This is pure cinema—a gripping film drama. It has reality, smell, punch. The dialogue is vital and pungent. Altogether a corking melodrama. And you will see nothing bet-

The Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's
LION'S ROAR

Published in this space every month

The greatest star of the screen!

This editorial lion congratulates the British lion on the co-operation offered in "Goodbye Mr. Chips".

Paws Across the Sea

★ ★ ★ ★

We now turn the column over to Alexander Woollcott, The Town Crier, who first told America about James Hilton's novel, and was the first to see the finished Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer picture.

★ ★ ★ ★

Mr. Woollcott's "piece of personal testimony" follows: "I have just undergone the memorable experience of witnessing the best moving picture I have ever seen. It is 'Goodbye Mr. Chips'.

★ ★ ★ ★

"Translated into a screen play by the same Englishman to whom we owe the unforgettable tragedy called 'Journey's End', directed by an American, Sam Wood, who crossed the Atlantic for the purpose, and with the schoolmaster himself superbly embodied by the magnificent young actor Robert Donat, Hilton's gentle masterpiece has at last found its way to the screen.

★ ★ ★ ★

"A beautiful and perhaps immortal story has been translated from one medium to another with tenderness and imagination and genius.

★ ★ ★ ★

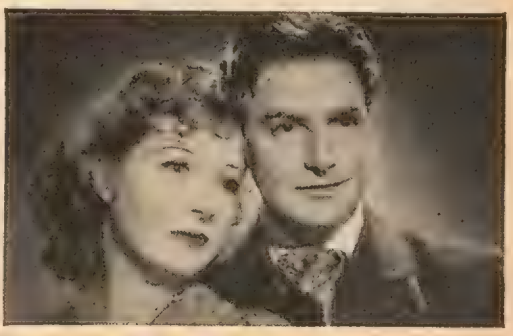
"This cavalcade of English youth becomes suddenly an almost unbearable reminder of something which in a mad and greedy world may be allowed to perish from the earth.

★ ★ ★ ★

"I am here to testify that in my own experience the most moving of all moving pictures, is the one called 'Goodbye Mr. Chips'."

★ ★ ★ ★

End quote. Goodbye Mr. Woollcott! Hello "Mr. Chips"!



Supporting Robert Donat is Miss Greer Garson, a brilliant newcomer. She's "Mrs. Chips".

★ ★ ★ ★

Next month—"The Wizard of Oz".

—Leo

The Wizard of Hollywood

Advertisement for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Pictures

ter than Grant's cynical cloud-duster in a year of pictures.

VITAL STATISTICS: This is Dick Barthelmess' first film since Four Hours to Kill in 1933. Since that the boy who came to fame as Tol'able David has loafed, been ill, suffered dangerous sinus operations. He's been planning a comeback to films for a long time. And here it is. . . . That tropical seaport scene was built at Columbia ranch, ten miles from Hollywood. It cost $125,000, shows a tramp steamer (surrounded by 2,000,000 gallons of water and mounted on trucks atop a hundred feet of track) at its nondescript dock, seventeen buildings of wood and bamboo, a narrow-gauge railway to transport bananas. Set, 170 by 253 feet, was covered with three acres of canvas, so that the hundred sea gulls could not escape and bad weather couldn't improve the scene. . . . The film was a field day for the Hollywood flying stuntmen. Paul Mantz, technical adviser to the late Amelia Earhart Putnam, cracked up a burning plane in a night scene. All in the night's work. . . . That isolated spot in the mountains, from which the flyers moved an injured boy, was really located near St. George, Utah. . . . A promising new face is Rita Hayworth. She's the daughter of Eduardo Cansino, once a headline Spanish dancer in vaudeville. Remember the Cansinos? They clicked a mean castanet in the old variety days. Cansino was born in Seville, but Rita saw the light of day in New York, started out to be a dancer, in fact appeared on the stage across both Americas. While dancing at the Agua Caliente Hotel, she did a movie bit with Warner Baxter. That led to tests by Columbia. Then Rita tossed over dancing for acting, took her mother's name of Hayworth because she didn't want to be typed as Spanish. . . . Sig Rumann was born in Hamburg, Germany, went to school there and to university at Kiel. Majored in biology, bacteriology, and electrotechnology, and was graduated with honors. He's a Bachelor of Science. For three and a half years was a Lieutenant of artillery in the Kaiser's army. Eats five meals (insists they're small ones) a day! . . . Director Howard Hawks once lived across the street in Neenah, Wisconsin, from a little pigtailed girl. Never gave her a tumble, probably not realizing that freckled Jane Peters would become Carole Lombard. Yes, he's directed her and now they exchange reminiscences of the ol' school days. Hawks directed Dick Barthelmess' biggest hit, Dawn Patrol. He's never had a real flop.

★ ★ ★ INVITATION TO HAPPINESS

THE PLAYERS: Irene Dunne, Fred MacMurray, Charlie Ruggles, Billy Cook, William Collier, Sr., Marion Martin, Burr Carruth, Charles Randolph, Allen Wood, Don Latorre, Bob Evans, Mack Gray, Billy Newell, Heinie Conklin, Jack Roper, Franklin Parker, Jack Gargan, Joe Franz, Wheaton Chambers, Bob Stevenson, Jack Knoche. Screen play by Claude Binyon based on a story by Mark Jerome. Directed by Wesley Ruggles. Produced by Paramount. Running time, 78 minutes.

NOT just a fight picture. Rather it is a study of a fighter, a boy with consuming ambition to be heavyweight champion. On the way up he marries a rich, sympathetic girl, but his dream of being champion takes him away for long periods at a time—for training and for distant fights. So he is drawn apart from his wife and his son. Then, just as he is to fight the champion, there is a separation. Scrapper "King" Cole has to go it alone.

Irene Dunne gives a rounded and kindly picture of a nice girl of refinement and education who marries a professional scrapper, but it is Fred MacMurray's film. His is a detailed portrait of a pug whose mentality is a little limited save as to one burning ambition. Here is a simple fellow who can dream dreams even while a blood-frenzied crowd cheers. Charlie Ruggles is excellent as his ring mentor; Billy Cook is sympathetic as his young son; Willie Collier, Sr., is admirable as his wife's father. The big championship fight, except that it is staged in an indoor arena as few great battles are presented, is genuine and exciting, with all the tang and excitement of the real thing. And MacMurray is no actor masquerading as a pugilist. He is a genuine battler, sweaty and straining, fighting the fight that always has danced before his eyes through years of taking and giving punches.

VITAL STATISTICS: It's the first time Charlie Ruggles ever has taken directorial orders from his brother, Wesley. They were born in Los Angeles. Wesley started in films as a Keystone Kop, soon turned to directing. Charlie went on the stage at fifteen, didn't get into pictures until 1930. And it's the first time Wesley has directed Irene Dunne since Cimarron in 1931. . . . The story was written by Mark Jerome, a student at New York University, and won second prize in a contest sponsored by Paul Gallico, the sports writer turned author. Gallico had been giving a series of lectures at the college. Paul took the yarn to Ruggles, who grabbed it. . . . Fred MacMurray trained for his role with Johnny Indrisano, the former boxer and present referee. . . . Willie Collier, Sr., is over seventy.

★ ★ ★ ROSE OF WASHINGTON SQUARE

THE PLAYERS: Tyrone Power, Alice Faye, Al Jolson, William Frawley, Joyce Compton, Hobart Cavanaugh, Moroni Olsen, E. E. Clive, Louis Prima, Charles Wilson, Hal K. Dawson, Paul Burns, Ben Welden, Horace MacMahon, Paul Stanton, Maurice Cass, Bert Roach, Irma Wilsen, Harry Hayden, Charles Lane, Adrian Morris, John Hamilton, Winifred Harris. Screen play by Nunnally Johnson based on a story by John Larkin and Jerry Horwin. Directed by Gregory Ratoff. Produced by Twentieth Century-Fox. Running time, 86 minutes.

THIS panorama of the Broadway theater in the bathtub-gin era may arouse nostalgia in those to whom memories are dear of tough doormen giving you calculating consideration through sliding panels of speakeasy doors. More specifically it is the romance of a hard-working little singer who climbs from amateur nights on Fourteenth Street to stardom with Flo Ziegfeld. En route she falls in love with a likable young gambler with loose ethics. She knows him for what he is, but, alas, she loves him so! Interwoven is a kindly study of Al Jolson, also on his way up to electric-light glories from a Sunday-night tryout at the Winter Garden.

BROADCAST CORRECTION

Due to a last-minute change, Fulton Oursler, Editor-in-Chief of Liberty, will be on the air at 9.30 P. M., Eastern Daylight Saving Time, each Tuesday over most stations of the NBC Blue Network, coast to coast.

Alice Faye plays and sings the little star who comes to chant My Man with a breaking heart. Tyrone Power is the lad who isn't worthy of his speakeasy Cinderella. And Al Jolson is Al Jolson, doing everything—in blackface and frequently on one knee—from April Showers and California, Here I Come to the immortal Mammy.

VITAL STATISTICS: This gave Hollywood extras a real break; 2,500 of 'em worked in the various sequences. . . . This is Tyrone's thirteenth picture and he sings (well, just a little) for the first time. That's snapping your fingers at fate. Ty did a bit in Girls' Dormitory in 1936. Landed and moved into bigger roles. Then the barrage of fan mail started. Now Power is a bridegroom, rich, with a two-mile-square island of his own off the Mexican coast. It can be reached in six hours by plane from Hollywood and is a real hideaway. . . . Seymour Felix staged the musical numbers. Felix was once dance director for the late Flo Ziegfeld, the blue-shirted daddy of the Follies.

★ ★ ★ IT'S A WONDERFUL WORLD

THE PLAYERS: Claudette Colbert, James Stewart, Guy Kibbee, Nat Pendleton, Frances Drake, Edgar Kennedy, Ernest Truex, Richard Carle, Cecilia Callejo, Sidney Blackmer, Andy Clyde, Cliff Clark, Cecil Cunningham, Leonard Kilbrick, Hans Conreid, Grady Sutton. Screen play by Ben Hecht based on a story by Mr. Hecht and Herman J. Mankiewicz. Directed by W. S. Van Dyke. Produced by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Running time, 86 minutes.

SCREWBALL comedy is on the wane out Hollywood way, but here Metro takes one more shot at the It-Happened-One-Night formula. The result is ingeniously amusing—but maybe you're tired of nutty farce.

James Stewart plays a personable young private detective, lately an all-America gridiron star, who has been hired to keep an irresponsible millionaire Broadway playboy out of trouble. In no time at all the playboy is being tried for murder and Jimmie is seeking the evidence to save his client. Then, when things are at their worst, he gets involved with a scatterbrained poetess possessing a consuming ambition to help. Claudette Colbert is the twentieth-century Sappho on the loose.

W. S. Van Dyke is a shrewd director, the players give fresh, breezy performances. The result, while no Thin Man, is diverting and frequently hilarious.

VITAL STATISTICS: Jimmie Stewart is given to jokes. There was the scene where Claudette Colbert flipped the branch of a tree back against Jimmie's face. Director Van Dyke said he wanted a flip with more zing. Came the flip. Jimmie staggered, uttered a cry, clapped his hand to his mouth, small white objects fell out. Director Van Dyke almost collapsed. Claudette went pale. The prop man phoned the studio hospital. Then Stewart confessed. The "teeth" were white beans. The very first scene shot was the one where Jimmie clips Claudette on the chin. And was Jimmie jittery? Stewart is still trying to gain weight, although he put on fourteen pounds recently. His goal is 175. Right now he's 167, after hitting a low of 132 last year. Jimmie, by the way, can fly a plane. He has a license to handle ships up to 450-horsepower, carrying a 4,000-pound load. . . . Twenty years ago Director W. S. Van Dyke and Edgar Kennedy shared the same Hollywood apartment. It was tough going in those days.

FOUR-, THREE-AND-A-HALF-, AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—Union Pacific, Juarez, Stagecoach, Idiot's Delight, That Certain Age.

★★★½—Wuthering Heights, The Story of Vernon and Irene Castle, Three Smart Girls Grow Up, Midnight, Dark Victory, The Little Princess, The Oklahoma Kid, Ice Follies of 1939, Jesse James, Gunga Din, Sweethearts, Spawn of the North, Four Daughters.

★★★—Confessions of a Nazi Spy, For Love or Money, Back Door to Heaven, East Side of Heaven, The Hardys Ride High, The Story of Alexander Graham Bell, The Hound of the Baskervilles, The Flying Irishman, Let Freedom Ring, Yes My Darling Daughter, Love Affair, The Three Musketeers, The Mikado, Café Society, Made for Each Other, Huckleberry Finn, Wings of the Navy, Persons in Hiding, They Made Me a Criminal, Honolulu, You Can't Cheat an Honest Man, The Beachcomber, Pacific Liner, Zaza, Tail Spin, Kentucky, Stand Up and Fight, Pygmalion, The Great Man Votes, Christmas Carol.

HE WAS HER MAN

Liberty's Short Short

BY RUTHERFORD DAVIES

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 27 SECONDS

SHE looked casually at the man who seated himself opposite her in the subway car. She had to look a second time to convince herself that this derelict had once been everything in the world to her.

"Hello, Jim," she whispered.

"Well, f'r th' love of Pete, Gypsy Belle!"

He eyed her appraisingly. "Not so hot, eh, kid?"

"I've been through hell, Jim."

"Me, too. Not a lick o' work in two years. How are yuh gettin' by?"

"I'm on relief. It was that or—curtains."

"I know, I know. Lot of fine people takin' it on th' chin that way. But me, I just couldn't do it."

"Isn't there a part for you in any of the new shows?"

He laughed bitterly. "When they get a load of th' rags I'm wearin' they brush me off like I was poison."

"I know," she soothed gently. "There isn't any show business now." An awkward pause. Then: "What became of that girl who came between us?"

"You would ask that. When I hit the skids, she gave me th' air. Y' know, Belle, that night you got hep I was playin' around, I thought you was goin' to murder her."

"I would have," answered Gypsy, "if I hadn't gone through that open trap when you got to cutting up your tipsy capers and tripped me up. That saved her. But I smashed my face on the cellar floor, and I never set my foot on a stage since. Look, Jim. You did this to me."

One side of her face was drawn up and her nose was badly broken.

"Oh, Belle, Belle," he groaned. "If you only knew how I've been haunted by that accident."

He looked at her pleadingly. In his mind's eye he could see her again as the exotic dancer in the Saucy Soubrettes.

"If it'll help any, Belle, it about ruined me. I started to hit th' booze, just t' get it out of my mind. And they let me out of th' show."

She nodded slowly. "It's all in the breaks."

"Yeah. If you'd got th' right break, you'd've been a writer today. But no, yuh had to join a show troupe, t' get local color, and then yuh had to fall for a heel like me. Ever try t' write now?"

"Oh, once in a while, but I don't seem to click. I tried sending in answers to those puzzle contests."

She pointed, and he read the advertisement:

A THOUSAND DOLLARS FOR A SLOGAN!

"Gee, Belle, a thousand bucks!"

She leaned forward eagerly. "If I should be lucky sometime, Jim, couldn't we begin all over again?"

"Belle, I ain't got a dime," he protested. "I may be down and out, but I couldn't live off a woman. You know that."

"Jim, I want you," she whispered in a strained voice. "You're my man . . . you always will be."

He shook his head slowly. His eyes were moist.

"Well, it's all right, Jim. . . . Where are you living?"

"Monahan's joint on Forty-fifth Street. Do odd jobs and clean out the gaboons. Monahan's a good egg. Gives me grub and let's me sleep in the back room. Y' see, I'm in the old neighborhood, an' you never know when a part will come up that's right up your alley."

"If I could only help you, Jim, I would."

He patted her gently on the knee. "You're aces, Belle. Split your last dime with a pal." Then, cheerily: "Well, if yuh ever hit the real mazuma again, yuh know where t' find me." He rose to get off. "Good-by . . . and God bless you, kid." He leaned over and kissed her.

He was gone. She closed her eyes and whispered softly:

"Dear God, he isn't much, but give him back to me. He's my man, and I love him . . . I love him."

AT the Relief Bureau she found, beside her check, a letter which began:

> Dear Miss Benson:
>
> You are the winner in our Slogan Contest. Check for one thousand dollars enclosed. . . .

"Look!" she gasped faintly. She held it out to the supervisor.

"Oh, isn't that splendid! I'll identify you at the bank across the street."

The cashier counted out the crisp green bills. Belle tremblingly stuffed them into her ratty little handbag.

"And now," smiled Miss Gardner, "you can pay back all we've advanced. About three hundred dollars."

Belle Benson drew away in sudden terror. "Oh, no, no!" she cried. "I just can't!"

"But, Belle dear," said the startled supervisor, "we've sheltered you, fed you, clothed you. It's only fair and honest you should repay us."

Belle came a step closer to Miss Gardner.

"You see my face, my broken nose. I was good-looking once. And then one day a man did this to me. It was an accident. Today I met him. He's down and out—"

"A tramp probably, who'll squander it. I wish you joy."

"Oh, I'll get joy out of it!" cried Belle. "I'm going to give it to a plastic surgeon. He'll make me look like I used to. And then I'm going to my Jim. We won't have a dime between us, but we'll have each other."

Clutching her battered handbag and holding her head high for the first time in seven years, the little derelict walked out of the bank. In her eyes was the light of a transcendent joy.

THE END

▲

On the Air!

Fulton Oursler, Editor in Chief of Liberty, speaks every Tuesday at 9.55 P. M., Eastern Daylight Saving Time, over most stations of the NBC Blue Network, coast to coast.

Mr. Oursler's subjects are selected with a view to their timeliness and importance in a rapidly changing world.

A Short Short broadcast for liberals with common sense! Be sure to

TUNE IN!

▲

Besides the regular price Liberty pays for each Short Short, an additional $1,000 bonus will be paid for the best Short Short published in 1939; $500 for the second best; and extra bonuses of $100 each for the five next best.

LIBERTY

PRESENTS A NEW

$1,000

Cash Prize

Memory Book Contest

YOUR CHANCE TO WIN IS EXCELLENT!

Start a Winning Entry Now!

HERE'S a chance to make that memory, birthday, or autograph book pay handsome dividends. For years it may have been a source of pleasant recollections and entertainment. Now comes your opportunity to make it earn a handsome prize. Liberty will pay $1,000 in cash prizes for the best sets of five quotations from these books. Read the Rules carefully and then unearth your book, or books, and make a selection for entry on the first week's coupon below. Perhaps in your attic or storeroom there is an ancient book belonging to an earlier member of your family. From it you may quote something that will help you in winning. Or perhaps you recall a particularly apt, amusing, or sincere entry in the book of a friend. That, too, is quotable under the rules of this contest.

Do not send in any coupons until the end of the competition, when you will have a completed set of five quotations to submit as a unit. The second entry coupon will appear in Liberty next week.

THESE ARE THE CASH PRIZES

FIRST PRIZE	$500
SECOND PRIZE	100
THIRD PRIZE	50
SEVENTY PRIZES, Each $5	350

THE RULES

1. Each week for five weeks, ending in the issue dated July 15, Liberty will publish an official entry coupon in this contest.

2. To compete, simply write on each coupon a sentence, sentiment, axiom, couplet, or similar quotation from an autograph, memory, or birthday book, either your own or that of a friend.

3. Clip each coupon and save it until the end of the contest, when your set of five will be complete. Then send them all in at the same time as a unit.

4. Entries will be judged on the basis of humor, sagacity, and appeal.

5. The entry containing the best set of quotations judged on the above basis will be considered the best and will be awarded the $500 First Prize. In the order of their excellence on this basis, other entries will be awarded prizes as follows: Second Prize, $100; Third Prize, $50; and Seventy Prizes of $5 each—a total of $1,000. In the event of ties, duplicate awards will be paid.

6. Address all entries to Memory Book Contest, Liberty Magazine, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

7. All entries must be received on or before Wednesday, July 26, the closing date of this contest.

8. No entries will be returned, nor can we enter into correspondence concerning any entry. Anyone, anywhere, may compete except employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their families.

CLIP HERE

OFFICIAL COUPON NO. 1

MEMORY BOOK CONTEST

There is no specific limit on the wordage of the quotation you submit, but it naturally should not exceed the limit of the usual entries in memory or autograph books of average size. From three or four words to a like number of lines or sentences will be acceptable.

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....

USE WHATEVER SPACE YOU REQUIRE.
SAVE THIS COUPON UNTIL THE END OF THE CONTEST

WATCH FOR CONTEST COUPON NO. 2 NEXT WEEK!

The Story of George VI and Edward VIII

KINGS AND BROTHERS

A magnificent biography enters the shadow of a history-making romance

BY EMIL LUDWIG

Author of Napoleon; Lincoln; Roosevelt, a Study in Fortune and Power, etc.

READING TIME ● 24 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

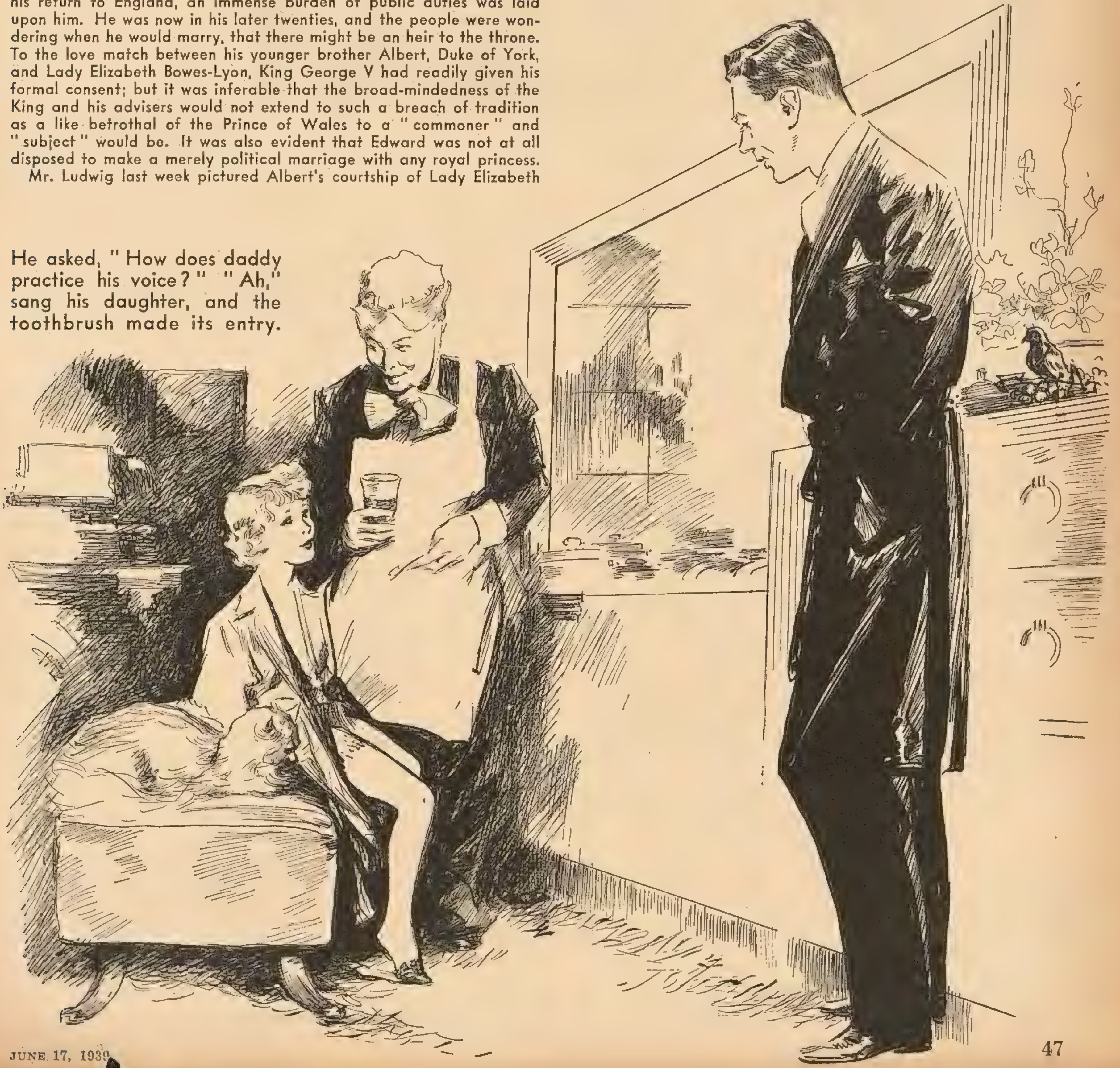
In the fall of 1921 the British government sent Edward, Prince of Wales, on a memorable "good will" tour of a turbulent India. After his return to England, an immense burden of public duties was laid upon him. He was now in his later twenties, and the people were wondering when he would marry, that there might be an heir to the throne. To the love match between his younger brother Albert, Duke of York, and Lady Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon, King George V had readily given his formal consent; but it was inferable that the broad-mindedness of the King and his advisers would not extend to such a breach of tradition as a like betrothal of the Prince of Wales to a "commoner" and "subject" would be. It was also evident that Edward was not at all disposed to make a merely political marriage with any royal princess.

Mr. Ludwig last week pictured Albert's courtship of Lady Elizabeth at her storied ancestral home, Glamis Castle. He pictured their wedding in Westminster Abbey—and surmised the thoughts of the elder brother as he stood at the altar beside the truly romantically happy bride and bridegroom, and pondered the difference between Albert's lot in life and his own.

PART FIVE—A HAPPY FATHER AND A LONELY PRINCE

THOUGH the outward situations of the royal brothers in the dozen years, 1923-35, which elapsed between Prince Albert's marriage and King George's death were not always dissimilar, they spent those years in widely different states of mind.

Both were now fully occupied as ambassadors of Empire. While Albert, the younger, was in East Africa with his wife, he received telegrams from West Africa sent



He asked, "How does daddy practice his voice?" "Ah," sang his daughter, and the toothbrush made its entry.

Young England's royal elder brother in 1928: Albert, Duke of York, rid of his stammering and diffidence, visits a boys' camp in Kent.

by his brother who, in 1925, undertook a great state tour to the south. When the couple, two years later, sailed to Australia, their ship was the same Renown on which Edward had twice been overseas. On that journey Prince Albert opened, in the new city of Canberra, the first Parliament to sit there, and thought of his father who, twenty-six years before, had opened the first Australian Parliament. In that most modern city, the more or less socialistically minded members, on great occasions, donned the great wigs worn by the judges in England; a strange proof of the power of English tradition, whose forms persist over vast stretches of time and space.

This journey came easier to Albert because, in his thirty-second year, he had learned to speak fluently. In the autumn of 1926 an Australian doctor was at last discovered in London who recognized that the Prince's stammer was a physical, and hence curable, ailment. Thus physicians had blundered twice in the case of the present King, diagnosing first appendicitis, then a so-called mental stutter, neither of which he had. Mr. Taylor Darbyshire, who wrote the authentic life of Prince Albert, writes that Dr. Logue said later: "The Prince entered my consulting room at three in the afternoon, a slim, quiet man with tired eyes, and all the outward symptoms of the man upon whom habitual speech defect had begun to set the sign. When he left, at five, you could see that there was hope once more in his heart."

Once the Prince had gained the firm conviction that his impediment was curable, he tackled with persevering energy the strenuous course of speech training which took him to the doctor's house daily. Slowly he began to surmount the difficulties of certain sounds which had before reduced him to despair. A few months later he made his first speech at a big public function, at which Balfour and other very well known orators were to speak. A great hindrance was almost overcome. But he fully overcame it only after months of hard training. In Australia, the following year, he was able to speak fluently without notes for half an hour at a time.

"The outstanding feature of the years he has spent with me," Dr. Logue relates, "is the enormous capacity for work His Majesty possesses. When he first began to improve, he visualized what perfect speech was and nothing short of that ideal is going to satisfy him. For two years he never missed an appointment with me—a record of which he can with justice be proud. He realized that the will to be cured was not enough, but that it called for grit, hard work, and self-sacrifice, all of which he gave ungrudgingly. Now he is 'come to his kingdom' of content and confidence in diction."

None of us can fail to recall, when reading this astonishing story, the case of another head of State who surmounted just as great a hindrance with just as great energy. As everybody agrees that Roosevelt, in grappling with his ailment, first found the triumphant self-confidence which bore him to the highest goal, so those who knew Prince Albert before and after his cure tell us that the campaign dispelled his shyness and increased his self-assurance. An embarrassed Prince with a rare smile gradually turned into a self-confident man. The result was the more astounding in that he had suffered for thirty years, and had long since resigned all hope of a cure.

From that time on, Prince Albert's life took an upward turn. The people called him the Industrial Prince, for his work for social welfare increased with his knowledge of the various industries. That is probably the reason why the Archbishop of Canterbury called him "the ambassador of good will." In the course of his work, it once came to the Prince's ears that the lads from a factory playing football before him had long been saving up their money in order to visit London. The Prince hit on an idea. From that time on he invited four hundred lads, half of them from the working class, every year for a week as his guests, gave them tents and food, and made only one condition: No publicity. Thus in the course of years seven thousand boys have been his guests. He always came himself, but stayed only for one day, for if he stayed longer, he declared, they would begin to ask: "What the devil shall we do with him next?"

In a speech at Croydon, he once gave expression to the inner aim of this activity:

"Nobody can lead unless he has the gift of vision and the desire in his soul to leave things in the world a little better than he found them. He will strive for something which may appear unattainable, but which he believes in his heart can one day be reached, if not by him, by his successors, if he can help to pave the way."

For our part, we can read into these simple words the then unconscious program of a king. His former sadness was completely dispelled by his fluency in speech. A genuine English sense of humor began to show its head. On one of his big tours he more than once went to the last carriage on the train, got out, mingled with the people waiting at the station, who believed him to be in his saloon, and cheered himself with them. Once, when his small daughter was rebellious in the matter of cleaning her teeth, and had clenched her small teeth he came and asked: "How does daddy practice his voice?"

"Ah," sang the child, and the toothbrush made its entry into the opened mouth.

The birth of two daughters in 1926 and 1930 not only brought the finishing touch to his private happiness: it meant two great events for the English people, who saw the Prince of Wales still unmarried, and who followed with deep interest the family life of royalty. Of course they would have liked a male heir, but then they recalled that there had been no greater epochs than those of the three Queens, Elizabeth, Anne, and Victoria, and extended their curiosity to the life of the two Princesses, the elder of whom presumably will one day be Queen Elizabeth.

At the Royal Lodge, which stands secluded in Windsor Great Park, just behind the statue of George III, a century-old half-Gothic cottage to which Albert and his wife retire with pleasure even today, the girls learned to ride, like their mother and grandmother before them.

Both parents enjoyed this unphotographed life for long periods; would have enjoyed it forever. Prince Albert was admitted to be an excellent polo player, and even played in Malta, to the astonishment of everybody, for Malta specializes in this finest of all games. He was a good left-handed tennis player, a passionate yachtsman like his father, and so inveterately fond of shooting that he hunted gazelles in the torrid heat of an island in the Red Sea. Free both of his stutter and of the burden of royal tours, he lived now, in the flower of his age, a happy life which seemed to lack nothing.

HIS brother Edward lacked the best. When he visited Albert and his wife, he would see the two little girls come running to meet him out of a tiny house which might have been Hansel and Gretel's, a low Welsh cottage with a thatched roof, reduced to a third of the normal size, the doors just high enough to let children in, and furnished inside with rugs, a kitchen, beds, and a bath—a gift of the people of Wales. It was meant for the children of the Prince of Wales, for Wales regarded him as its sovereign, and he has estates and privileges there. But as he had no children, they gave it to the others, and Edward's feelings may well have been mingled with pain as he watched the children playing.

Before him, he thought, there lay perhaps a long time of waiting. Might he not turn gray, then white, like his grandfather, before power came into his hands? And what kind of power would it be? A Prince of Wales in the middle thirties had no illusions on that point. His grandfather had created a double private life, since a man of parts and energy cannot reach the age of sixty with no other occupation than openings and unveilings. He had founded a family with his beautiful wife, brought up his sons and daughters with the future of the dynasty in mind, even if fate should pass him over. And yet he had besides, at home and abroad, his women friends.

When the Prince thought of his

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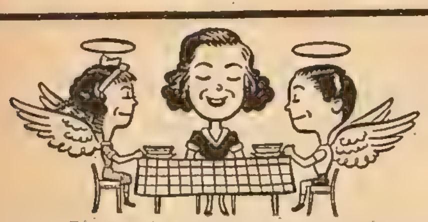
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forebear whose name he would one day bear as King—in the family circle he was still called David—he realized how impossible it was for him to imitate his grandfather in this respect. His far less robust constitution, his shyness and continual longing cut him off from any such double life. Like all young men, he probably had his adventures. But none satisfied him; they were soon over. The standing dread of the rich or powerful man—to be loved for his money or influence but not for himself—made him suspicious. He had seen a great deal of the world, exchanged small talk and danced with many lovely women of all classes. And yet, as he told his friends later, he had met none whose personal charm was combined with the seriousness to which he himself was often subject.

THERE in Windsor Park he saw his brother and his wife walking together, while the children called and laughed from their doll's house, in perfect harmony such as he had seen in his parents' marriage and heard of in his great-grandparents', Victoria and Albert. Why should he compromise and marry a princess? Never, unless he loved her! This young heir to power and wealth, condemned never to know true freedom, had reserved this one liberty of choice; he had sworn it to himself. And while he saw his other brothers marry, found homes, and live balanced lives, he himself, when he arrived home, was received by cool vacant faces, by souls which were subaltern even if they bore imposing titles, and he would go out late to a night club to seek a little distraction.

These long years of loveless life slowly made the Prince more and more gloomy. The millions who idolized him as no Prince of Wales had ever been idolized before, fed their romantic feelings on his loneliness and loved him the more, the more the corners of his mouth sank. He, for his part, found his melancholy grow as he reflected that he, healthy, rich, exalted, and good-looking as he was, could not find four weeks in his life for himself, could turn to no friend of his own choice. Political activity in his position was impossible, nor could he even defend hmself against calumny.

A fresh tour had brought him the love of countless more human beings. In 1925, when he sailed for West and South Africa and then for South America, he already called his ship, the Repulse, his second home, although he had no first one. Once more 35,000 miles; once more hundreds of speeches and innumerable hands to shake; once more romantic and gay moments in which he could stop thinking.

In Nigeria, 20,000 black men rode for miles in front of his car—a picture from some old saga; the leaders heralded the approach of the white King's son with blasts on horns twelve feet long. The students came to meet him at the Cape on old Dutch carts, in comic costumes, with lions' skins round their shoulders. Thousands of Kaffirs received his procession in gaudy files and with wild dances. Wagons drawn by eighteen oxen came rolling through the Transvaal veld, and he stopped to speak to the people. A hundred-year-old chief rode for weeks on an ass to come and greet his lord. At Johannesburg, where they believe the world is made of checks, a lady hit on the monstrous idea of presenting the rich Prince with a check for $10,000 to buy a fine horse. And there, when the electric light failed, some one slipped up to him and whispered: "Many happy returns." It was his thirty-first birthday, and this most popular young man in the world, in the midst of a ball, surrounded by beautiful and elegant women, was alone.

The object here in South Africa was to soothe by graciousness the deep rancor the Boers felt for the collapse of their freedom. Though twenty years had passed since the war, thousands of Boers who had fought against this Royal House were still alive. Nevertheless, this thoroughly pacifist young Prince found little difficulty in winning hesitating hearts.

Here he was in his element again. When the Boer outriders at a reception put him in a carriage, he got out, demanded a horse, and rode off with them in a cloud of dust. An old Boer leader so lost his heart to the quondam enemy that he begged him to stay there and become their president. He won others by speaking their language. An old Basuto chief stepped up to him and gazed into his eyes as if to read his soul. Once, when a local mayor had made an interminable speech on a hot day, the Prince took his own reply and handed it to him with the words: "You can read it quietly at home." And when another muddled up the pages of his speech and came to a standstill at the words: "We do not, however, welcome you merely as the son of His Majesty," the Prince prompted him in a whisper: "but also for your own sake."

WHAT these weeks of smiles, inquiries, questions, and speeches among unfriendly peoples meant in export figures cannot be calculated, but every one who knows confirms the importance of his influence. And then in Buenos Aires, where he made a speech in Spanish, he gained an abundance of good will for the Empire.

In all this the Prince gave proof of a decided gift for practical affairs. Indeed, whenever his head is concerned and not his heart, his is a thoroughly active temperament, and he used to laugh at the Russian plays in which people talked about life for three hours on end.

He would speak to the business men of the city in their own idiom. "Commerce is no longer a haphazard affair, but calls for a cultured intellect and great power of mental concentration. A trade opportunity missed is gone forever."

When the brothers met after their tours, they may well have exchanged ironic comments on their experiences which proved how easy it is for a prince to make himself popular. Once Prince Albert visited a factory; the next day he could read in the morning paper how dreadful the noise and the smell were. If he put off some celebration because it was a moment of crisis and there were too many unemployed, if he drove a train in Glasgow or brought an engine out of its shed into Ashford station, everybody praised him. In Melbourne the leader of the Opposition reminded him that one day in Newcastle he had, in the pouring rain, ordered his car to be opened so that the waiting crowd should not be disappointed. In his time, Prince Edward had won the hearts of all the children in Canada by advising a teacher who was going to give his children a half holiday: "Don't give them a half holiday. They want a whole one." And half Australia was conquered when, after a railway accident, he first collected his papers, and then climbed out of the window.

WHEREVER he went, the Prince of Wales' youthful and diffident appearance stood him in good stead. One only has to look at the films of his tours to see him stuffing his notes into his pocket after opening a bridge, or standing there twisting his tie and for once dressed wrong, in a yellow coat and a bowler. When he launched the Empress of Britain, he said: "Well, at last we've got a woman to launch instead of a man!"

In a public speech he can be seen pulling at his coat or playing with his hat. A woman watching his arrival in Buenos Aires can be heard to say: "What a handsome boy!" Or the questioning look in his face comes out quite clearly as he hands the wife of an unemployed man a bag of potatoes, fully realizing that this cannot go on much longer. Or he sits there with a grim frown when he is obliged to watch unemployed men dancing Highland dances to him in Glasgow. And yet another key to yet another city gate, yet another pair of scissors to cut the cord at the opening of a new street, and once more bearskins, top hats, chains of office; and yet again cricketers, sailors, soldiers in rank and file, all saluting, all staring. And through it all photographers thrusting their cameras almost into his face, and the feeling that he is acting a part which has no reality.

Both brothers saw these things for years on end, and we may be sure that, tête-à-tête, they had their own comments to make on it all. In such things they understood each other at once, as they did in anything that took a humorous turn or had to do with sport. Once they played against each other, in front of a thousand spectators, a game of tennis which the younger won.

For that matter, the sporting side of the Prince's life was rather overdone. He got into the habit of taking

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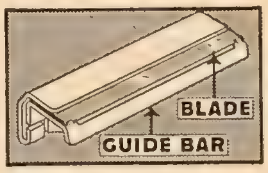

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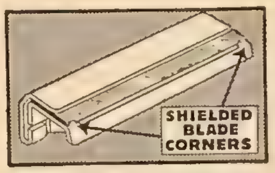

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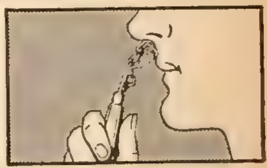

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no lunch—that is, living on two meals a day—and he does so even now.

A fraternal friendship came out strongly in the years 1930-35, when they were both living in England. Moreover, both held the same social views, and as both hated public ceremonies, they seemed, from the outside, to resemble each other.

AND yet the difference between them was clearly discerned by the court and society; nor can it be concealed from the eyes of any student of physiognomy who looks at their photographs.

Their differing relationship to their father is mirrored there too, and although as a rule we only read the intimacies of court life in memoirs a generation later, in this case we already know that King George found his own disposition far more clearly marked in his second son that in his eldest. Straightforwardness, sincerity, and the love of tradition could not but draw these two together, while Edward's more difficult and interesting personality, and his resolve to move with the times and not always to abide by tradition, separated him from both. The difference was further emphasized by the fact that as heir apparent, far greater reserve was imposed upon him, while he for his part claimed a greater measure of independence. The fact that he carried his point with his father in writing is not of great importance. In the last ten years of his father's life he was given the State dispatches to read but not the reports of Cabinet meetings.

If he had ever seriously thought of retiring, there would have been opportunity enough in the last years of the King's life. The rumor circulated later has no foundation. Edward recently assured a friend that never, in the whole course of his twenty-five years as Prince of Wales, did the thought of shirking his duties or renouncing his privileges come into his head. He was looking forward to becoming King because he had formed definite social schemes.

He had no easy time of it either with his father or the government. When he had a fall in a steeplechase, the House of Commons protested against the heir apparent's indulgence in dangerous sport. When it came out that he had once been in the air alone, there was a great to-do. After his father's illness in 1928, he gave up steeplechasing, sold most of his horses, and took to golf.

He was big-game hunting in East Africa when he received the news of the King's serious condition, and although he was suffering from malaria at the time, he undertook the three weeks' journey home. He still suffers from malaria and takes quinine for it when he has a relapse.

On this race home the Prince received a piece of news at Aden which was destined to have great importance later. The Archbishop of Canterbury having died, the Archbishop of York, Dr. Cosmo Gordon Lang, had been appointed to the vacant see. His elevation to one of the highest places in the kingdom was the more decisive in that, unlike the Prime Minister, he could not lose that place.

For the moment, however, nothing mattered but the improvement in the King's condition, which set in before his son reached home. When he came to his father's bed, the King's first question was: "Did you get any lions?"

That question and his answer, "Only one," exemplify a difference between them. The King, in the English aristocratic tradition, was fond of game shooting; Prince Edward, like so many men who had been at the front, had given up hunting animals after the great man hunt. In Africa he had confined himself to making films of big game and had merely made his bow to tradition by shooting one lion. As he was known to be a good hunter, he could afford this humane attitude toward animals.

Traits of this kind not only struck the King but, later, society too. What was this? A future king who no longer shot the deer and pheasants in Windsor Park, as his forebears had done for five hundred years? A king who preferred golf and dancing to the classical sport of salmon fishing? A king who was bored in Balmoral, and retired to an obscure and abandoned fort? A king who at forty still had neither wife nor children? And, to crown it all, a king who visited the homes of the workers!

THAT was the worst. That the Prince of Wales who had for four years been surrounded by Tommies—that is by men of the people; that an observant, thoughtful mind should turn more and more away from a smiling money-spending society, and realize that the obsolete notion of royalty must undergo a thorough rejuvenation from below, made London society, which ruled the Empire, look upon him as a dawning danger.

And indeed that is what Edward began to be in the eyes of society. He had even dared to subscribe to the Miners' Fund in the Great Strike. When he visited the slums in 1923, and, standing back in a dark corner of a soup kitchen, watched the famished men at their meals, he whispered to his gentleman in waiting: "That man's got no shirt on under his coat." And as he left the place he said: "What can I do?" The mood from which such questions came was not new; his father had as good a heart as he. But the Prince who had stood in the trenches had had practical experience which none other of his race had ever had; his eyes and ears were sharpened. His horror did not evaporate, like that of other scions of royal houses, when the footman opened the door of his motorcar and the lift carried him up to his immaculate apartments in his palace.

He seemed resolved to think for the workers, and if that was not possible for the moment, he reserved it for the future. That meant danger. Society nerved itself for a struggle and began to see in the popular Prince a revolutionary, a so-called "Bolshevist"; they even began to call him so in their confidential talk, even though he was as far from the one extreme as the other. He simply had the same experience as Mirabeau, or as President Roosevelt in our own day, both born among the rich and powerful, and both feeling, precisely on that account, the obligation to reduce the amount of misery in the world. And just as Mirabeau and Roosevelt advised measures to prevent revolution, the Prince of Wales had every reason to protect his House and heritage by making the greatest concessions to the lower orders.

All the time it remained doubtful whether he would be able to carry them through, even as King. An heir apparent is always inclined to overrate the power of which his father is depriving him. For the moment he could not fail to be happy when A. T. Cook, an old agitator and the leader of the strike, said to him in 1926: "You, sir, have done a marvelous thing. Never was I so impressed as by your speech on Christmas night [a broadcast appeal for the strikers which brought in many thousands of pounds].

"I was with two Communist friends, and when your name was announced to speak on behalf of the Miners' Fund they undoubtedly scoffed. But they listened to what you had to say, and when you finished, with tears in their eyes, they put their hands in their pockets and gave what money they had."

WHEN he decided in March, 1929, to visit the depressed areas in the North, accompanied by two experts selected not by the Court but by himself, he made it a condition that there should be no receptions, no dinners with the coal magnates, no speeches of welcome by mayors, no organized plans, no police. Since the English journalists were not supposed to follow and listen to him, we owe the following glimpses to the excellent account written by J. Patrick Thompson in the New York Herald Tribune.

"The first old miner, when they knocked at the door, shook his head. His wife had died that morning. Curtis Bennet went back, despondent, to tell the Prince what had happened and to explain that he scarcely knew what to suggest next.

"'I'd like to go in,' said the Prince, quietly. He went in. The miner's daughter was inside, a nice girl, employed as a servant in a good family. The Prince caught her arm and gave it a comforting little shake.

"'I understand.'

"That broke the ice. It also emboldened the girl to ask, with the simplicity of a child of the people: 'Would you like to come up to see my mother, sir?'

"The Prince nodded. They went upstairs.

". . . It chanced that in the early afternoon, in another village, they came to a row of terrible little houses.

"THE HURTLING MONSTER ROARED STRAIGHT AT ME!"

F. L. BROWNELL
Licensed Guide
Adirondack Forest Preserve

① **"One dark night,"** writes Mr. Brownell, "I had to cross Fourth Lake in a canoe. The utter silence gave one the feeling of being a million miles from civilization.

② **"About halfway across,** the night was shattered by the roar of a powerful motor. Two specks of light, which rapidly grew larger, came towards me—a seaplane which had been anchored on the lake!

③ **"The hurtling monster** was roaring straight for me! The pilot couldn't hear my shouts. I made a frantic grab for the flashlight beside me. Just in time, the pilot saw its bright flash.

④ **"The plane shot aside** as it took the air, missing my canoe by what seemed like inches! I think I can truthfully say that those 'Eveready' *fresh* DATED batteries saved my life. I'll tell the world I'll never be without them in *my* flashlight. It just doesn't pay to take chances. *(Signed)*

F. L. Brownell"

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I'LL TELL THE WORLD

. . . is a real-life, comedy-drama of the screen—with Jed Prouty, Mauch Twins, Frank Albertson, Marilyn Knowlden, Betty Ross Clarke, Ethelreda Leopold, Patricia Murray—the Liberty Girl. Directed by Lynn Shores.

"I'll Tell the World" will be shown day and night at the air-conditioned Macfadden Theatre—Communications Building, New York World's Fair. Admission Free. . . . *It's a place to meet your friends.*

They picked out one by chance and knocked. Could he come in, the Prince asked the miner who opened the door. The man recognized him but stood dubiously in the doorway. Then he said: 'Ay, ye can, sir. But my wife's sick, if ye understand.'

"The Prince didn't understand till he got inside. And then he did. In that dreadful little bare room the miner's wife lay in the pangs of childbirth. For a moment the Prince stood looking at that twitching figure under the rough bedding.

"'If ye wouldn't mind holding her hand just for a minute, she'd never forget it.'

"The Prince stepped up, put down his hand and the mother's sought it and clutched it."

This scene, followed for four days by others of the kind, is historical. For the first time a future king appeared not as a benevolent prospective father of the country, surrounded by his courtiers, to cast a glance into the houses of the poor, but as a modern Harun-al-Rashid who had left the photographers behind him on this visit and had, above all, declined to receive the opponents of these workers, the magnates, in order to see the side which knows neither kings nor magnates nor society. It was the first time in modern history that a prince, moved to the bottom of his soul by life in the trenches, made up his mind to go to those places where his people were suffering, to see, to hear, to smell them.

When he came back, he said to a friend: "Some of the things I have seen in those gloomy poverty-stricken areas make me ashamed to be an Englishman."

. . . . .

When he was forty, the Prince of Wales' general state of mind changed. Even those not in the know—and very few were—guessed that there was a woman in it.

The woman, of course, was she who is now the Duchess of Windsor. Next week Mr. Ludwig will fathom the deep attraction between her and this wistful, lonely Prince—and will show how it was misrepresented by gossip that troubled King George V's last years. He will picture Albert and Edward together as comrades in sorrow after their royal father's death.

"Handmade? Of Course Not!"

"Why, most everything in this store is made by machines nowadays. If it weren't, I wouldn't be selling half these things, and you couldn't buy them. They'd cost too much."

IF MANUFACTURED articles had to be made by hand, few American families could enjoy electric lights, automobiles, silk hose, telephones, or the other conveniences of life today. Even the necessities, such as food and clothing, would be scarcer and more expensive. And there wouldn't be the number of factory jobs there are in America today, or millions of other jobs selling, servicing, and supplying raw materials for the hundreds of new products that machines have made possible.

Fifty years ago, there were only 4,000,000 factory jobs in this country —today there are twice as many. Because industry devised machines to make products at low cost, more millions of people could buy them. And because more were bought, more men were employed making them.

General Electric scientists and engineers, by applying electricity to the machines of industry, have been responsible for much of this progress. Their efforts today are creating not only MORE GOODS FOR MORE PEOPLE AT LESS COST, but also MORE AND BETTER JOBS AT HIGHER WAGES.

G-E research and engineering have saved the public from ten to one hundred dollars for every dollar they have earned for General Electric

GENERAL ELECTRIC

90-128D1

Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 29

1—Princess Elizabeth of England.

2—It all depends. Telegenic means you are a good television subject.

3—From the wall that defended New Amsterdam at that point.

4—By choosing goldenrod as the state flower.

5—Vanity Fair, by Thackeray.

6—Florence Nightingale.

7—The Platte.

8—No; he was a British general, Charles George Gordon.

9—At the festival in May at St. Tropez, France, to commemorate a naval victory.

10—1816, when Vermont had snow every month of the year.

11—Dowager Queen Mary, who collects antiques.

12—Senator Carter Glass of Virginia.

13—By the pattern of his jersey.

14—Platinum fox. Only eleven were produced last year.

15—Highest: Mount McKinley, Alaska, 20,300 feet. Lowest: Death Valley, California, 276 feet below sea level.

16—Unwritten law that derives its force from usage.

17—Lee de Forest, inventor of the vacuum tube.

18—Quinine.

19—Creek.

20—

Eugene Field

☆ THE BOOK OF THE WEEK ☆

by Oliver Swift

★★★★ **THE WOMAN IN THE HALL** by G. B. Stern. The Macmillan Company.

Brilliantly, humorously, and with a certain amount of palatable exaggeration, Miss Stern has written a sparkling story about a lady scoundrel.

A look at NBC's Lohr—The blithe private life of a human dynamo

The Man With A HUNDRED HOBBIES

BY FREDERICK L. COLLINS

READING TIME • 12 MINUTES 50 SECONDS

A TRUCK driver in New York who carves cameos—a schoolteacher in Alabama who paints portraits on cobwebs—an insurance expert in Connecticut who collects baby elephants' hair—a boy in Pennsylvania who teaches roosters to roller-skate—

Yes, quite a most unusual program.

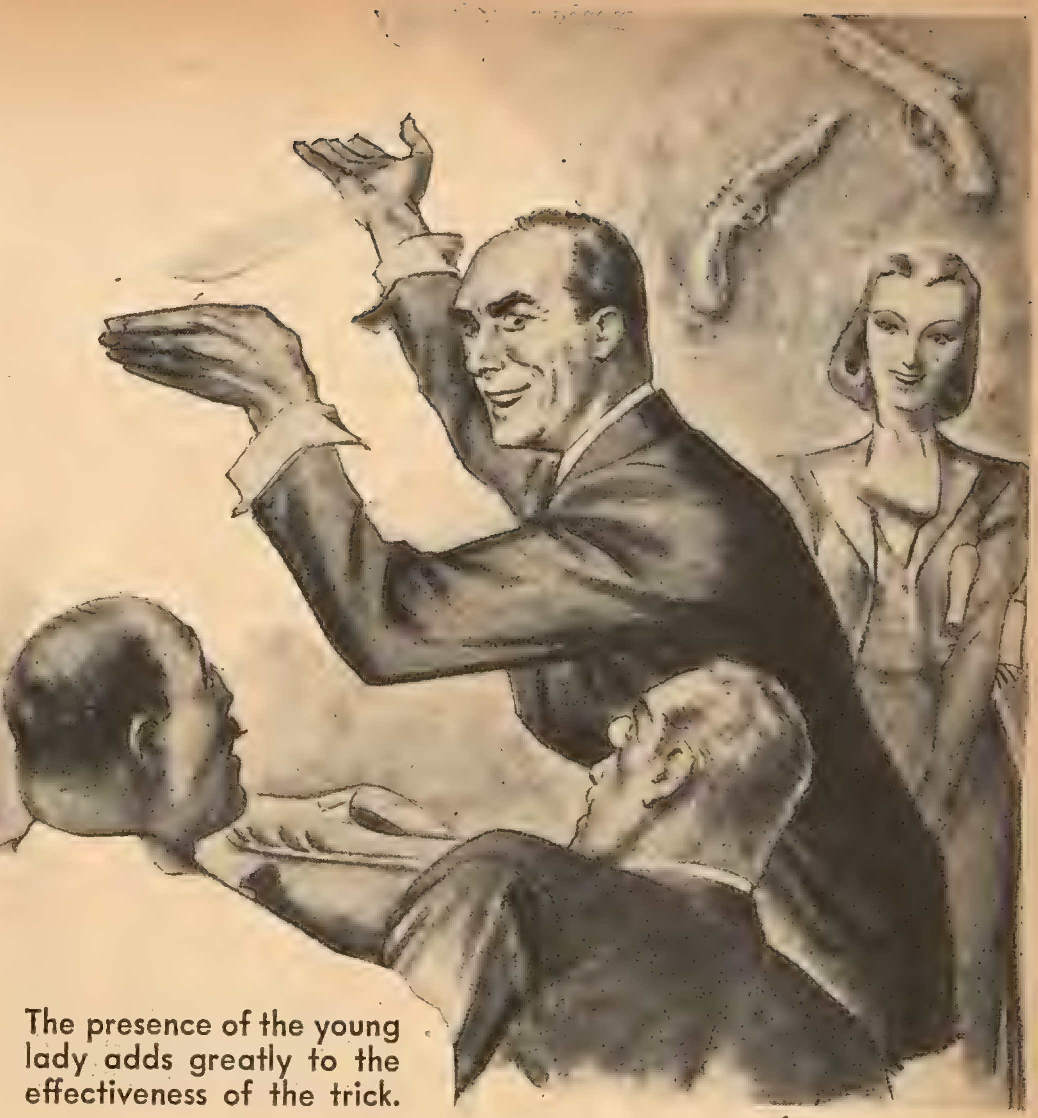
But if Major Lenox Lohr, president of the National Broadcasting Company, really wanted to rival on his own network an ideal hobby program, he should step right out and hire Lenox Lohr himself.

For somewhere within the trim lithe person of this supposedly hard-bitten business man beats the heart of the hobbiest hobbyist in a hobby-conscious world.

President Roosevelt collects stamps. The Duke of Windsor knits. A recent survey showed that ninety-four out of every hundred business men had some avocation which they pursued during their hours of ease.

What puts Lohr's hobbies in a class by themselves is that there are so many of them.

"One hobby gets you hipped," he explained. "I have many, and they help me to maintain a balance."



The presence of the young lady adds greatly to the effectiveness of the trick.

Balance, by the way, is one of the outstanding traits of the man who juggles the fortunes of a hundred and seventy-four radio stations!

Lohr's list of hobbyana starts, conventionally enough, with stamps. He began collecting in his early youth and just in the spirit of good clean fun. Even now, he refuses to pay the fancy prices demanded by the stamp dealers. But in spite of this feet-on-the-ground attitude, his slowly accumulated hoard has grown into what is probably the most valuable private collection of all-American stamps in the world.

"It is the only investment I ever made," he told me, "that has steadily increased in value."

Lenox Lohr is only forty-seven, but he is old enough, when he makes a remark like that, to have that faraway 1929 look come creeping into his bright brown eyes.

He has even more reason to recall the nadir years that followed 1929, because it was during this period that he was called upon to finance, sell, and operate at a profit the then largest World's Fair of all time, the Century of Progress at Chicago.

Perhaps it is the memory of those days of struggle and nights of sadness that leads collector Lohr, now that he can afford to indulge himself, still to conduct his hobbies on a conservative plan.

His stamps, Lohr finds, have a business value quite apart from the philatelic. Some months ago one of the biggest stations in the NBC chain began having trouble with the home office. Long disputatious letters were getting nowhere fast.

Finally the owner of the big subsidiary threatened to withdraw his station. At this point Lohr reached for his overnight zipper.

When he returned, the staff was lined up in serried breathless ranks to learn what had happened.

"Oh, *that*," murmured the Major, as if some one had just reminded him that the chickadees were plentiful this spring. "We didn't talk about *that*. We got sidetracked on stamps. Jim's coming on next week to see my collection."

Jim came. The discussions between the home office and the subsidiary were never resumed. The stations of the NBC are still one big happy family. "Wherever I go," said Lohr, "at least one of my hobbies finds a mate."

Lohr collects coins too, and guns. When he moved from Washington to Chicago to build the Fair, and took his collection of guns with him, friends told him he was carrying coals to Newcastle; but his armory soon attracted attention even in a day and place when guns were guns and men were only gun fodder.

Out of respect for New York's Sullivan Law, the Major left most of this dangerous hardware in a Chicago cache. His butterflies, however, as being more suited to life in the effete East, he brought with him. Likewise his collection of motion pictures which shows the technical development of screen entertainment from Edison and Carmencita to Walt Disney and Ferdinand the Bull; the records of his lifetime experiments with telepathy, for which he insists there is always a non-metaphysical explanation; and his playing cards, of which he is the proud owner of almost every known size, shape, and kind.

Lenox Lohr was born on the banks of the Potomac—in the District of Columbia, to be exact—August 15, 1891. He comes rightly by his tireless body and adventurous mind. His father, a bluff old gentleman of eighty-two, comes to New York every now and then and walks the feet off the guides at Radio City. His mother, reputed to be the first woman in Washington to own a typewriter, was also one of the first woman lawyers in the country, and assisted the great scientists Newton and Michelson in their epic work on astronomy.

In appearance hobbyist Lohr favors his mother's Irish

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Without Calomel—And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Rarin' to Go

The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

A mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills by name. 25c at all drug stores. Stubbornly refuse anything else.

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Allan G. Hurst, Manager

CHICAGO'S HOTEL
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ancestry rather than his father's German one. He has a slim aquiline face, a high forehead which may not always have been so prominent as now, and thick dark eyebrows above restless brown eyes. He moves quickly, noiselessly; speaks softly; dresses in dark plainly tailored suits that cling becomingly to his slender military figure. He has style but no swank.

"Lenox is less conscious of the importance of his position," one of his associates told me, "than any other man I ever knew."

He is essentially a friendly person, tells a story well, has a good sense of humor, but is no gag man. Although considered one of the outstanding salesmen of his generation, he is not the hail-fellow-well-met type; he drinks almost no alcohol; he never goes to night clubs; he makes no attempt to be the life of the party.

LENOX LOHR

ONE of his hobbies is direct action. Thanks to his military training, of which he had plenty. (He was cited for bravery in the Meuse-Argonne offensive, and the list of his military titles and achievements is as long as his list of hobbies.) Anyhow, one day during the Chicago Fair he got the tip that, at the close of business that night, gangsters were going to hold up one of the banks on the grounds.

Another man would have appealed, perhaps vainly, to the police. Lohr had other resources. He called in the newspaper boys, arranged with them to print the story in their evening editions, installed special floodlights, and invited all and sundry to witness the spectacle. The ringside crowd by midnight numbered thousands; but if any of them were bank robbers, they were careful to conceal the fact.

Get on or get out! That is the Lohr slogan for a successful organization. He learned the lesson early, when he was nearly suspended from high school for trying to run the institution according to his own ideas instead of according to the teachers'. He still thinks his ideas were right but he doesn't think his attitude was.

"I was wrong in defying authority. I should either have done as I was told or gotten out. That is the first of about twenty incidents in my life that taught me all I know."

The religion of loyalty is the one creed to which he insists that every one around him must subscribe.

Lohr's loyalty is a two-way proposition. The company's self-imposed censorship is continually involving it in conflicts with its two most valuable assets, its clients and its star performers. The head of the department handling these problems must have discrimination and guts. No matter how strong the pressure from outside, Lohr declines to interfere. His instructions to the head of that department are invariably: "Make the best decision you can, and I'll back you up."

On administrative matters that no one else can decide, Lohr wants all the facts, and won't act until he gets them. Once he has acquired a set of facts, he never lets go of them, never needs to brush up on them, can marshal them to meet any emergency. At the hearings before the Federal Communications Commission, witness after witness appeared, accompanied by tomes of memoranda and flocks of clerks and lawyers to assist them in refreshing their memories before each answer. Lohr amazed the gathering, when it came his turn to testify, by seating himself alone before an absolutely bare table.

"Gentlemen," he said, "fire away."

From this incident it must not be thought that he answers questions without sufficient thought. He just cannot be hurried into a decision; but when the decision does come, it is diamond-edged. Also it is his own; he asks no one to share the responsibility. He never leaves you in doubt as to where he stands or where *you* stand.

IN one important respect Lohr's career seems to knock the bottom from under most of the success-story twaddle with which the good books have long been filled.

"I never created an opportunity for myself," he told me as we stood by the window and surveyed his impressive flat-topped corner office. "Take the Century of Progress: When I was called to Chicago to take charge, I knew nothing about World's Fairs. Trying to get that job would have been the last thing I would have attempted—and yet, look what it has done for me.

"It was the same way when I came here. I didn't know anything about broadcasting, had never taken any special interest in it, certainly never thought of taking it up as a business. Then, one day, just as we were closing up the Fair, a voice called me on the phone from New York and said: 'Will you accept the presidency of the National Broadcasting Company?' I blinked and said 'Yes.'

"You don't create your opportunities in this world," he concluded. "You take advantage of them."

Of course there are ways and ways of creating opportunities. After the war, when Major Lohr was serving as secretary of the Society of American Military Engineers and editing its journal, General Dawes was president of the society. When Dawes was commandeered by the citizens of Chicago to raise money for the Fair, he did so on one condition: that he could choose his own management. What he meant was that he could choose Lohr.

In the same way, it was no accident that Lohr was chosen for his present position. He had been making his opportunity, whether he knew it or not, during those depression years, when he had created in the face of world disaster a morale of desperation which was strong enough and fine enough to put over the Fair, and unusual enough to claim the attention of the entire business world. In 1934 Lenox Lohr was in line for the presidency of almost any first-rank corporation. The one he got was the one that just happened to fall open at the psychological time.

Willingness to work eighteen hours a day also has had something to do with creating Lohr's opportunities. His business day begins at breakfast. Driving back and forth, he disposes of a day's work every morning before he reaches the office, and another day's work every evening before he gets home. That leaves him the normal business day for a third day's work, and the evening for any really important decisions that have to be made.

That is where the hobbies come in.

"I used to go home at night," the Major explained, "and say to myself, I'll just sit here by the fire and think out that problem. First thing I knew, I wouldn't be thinking; I would be getting drowsy. Now I don't sit by the fire. I go down into my shop in the cellar and build something. You don't get drowsy when to do so may mean that you hit your thumb with a hammer or cut your finger on a lathe. Yet mechanical work doesn't require mental concentration. The mind is awake yet relaxed. Suddenly the idea you've been hunting for arrives."

LOHR and his family live in a great house on an estate facing the Palisades—forty rooms, forty acres. He likes space. He doesn't use his grandeur for anything else.

"Lenox," remarks Mrs. Lohr, "doesn't know that the house exists between the attic and the cellar."

His collections are in the attic, his shop in the cellar.

And such a cellar! A whole truck was required to bring his mechanical equipment over the road from Chicago. He has added immensely to it since. His is probably the largest privately owned workshop in the world. He began working at it to increase his own knowledge, "so that he wouldn't take any wooden nickels." Then he saw the mental relaxation to be gained from it.

As in everything else he tackles, he has become amazingly skillful in all manner of mechanics. He builds boats, not as decorative models to stick up in a glass case over the fireplace, but boats that will go, with internal-combustion motors in them of his own construction. When he needed a movie theater for his film collection, he didn't give an order, he did a job himself. He personally built, painted, and installed the screen, personally wired the place for sound, built the benches on which you sit.

When the good weather comes, he works outdoors. So does Mrs. Lohr, both in overalls. They have transformed an ugly swamp on the place into a beautiful lake, with islands and bridges and a glass-bottom boat.

Mrs. Lohr, a beautiful woman with a beautiful mind, is most understanding about her husband's absorptions, and most sympathetic with the cause of them. She is a graduate of the medical school of Johns Hopkins University. The fact that she specialized in psychiatry may have prepared her to preside so serenely over a hobbyist's home!

THE five children—Margaret Priscilla, Joan Patricia, Josephine Barbara, Lenox Riley, and Donald Arthur, the oldest thirteen, the youngest seven—brought up as they have been in a blue-denim atmosphere, have so far developed none of the usual problems of the sons and daughters of the rich. Toward most of their father's hobbies they exercise the lofty indifference of childhood. When he installed a television machine in his cellar theater and exhibited to his brood the wonders of this newest product of radio science, young Donald was plainly bored.

"Well, son," his father rallied him, "have you no pride in parental achievement?"

"I'd rather see a comic," answered the boy.

The one parental achievement that never does fail to impress them, however, and everybody else who knows Lohr at all well, is his truly remarkable skill at sleight of hand. Where he has found the hours necessary to perfect himself in this most demanding art, nobody seems to know.

Like many another expert magician, he rejoices in the thumb trick. To perform it, the professor must lay hold on the thumb of one of his hands and, after violent twistings and pullings, apparently yank the member from its socket and throw it away into thin air. The thumbless hand is then exhibited at a safe distance to the bewildered onlooker. The success of this trick depends on the magician's skill in palming the thumb which has supposedly been removed.

The trick may also be performed on the hand of another person; but this is more difficult. It is only in the presence of an acutely magicianly mind that Major Lohr attempts the severance of the thumb by remote control. On such occasions he summons one of his secretaries and tells her to "perform the thumb trick for the gentleman."

The presence of the young lady adds greatly to the effectiveness of the trick, not only because she is beautiful but because on one of her lovely hands—and here the true measure of her employer's resourcefulness is again conclusively attested—she has no thumb!

THE END

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To the Ladies

BY PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, TRAVELER, LECTURER, AND FASHION AUTHORITY

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 27 SECONDS

THIS is for those of you who have acquired a stylish appetite for tropical fruit. It's the new table trick, and in order to get the most out of it you need a few pointers such as I've just received during an office luncheon with M. Maurice Eckstein, manager of the United Fruit Company's tropical food department. From now on I'm quoting Mr. Eckstein. . . . Slice a mango straight down each side of the big center stone. Serve the halves. You may want a squeeze of fresh lime juice on your mango, but real connoisseurs omit the lime. . . . Fresh papaya, increasingly popular here, should be deep pink or orange when properly ripe. Green papayas make very tasty pies or pickles. . . . One of the strangest tropical fruits is the akee, from Jamaica. Looks and tastes like scrambled eggs when cooked; is served customarily with codfish. Not yet imported for us commercially. . . . Folk who have lived long in the tropics are particularly fond of the guayaba with which exotic sherbets and ice cream are made. . . . Green salads aren't often obtainable in the tropics, so fruit takes its place, served in large bowls hollowed out of some hard nonporous wood. Tropical fruit shouldn't be iced too cold, since extreme chilling dulls the delicate flavors and aromas. Alligator pears are also best unchilled. . . . War alarms have affected our coconut market surprisingly, thousands of coconuts being sent now to England, where the shells are burned to make charcoal for gas masks!

☆ "Lipstick on the end of your nose will make a clown of you, no matter how pretty a girl you are, or how dignified a matron." . . . Lulu Adams, who clowns professionally for the circus, told me this when I asked her if she thought women in general have any talent for clowning. She thinks we have, but that too many of us are timid about it. We fear low comedy may undo our precious fascination. It won't if your charm is the real thing. Every truly attractive woman I know can be clownish at times without loss of glamour. And most men relish a little slapstick fun around the home. In the Ringling show, Lulu clowns with her husband, Albertino. She always puts lipstick on the end of her nose. . . . Has *your* husband ever seen *you* with lipstick on your nose?

☆ Engaged to a popular bachelor earning enough to support her, a young business woman agreed not to work after marriage; then at the last minute she changed her mind. She enjoyed her job. . . . "O. K., sweet," said her fiancé. "In that case I'll make housekeeping easy for you. Here's my date book. I dine out with friends three nights a week, as you see, and accept week-end invitations about twice a month. If you're going to stick to your single-life schedule, I'll stick to mine." . . . She looked his date book over—and changed her mind again. No more business for her. Too risky.

ONE-WAY
merrylen

"Where is WHAT fire?"

☆ Help Yourself to Beauty is the very appropriate title of Helen Macfadden's helpful new book on the technique of beauty culture through exercise, diet, bathing, hygiene, self-study, etc. Foreword by her father, Bernarr Macfadden. (Published by the Macfadden Book Company, Inc. Costs $1.)

☆ *Gadget News.* . . . For the summer cottage, where closet space seldom suffices, you can now clamp a *master garment hanger* on any door or window frame, each hanger accommodating a dozen garments. . . . Smart department stores newly feature a *stocking dial* that works like a telephone dial, but with colors instead of numbers. You dial the color of your dress, and the machine indicates what shade of stocking should be worn to harmonize.

☆ "Conviviality can offset our war jitters," says Thyra Samter Winslow, author and playwright, amateur kitchen expert, winner of cooking contests. "Give parties often," she says, "but give them inexpensively." . . . Try these suggestions from Thyra's own list of economical party recipes: . . . For large cocktail gatherings embellish 2 cups canned corned-beef hash with 3 tablespoons sherry wine and 1 tablespoon Worcestershire sauce. Spread on tiny crackers and broil. . . . Or broil thin slice of cheese on pickle and cracker. . . . Or spread small squares whole-wheat bread with following mixture: ⅔ liverwurst, ⅓ cream, salt and paprika, a few drops mushroom catsup, dab of mayonnaise.

☆ Antoinette Perry, who directs Broadway plays, had the hall of her New York apartment decorated by Louis Bouchet with a panoramic mural of the Colorado ranch where she was born. The picture includes a girlhood portrait of Antoinette's daughter, Elaine, riding horseback along a forest pathway green with tall pine trees under the limitless freedom of blue Western skies. It was painted some years past, and Elaine saw it constantly while she was growing up in New York. Now, instead of taking to café society, she has bought a Wyoming ranch of her own.

I like this true-life story, attributable perhaps to an artistic mother's knowledge of the influence of art.

MORE Best Gags

BY HARRY HERSHFIELD

Noted Raconteur and Compiler
of Contemporary Humor

The author

LAND OF MILK AND PHONEY

The three ingredients, basically, for all humor as well as life itself are food, love, and money. To this trio has now been added a fourth—indispensable Hollywood.

Most of the "kidding" of the cinema center takes place in its own bailiwick. Every private gathering in Hollywood "puts its worst foot foremost." Via our special channels we have corralled the following:

Two partners went into the movie-producing business "on a shoestring." Having heard of epic films, they insisted that their first effort would have to be something outstanding. Their only scenarist suggested an Indian idyl. Explaining it to his employers, he started off by giving a list of characters. "The hero is a fellow named Captain John Smith, the heroine Pocahontas, and the villain her father, Powhatan." The novice producers listened and seemed impressed. Then one spoke up: "I like the story—but what's the idea of giving the hero such a plain name as Captain John Smith?"

The film was finished and cut. Into the projection room rushed the partners to witness their first supercolossal epic. When the last bit of footage was unreeled one partner decided to speak frankly. "The picture is absolutely phooey, rotten, terrible. What can we do with it?" "Here's what we can do with it," moaned the other. "We'll cut it down a little and send it to all the theaters as a 'trailer' picture, announcing its coming."

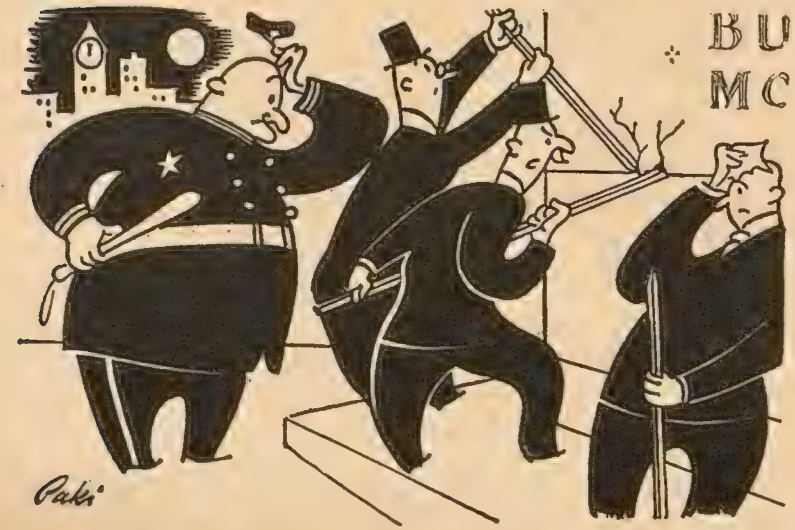
No conclave of sophisticates is complete without its quota of the latest Samuel Goldwyn twisters—"Goldwynisms." A batch arrived recently.

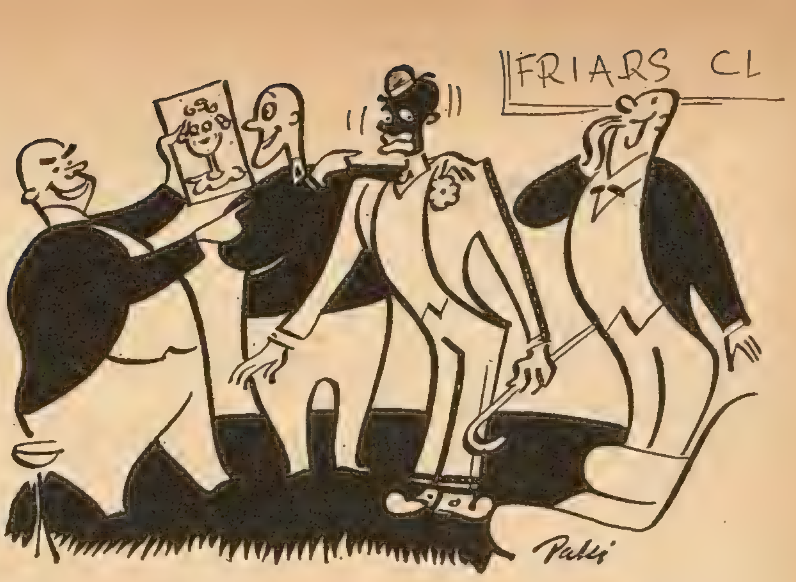
Goldwyn called a meeting of his employees to give them a "pep" talk—and paternally started the proceedings with, "Gentlemen, I want you to know that I am not always right—but I am never wrong."

One about a friend admiring the hands of a female star—and Sam cutting in with, "Yes, she has beautiful hands, and I'm thinking of having a bust made of them."

Opening a board meeting with, "For your information I'm going to ask a question, gentlemen."

"What's the big idea at this hour of the night?" the cop bellowed at the wreckers.





They asked why he always played butlers or errand boys in the Shirley Temple pictures.

Leaving a Hollywood party, Goldwyn exited by crying, "Good-by, folks, I'll see you Monday if I live—if not, I'll see you Thursday."

For honesty's sake we must admit that the "garblings" attributed to Mr. Samuel Goldwyn are tenth-handed hearsay. We never have known him to let loose one of those hilarious "dizzies" for which he has now become famous.

WAILING WALL STREET

The best financial yarn of weeks. One midnight a patrolman on the beat was attracted by a wrecking sound. Approaching the front of one of Wall Street's biggest buildings, he recognized the owner and other officials trying to remove a huge block of stone with heavy bars. "What's the big idea at this hour of the night?" bellowed the cop. "It's like this, officer," came the explanation. "When we erected this building we put a hundred-dollar bill in the cornerstone. Well, we can use it now!"

IN ALPHABETICAL DISORDER

One New Yorker thought of going to Europe and returning to America as a refugee—but was afraid he couldn't pass the "literacy test."

In a New York court trial—the Hines case, to be specific—a colored witness named "Red" Williams, in all sincerity gave the press one of its biggest laughs. He was being questioned by District Attorney Dewey as to his literacy. The rapier-minded prosecutor said, "Williams, how much of the alphabet do you know?" "Only from A to Z," came the mental bombshell.

LAST BUT NOT LEAST

A plaintiff brought ten witnesses to court who swore that they saw the plaintiff loan the defendant a hundred dollars. The defendant then brought in as many witnesses to prove that he returned the money. Which so angered the plaintiff that he yelled to the judge, "Your Honor, to show you what a liar the defendant is, I now tell you that I never loaned him the money!"

A critic's review of a show in New York: "If the play lasts till Saturday, it will not only be considered a long run but practically a revival."

Bill Robinson, popular colored comedian, was a guest not long ago at the Friars Club. The members started to ride him about his film work. Asked why he always played butlers, janitors, or errand boys in the Shirley Temple pictures, Robinson shot back: "Well, it would look funny, wouldn't it, me playing the part of her father or one of the family?"

A vendor's cry: "Believe me, ladies and gentlemen—with arrests and fines, I ain't making a cent on these beads!"

THE END

HOLDING THEIR HUSBANDS

Richmond, Va.—Sooner or later I knew I would break out in a tirade about this hooey of women "holding their husbands." Why, in the name of common sense, should a woman wear herself out trying to hold her husband, by way of diet, beauty parlors, or assuming an interest in things which bore her to distraction, when all she wants is to be allowed to grow old in peace, just as the brute himself is doing?

Yes, I know all the answers (according to the magazine articles)—answers for which the average woman cares not a whoop. Not one of the writers gives a practical cure for a philandering husband.

We have had pointed out, for the good of our souls, the dangers of the young typist in the office, the photographer in the elevator, the redhead hussy at the cigar stand, all of whom our husbands are in contact with daily, and for whom, male-like, they fall, even as a certain city called Rome.

We are advised to hie us to a beautician pronto, have our faces lifted, our collective hairs cut in a new mode (even though only the old hair-do keeps us from looking like Mrs. Devil's twin), get a new batch of "alluring gowns" and new hats, and simply wallow in some exotic perfume.

Does that make sense to any woman who finds it almost impossible to make both ends meet financially?

Why should any woman have to go to such lengths for what is termed a man, if he has not the innate decency of a mud turtle? It is about time for the female of the species to crack down on the males, and if said males cannot behave themselves, let the office hussies have the wear and tear of a close-up of their sugar-daddies!

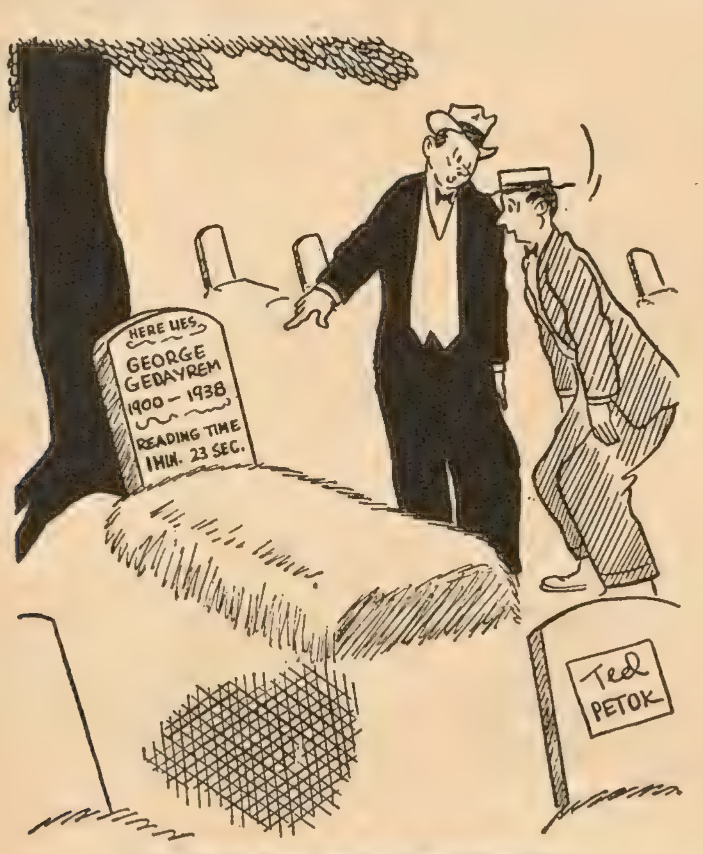
What a disillusioning that would be for the parties of the first and second parts!

The articles written today are only calculated to impress upon the men the idea that they are so indispensable to women that they can almost get away with murder. A stop should be put to the publication of such rotten stories, which always end by the wife or former sweetheart joyfully taking to her outraged bosom, once more, the cur who has philandered wherever he would, and has returned in penitence (?)—until the next time.

The source of my concentrated ire is Twilight Cheats (and I pray Martha *will* have enough backbone to refuse to take back a lot of damaged goods). And then, the article Love After Forty is just about the most disgusting piece of reading I have encountered in a long time.

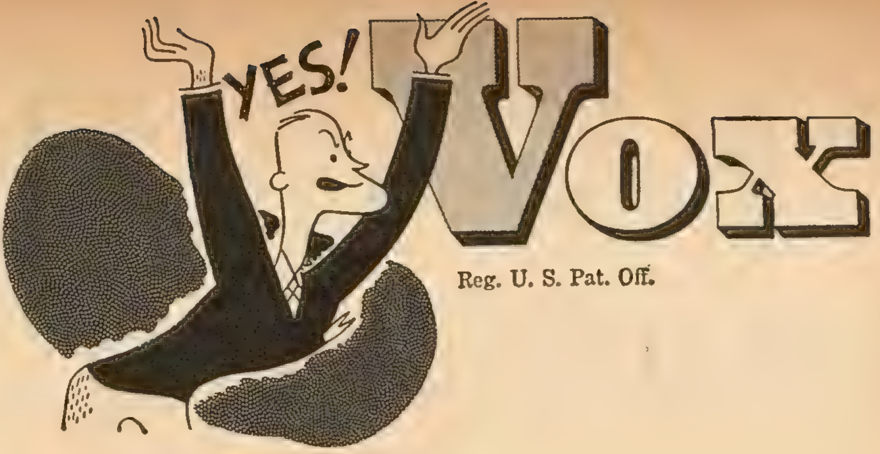
Understand, when I have spoken of *women* in this elixir of venom I have meant the *average* woman.

Don't blame me half as much as you do Grace Perkins and Clara Thompson and Margaret Wise.—*Mrs. (Sour-Puss) Hill.*



"He used to write for Liberty."

(From the March, 1939, Author and Journalist, Denver, Colo.)



Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

ONE UNANSWERED PRAYER

Bloomington, Ill.—In April 22 Vox Pop Mildred Reed wants a list of unanswered prayers. I submit one from Robert Burns:

Oh wad some power the giftie gie us
To see oursels as others see us!
—*W. A. Harrison.*

TOP MOVIE BEAUTY

San Francisco, Calif.—Recently I got a real kick out of a meeting of a men's club which I attended as a visitor. Each member received a ballot to vote on various club issues. At each meeting some silly side issue is added as the last item on the ballot. At the meeting I attended, that last item was the question: "Whom do you consider the most beautiful actress in the movies?"

Dorothy Lamour was second, Hedy Lamarr was third. But when it was announced that the winner was a certain "glamour boy," did the crowd roar!—*N. F. Ray.*

ANALYZES VINDICATORS

Tucson, Ariz.—Referring to Senator Reynolds' letter (May 6 Vox Pop) concerning the aims of the so-called Vindicators movement, it seems to me that this movement is essentially Fascist and threatens those very roots of our democracy which he states that it defends and which enable it to exist.

Senator Reynolds does not stop to consider that patriotism cannot be engendered or nourished by force or fear, nor can it be compelled in any way. Of course I refer to true patriotism and not to the kind which Dr. Johnson mentioned as "the last refuge of a scoundrel."

I believe that the principles on which our American form of government is founded are true enough and useful enough and reasonable enough to win respect and fidelity without terrorism and coercion of aliens even though they may adhere to foreign isms.

I submit respectfully to the senator that the organization he is sponsoring is very likely to slip into the same errors he deplores.

I also submit that what makes a government really civilized and progressive is its functioning toward the maximum freedom for the individuals who compose it and its respect of their rights in so far as they will co-operate toward the welfare of all.—*I. L. Burns.*

CROCODILE TEARS

Jamaica, N. Y.—I'm a person eighty-one years of age. Please inform me where the saying "crocodile tears" originated.—*Mrs. W. Flocken.*

[This expression is derived from the ancient belief that these creatures shed tears over those they were about to devour—hence, false sorrow.—Vox Pop Editor.]

HOUSEWIVES' SHOES

Butler, Pa.—How can we suggest serviceable oxfords for housewives when all Liberty's covers show them wearing high-styled shoes suitable only for dress?—*A Shoe Clerk.*

SALUTES SOKOLSKY

Tampa, Fla.—The article The Sins of the Jews, by George E. Sokolsky (April 15 Liberty), has eased my feeling against Jews considerably, and I salute him.

Every Jew in America should read and profit by

this article. I propose that Winchell and Cantor should memorize every line of it, especially the last three lines. —*A Traveler.*

LIFESAVER EDITORIAL

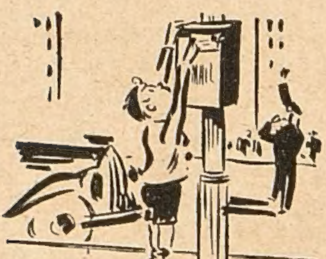
PIERZ, MINN.—Oh, thanks, Mr. Macfadden, for that lifesaver Liberty editorial, Lost! Billions of Dollars—Millions of American Homes (May 6 Liberty). We farmers owe it to you if we ever succeed in shaking off this tornado-cyclone, the New Deal.

There is nothing that Secretary Wallace has done which could not have been done by a nation-wide cyclone-tornado at less cost and with more people back to work.—*Anton Janson.*

NEW METHOD OF COUNTING

LAKE PROVIDENCE, LA.—Enjoyed Robert Neal Leath's Sex Is Only Temporary (April 29, May 6 Liberty), but wish you'd get him to explain his mathematics to me. He says Spud is a "fiction factory," a million-and-a half-word-per-year man, or the equivalent of a short story a day.

Spud is only thirty-two, yet later in the story it is disclosed that he had published ten thousand stories. If Spud wrote a story the first day he was born and continued to write one a day until he was thirty-two, he'd only have written 11,680 stories!



Please have author Leath teach me his new method of counting and perhaps I won't get back so many rejection slips from Liberty. Some story!—*Charles E. Herring.*

UGLY CHARGE

BILOXI, MISS.—The Body of the Crime, by Frederick L. Collins (April 22 Liberty), is fine reading from the standpoint of law against crime, but makes an ugly charge of murder against a newspaper by a writer of G-men stories who should know better because of his interviews with J. Edgar Hoover and his agents.

To quote from the story: "This faithful husband and loving father had long since died the death to make a newsman's headline holiday." And: "Arthur Fried, murdered by Steve Sacoda and Demetrius Gula! But was he? Gula answers this question best: 'Sacoda . . . showed me the newspaper . . . and he says . . . 'Knock him off.' "

Suppose it had been the ransom money Steve brought in instead of the newspaper. Would the situation have been any different? Would a few thousand dollars make a killer like Steve forget that Fried knew him?

Isn't it true (from your own story) that the death of Arthur Fried resulted from his knowing the identity of one of his kidnapers, and that if the story had never been printed the final result would have been the same?

Such misleading stories as The Body of the Crime will lead to censorship of the press. Make the public believe the press was responsible for the death of Arthur Fried, and the public will demand censorship—and censorship will include Liberty.—*E. P. Wilkes, Managing Editor, the Biloxi-Gulfport Daily Herald.*

THE "FUNNIES" DENOUNCED

PEORIA, ILL.—I'm with J. A. Simpson in his criticism of current "funny papers" (May 6 Vox Pop). They aren't fit for kids to look at. They reek with murder, violence, and bloodshed, and are simply a child's version of the worst of the pulp magazines.

I was raised on Foxy Grandpa, Happy Hooligan, and the Katzenjammer Kids. Even Relentless Rudolph in 1910 was a pretty swell guy compared to some of the characters in current strips. I can't blame the funnies of thirty years ago for any wrong ideas I ever picked up. That's more than can be said now.

It's a mess! Something should be done.—*E. M. Roberson.*

RIGHT, MR. KIMBROUGH!

WINSTON-SALEM, N. C.—Being a North Carolinian, I immediately caught an error in your May 20 Twenty Questions. It was No. 11: "Which football teams clashed in the Rose Bowl last January?" The answer in Liberty was: "Southern California and Notre Dame."

Wrong! It was Southern California and Duke who played in January, 1939. I believe you will find me correct in this.—*James A. Kimbrough.*

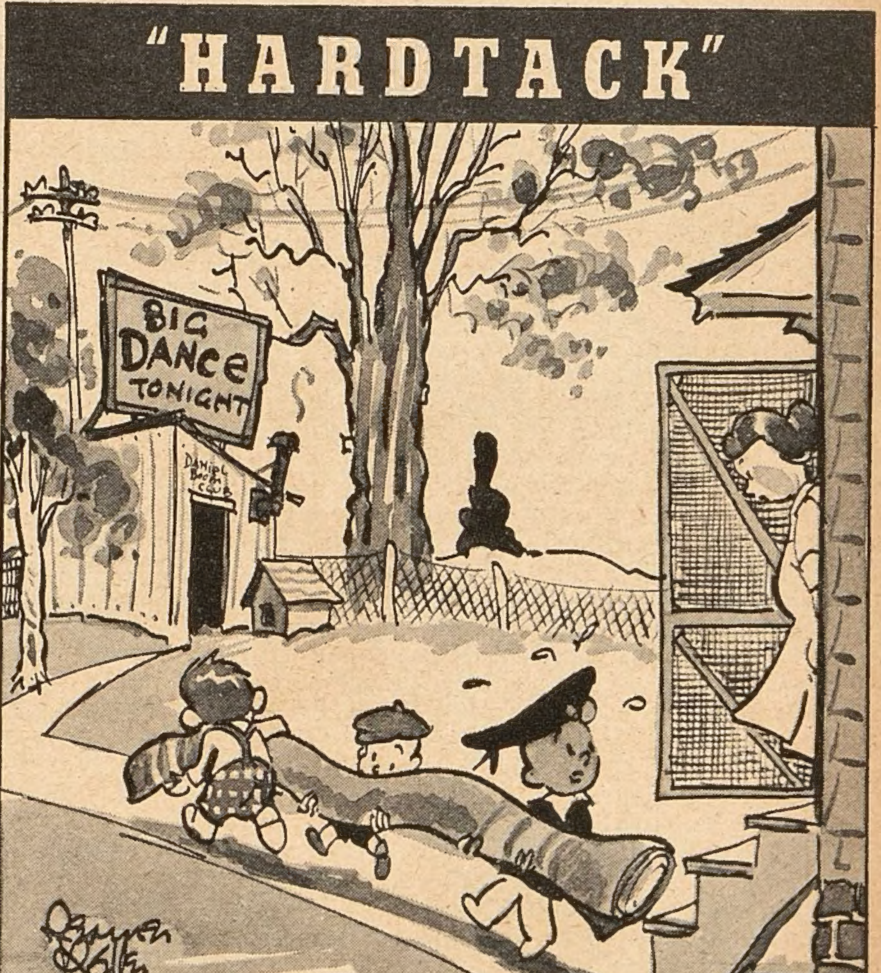
EYEBROWS ARE IN

ACAMPO, CALIF.—Sophie Kerr is a bit late with her article on Razed Eyebrows (April 8 Liberty). Doesn't the gal know how hard we females have been coaxing our eyebrows to grow? Practically all of my friends have been at it for over a year. Of course we haven't the furry gadgets of John L. Lewis, which look more like caterpillars than eyebrows, but we do have honest-to-goodness hair above our glimmers. Guess most of us let 'em grow 'cuz it was too much work plucking them . . . yeah; but now that they're grown, we will admit it gives our face that certain something.—*Esther H. Dollinger.*

PICK THAT PLUM!

BRIGHTON, MASS.—On reading Mr. Oursler's April 1 back page, I note he closes with the thought that it's too bad the various articles of Liberty cannot be had in book form. Personally, I'd give anything to be able to have such a volume.

Beat the other magazines and pick this plum! Your collection might be called Liberty's Yearly Thoughts.—*Ronald Conaut.*



"We're just borrowin' it, ma. We want to have somethin' to roll up for our dance tonight."

Communists Are Liars

FULTON OURSLER
© George Maillard Kesslere

IT IS OUR impression that the greatest liars above hell are Communists. They have a gift for falsehood and no conscience to deter them from its brilliant exercise. Having no sense of humor either, they are not even struck by the frequent absurdities of their own mendacity. From Stalin down, they lie as if they enjoyed it.

I am prompted to use this short and appropriate word because of the latest developments in an argument with the Communists that began many months ago and has just been reopened, this time not with ourselves but with our admirable contemporary, the Saturday Evening Post. Readers of Liberty will remember how we published two articles dealing with Stalin's abortive efforts to arrange an alliance with Hitler. In these articles, by Catherine Radziwill, we exposed some of the inner conditions of the Soviet Republics, the terror and ferocity of Stalin, and the schemes that were hatching under his unkempt hair. Part of these exposures came from what the author declared was a private and personal interview with Stalin himself. The Soviet Embassy in Washington denied these articles *in toto*. They declared not only that Stalin had never talked to Catherine Radziwill but that the interview was false on its face because of the views he was represented as uttering—Stalin held no such views, could not hold them. However, we declined to apologize or retract. We were satisfied that the interview had been held and that the views expressed were actually Stalin's views.

For a while one heard no more about the matter. Then came two surprising developments. One was the appearance in the Saturday Evening Post of a series of articles by General W. G. Krivitsky, former general in the Red Army of Soviet Russia, and probably the only important survivor of the great purge during which Stalin killed off most of his generals. The New York Herald Tribune shortly thereafter, in the column of George Sokolsky, had this to say: "On July thirtieth and September third last, Liberty published two articles by Princess Catherine Radziwill, entitled Will Stalin and Hitler Join Hands to Rule the World? and Stalin Talks About Hitler. These articles were ridiculed in radical circles, and the Russian Embassy in the United States denied their truth. But here is a curious circumstance. General Krivitsky, in minute detail as to circumstances and time, giving names and places, and the details of operations, confirms fully Princess Radziwill's assertions of Stalin's aims for an alliance with Hitler, his efforts and movements in that direction."

Then what happened? Well, here we extend our sympathy to our contemporary. We know just how they feel. The radical New Masses came out with a denial that any such person as General Krivitsky ever existed. Upon which General Krivitsky himself, in a letter appearing in the Baltimore Sun, pointed out that Earl Browder's sister had worked for him.

We have seen all the subsequent hullabaloo about Krivitsky's real name and his collaborator, but it does not change anything. The facts remain.

Communists are liars. They are the children of the prince of lies. The sooner decent people understand that, the better off the decent people will be.

ONE CAN HAVE a great deal of fun these days if one can forget that such people as Hitler and Stalin live in the world. You can accomplish this miracle by starting to read next week Rangoon Adventure, by Edison Marshall, a tale of adventure, of high emprise, of beautiful women and dangerous men—as fine a tale as we have ever published. There are three wonderful short stories next week: Lonesome Summer, by Oscar Graeve, Golden Wedding, by Margaret M. Scott, and Lullaby, by Elita Wilson; and a galaxy of exciting articles, including How to Get to the Fairs, by Frederick L. Collins; I Will Mash Joe Louis, by Tony Galento; How to Ear-Witness the Next War, by H. V. Kaltenborn; I Saw a People Rising from the Dead, by Father Cox; Good Manners and Hollywood Society, by Constance Bennett.

OSCAR SCHISGALL'S WONDERFUL serial, I Married a Nazi, has just appeared in book form, published by Knopf under the title of Swastika. We herewith pridefully give it four stars.

We are constantly receiving requests for permission to reprint articles and stories appearing in Liberty. One week recently we had the following requests: from the Allen County Chapter of the American Red Cross, permission to reprint in Braille two of your favorite short stories, Just One of the Family, by Fannie Kilbourne, and Old Shoes for Luck, by Virginia Sullivan Tomlinson; from the American Institute of Baking, permission to reprint Bernarr Macfadden's editorial, Unparalleled Advantages of Our Wage System.

A GREAT FRENCHMAN once observed that while God had commended us to forgive our enemies, He had nothing to say about our friends. As for relatives, near or distant—well, here is an example:

Dear Mr. Oursler:

I have been thinking for some time about writing you, since our names are identical, as perhaps there may be some relation between us; however, after looking at your picture in this week's issue of Liberty I am convinced that no one in my family could look like that!

At any rate, you publish a good magazine and it is very interesting from every standpoint.

Yours very truly,
S. R. OURSLER,
Ellis-Bagwell Drug Co.,
350 Monroe Avenue,
Memphis, Tennessee.

And our answer:

Dear Mr. Oursler:

You are quite right about my picture. I am sure we are related, and my cousin, Mary Oursler, of the Library of Congress and secretary of the Genealogical Society, can trace this for you.

I think there was a branch of the Baltimore Ourslers who were accused of horse stealing and departed suddenly. When last heard from they were headed for Tennessee.

THANKS! Hope to see you all right here with us again next Wednesday.
FULTON OURSLER.

Liberty
for Liberals with Common Sense

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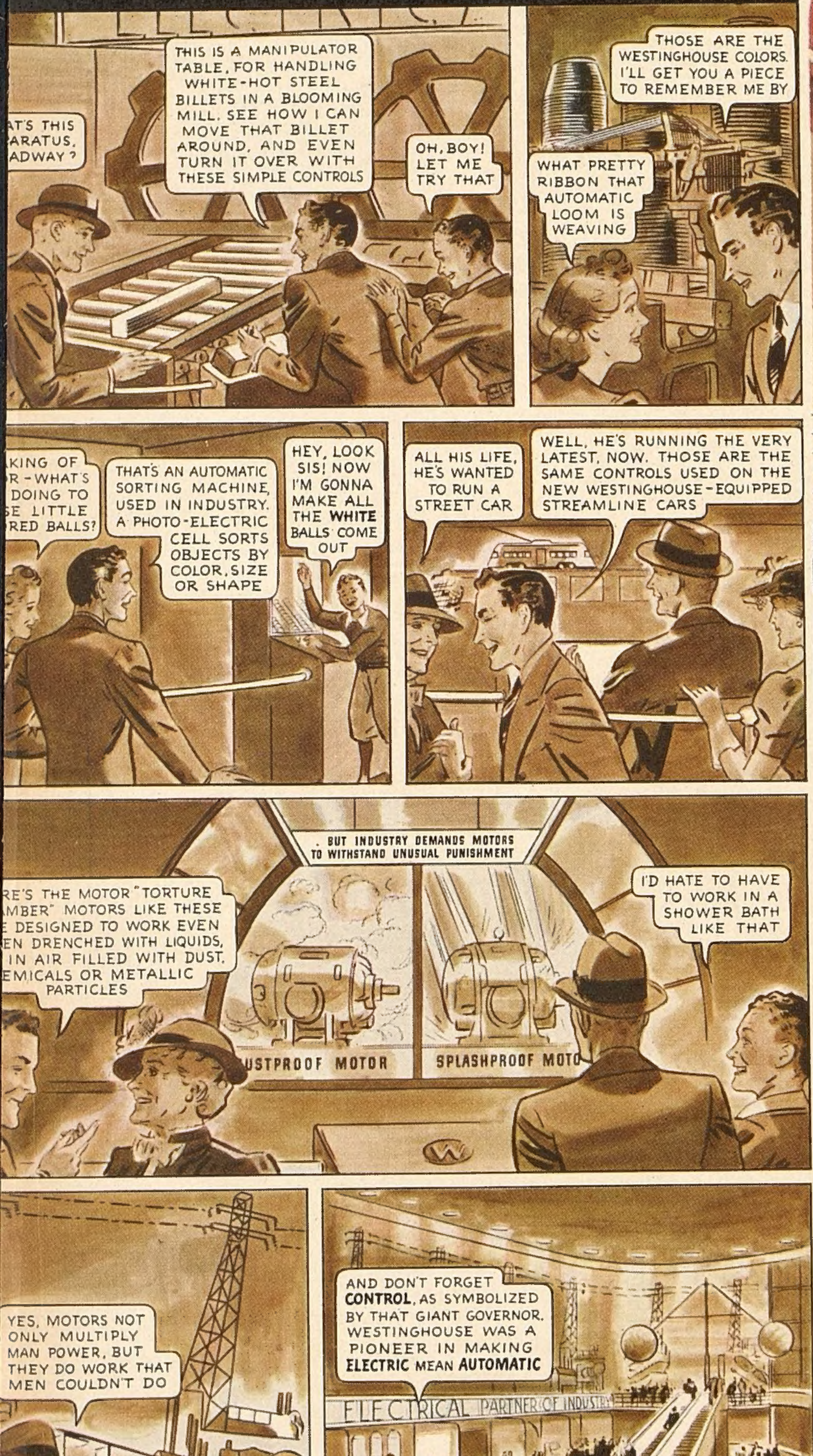
The names and the descriptions of all characters in the fiction stories appearing in Liberty are wholly fictitious. If there is any resemblance, in name or in description, to any person, living or dead, it is purely a coincidence.

COVER BY
JOHN HYDE PHILLIPS

The MIDDLETON *Family* AT THE NEW YORK WORLD'S FAIR

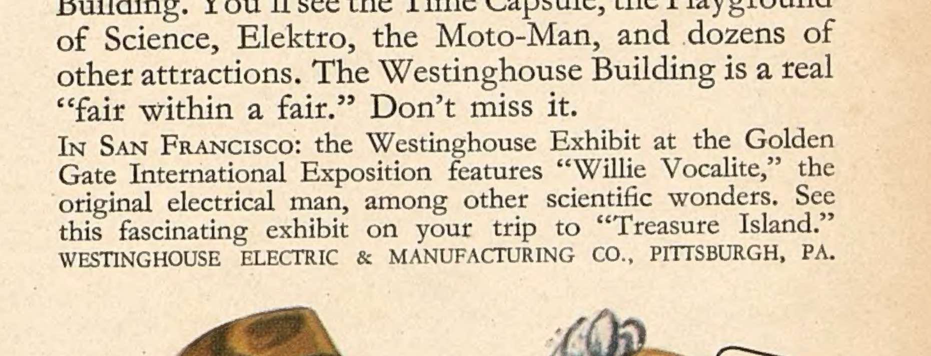
Meeting Industry's Electrical Partner


AT'S THIS
ARATUS,
ADWAY?
THIS IS A MANIPULATOR TABLE, FOR HANDLING WHITE-HOT STEEL BILLETS IN A BLOOMING MILL. SEE HOW I CAN MOVE THAT BILLET AROUND, AND EVEN TURN IT OVER WITH THESE SIMPLE CONTROLS
OH, BOY! LET ME TRY THAT
THOSE ARE THE WESTINGHOUSE COLORS. I'LL GET YOU A PIECE TO REMEMBER ME BY
WHAT PRETTY RIBBON THAT AUTOMATIC LOOM IS WEAVING
AKING OF R-WHAT'S DOING TO SE LITTLE RED BALLS?
THAT'S AN AUTOMATIC SORTING MACHINE, USED IN INDUSTRY. A PHOTO-ELECTRIC CELL SORTS OBJECTS BY COLOR, SIZE OR SHAPE
HEY, LOOK SIS! NOW I'M GONNA MAKE ALL THE **WHITE** BALLS COME OUT
ALL HIS LIFE, HE'S WANTED TO RUN A STREET CAR
WELL, HE'S RUNNING THE VERY LATEST, NOW. THOSE ARE THE SAME CONTROLS USED ON THE NEW WESTINGHOUSE-EQUIPPED STREAMLINE CARS
. BUT INDUSTRY DEMANDS MOTORS TO WITHSTAND UNUSUAL PUNISHMENT
RE'S THE MOTOR "TORTURE AMBER" MOTORS LIKE THESE E DESIGNED TO WORK EVEN EN DRENCHED WITH LIQUIDS, IN AIR FILLED WITH DUST, EMICALS OR METALLIC PARTICLES
USTPROOF MOTOR
SPLASHPROOF MOTO
I'D HATE TO HAVE TO WORK IN A SHOWER BATH LIKE THAT
YES, MOTORS NOT ONLY MULTIPLY MAN POWER, BUT THEY DO WORK THAT MEN COULDN'T DO
AND DON'T FORGET **CONTROL**, AS SYMBOLIZED BY THAT GIANT GOVERNOR. WESTINGHOUSE WAS A PIONEER IN MAKING **ELECTRIC** MEAN **AUTOMATIC**
ELECTRICAL PARTNER OF INDUSTR

In the Great Hall of Power at the Westinghouse New York World's Fair Building, the Middletons learn how industry puts electricity to work. Babs and Bud, their parents, and Grandma never realized how much fun an electrical exhibition like this could be. Neither will you, until you join them in the Westinghouse Building. You'll see the Time Capsule, the Playground of Science, Elektro, the Moto-Man, and dozens of other attractions. The Westinghouse Building is a real "fair within a fair." Don't miss it.

In San Francisco: the Westinghouse Exhibit at the Golden Gate International Exposition features "Willie Vocalite," the original electrical man, among other scientific wonders. See this fascinating exhibit on your trip to "Treasure Island."

WESTINGHOUSE ELECTRIC & MANUFACTURING CO., PITTSBURGH, PA.


ISN'T IT AMAZING HOW ELECTRICITY ENTERS INTO ALMOST EVERYTHING IN OUR DAILY LIVES?
YES, AND WESTINGHOUSE ENGINEERING SEEMS TO BE RESPONSIBLE FOR A BIG SHARE OF OUR ELECTRICAL PROGRESS

WESTINGHOUSE ELECTRIC

Westinghouse

The name that means EVERYTHING IN ELECTRICITY

Lou Sloan (center), *All-American Canal engineer, pauses to enjoy a Camel, the cigarette he calls "the best-tasting and mellowest I know."*

"FOR SMOKING PLEASURE AT ITS BEST

LET UP—LIGHT UP A CAMEL!"

L. R. SLOAN, JR., IRRIGATION ENGINEER

1 LOU SLOAN is engineering a link in the All-American Canal that winds from the Colorado River to California's Imperial and Coachella Valleys. Lou says: "Out here, where the heat hits 120 degrees, it's mighty pleasant to LET UP—LIGHT UP A CAMEL."

2 THIS PICTURE shows Lou directing a giant shovel that grabs up 25 tons of dirt per scoop. Men in this barren country find few high-spots in life. So Lou and most of his fellow workers are grateful for the true smoking enjoyment they get from Camels. "I like Camel's mellow mildness and delicate flavor," says Lou. "Mildness" and "flavor" are words that Camels put into many a smoker's mouth. Smokers enjoy Camels *more* because there's *more* to a Camel.

3 GRAPPLING with knotty problems in a withering climate, engineer Sloan finds each mellow, cheering Camel a good friend indeed. He says: "'I'd walk a mile for a Camel' any time!" And Lou finds Camels uniformly good—always mellow and delightful.

CAMEL
CAMEL
CAMEL
TURKISH & DOMESTIC BLEND CIGARETTES
CHOICE QUALITY

"Mild as a Camel" is a Camel smoker's way of describing anything that is mellow, smooth. Smoke 6 packs of Camels. Learn why they are the largest-selling cigarette in America—a matchless blend of finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS—Turkish and Domestic.

FOR SMOKING PLEASURE AT ITS BEST—

CAMEL...

THE CIGARETTE OF COSTLIER TOBACCOS

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